



THE
TERCENTENARY
HISTORY OF CANADA

FROM CHAMPLAIN TO LAURIER
MDCVIII-MCMVIII

BY
FRANK BASIL TRACY

WITH MANY FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,
PORTRAITS AND MAPS ESPECIALLY
MADE FOR THIS WORK

VOLUME I



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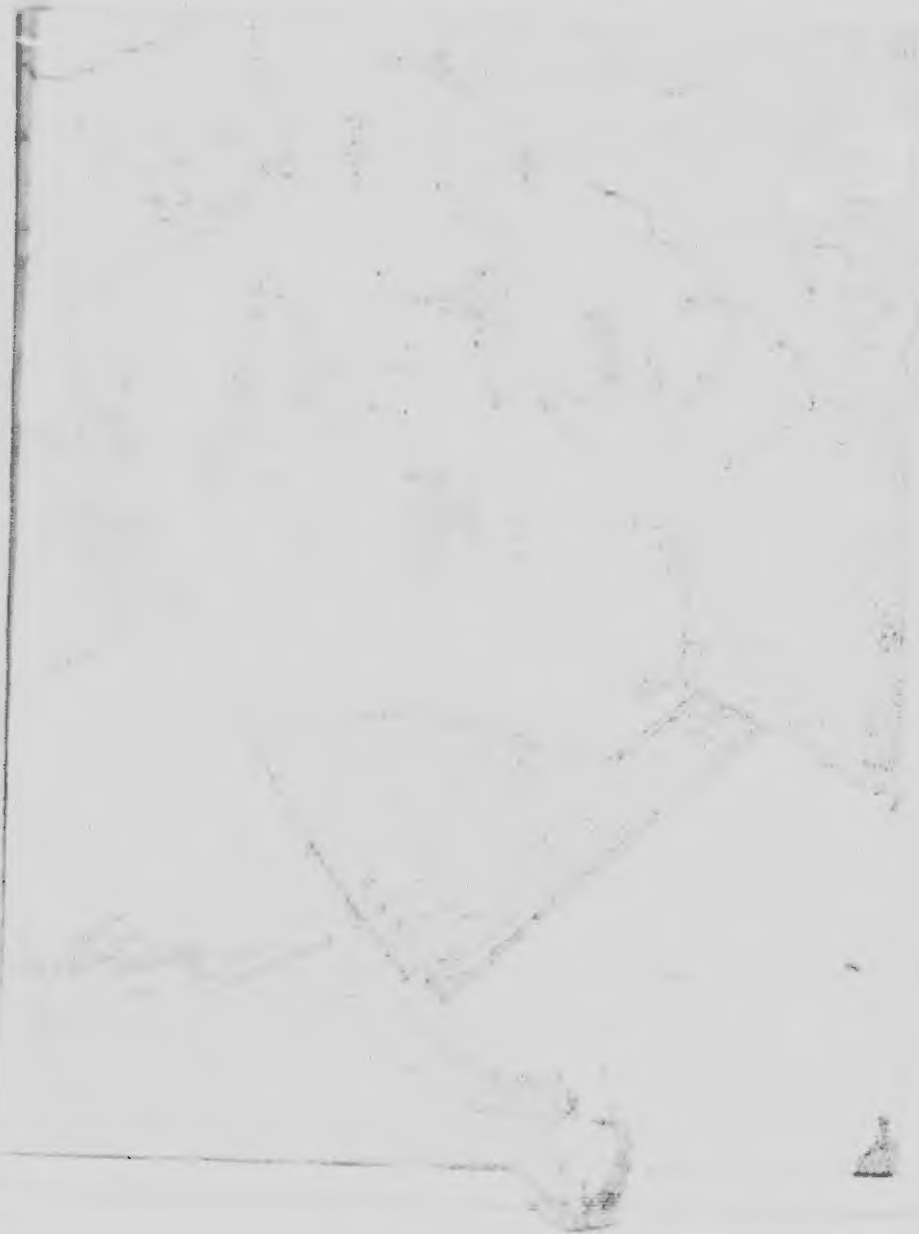
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DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO
SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
WHOSE STATESMANLIKE BREADTH OF VIEW,
CONCILIATORY SPIRIT, AND EARNEST EFFORT
TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH AND ENLIGHTENMENT
OF HIS COUNTRY
CANADIANS WILL EVER HOLD
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE.





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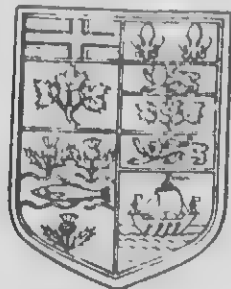
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PREFACE

THERE is no more interesting or absorbing tale in the annals of mankind than the story of the Canadian people. However much one may delight in ancient records of classic lands and the myths of the Greeks and the Scandinavians, or in the almost modern tales of China, India, or Peru, or in the astonishing growth of civilization in the past half-century, he will in none of these lands or times find figures and events surpassing in continuity of interest the three centuries of Canadian life from Champlain to Laurier. In the astonishing diversity and variations of the currents of this life is material not only for the historian but also for the artist, the philosopher, and the poet. There is not a decade that is not exciting, romantic, or inspiring. The richness of the early days, with feudal barons transplanted from Europe mingling with the copper-skinned Indians and the black-robed priests, seems most vivid when contrasted with the sombre and gray beginnings of the United States. The romance and tragedy of the period of exploration Americans count as imperishable parts of their own history, yet its leaders were nearly all men of France. The colonial strife which followed had as its supremely dramatic finale the deaths of Montcalm and Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. In the American Revolution the Canadians had an impor-

PREFACE

tant, though passive and unappreciated, part. As its sequel came the founding of the Tory colony in what is now Ontario, and the beginning of the titanic task of attempting to rule English Ontario and French Quebec *æquo animo*. Hardly had that era opened before Canada was forced to fight for her altars and her fires in the inconclusive but highly interesting War of 1812, in which her people distinguished themselves above all others. At its conclusion there opened the most complex and vexatious part of the whole record—the strife of Quebec and Ontario. That period is often shunned by publicists and teachers as petty, bickering, and tiresome, and I confess I began the task of that portion of this work with much reluctance. Yet in going over these pages I constantly turn to that period in anxious inquiry lest I have not made plain the dramatic elements and supreme issues of that struggle. It was a stormy, uncomfortable, and anxious period. Life in either province was unhappy. In all her varied dealings with colonies, I question whether Great Britain has ever been involved in a more delicate or difficult position than this: called upon to find a form of government and code of laws adapted to two adjacent provinces, radically different in people, language, religion, and customs. The problem was great, the blunders were many, but out of them came the Confederation which saved Canada from disorganization or incorporation into the Republic. This Confederation period has been interesting, largely because of two great figures, John Alexander Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier. To-day we are in the Expansion period, when for the first time in their common

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history Canada's treasury receipts have increased more rapidly than those of the United States, and an empire of Wheat is opening in the fertile, long-shunned fields west of Manitoba.

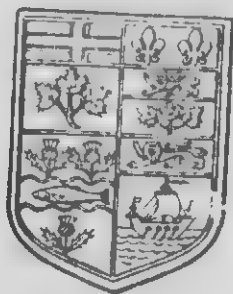
It is with an earnest hope to obtain the attention of many readers to this wonderful story that this book has been written. I make no apologies for entering a field already crowded, but I shall hope that the present work will find its proper niche. Nor do I claim originality or exclusive use of sources for the book. The work is, however, designed to be an accurate, complete and connected story of the *main currents* of Canadian history from Champlain to Laurier. It has not been possible to go into side-fields and by-paths. But with the large figures and events I have tried to be generous. Above all, I have attempted to hold to the story form, so that whether sketching a battle, a change in government, or a deep-seated social movement, I may cause the reader to feel that all are parts of a great novel or drama, as indeed I conceive history in its true relations to be. Only enough comment has been inserted to point out the deeper meanings of history, and such comment, I hope, will be found to be, while sometimes strongly expressed, invariably fair and impartial.

For authorities consulted, the reader is referred to the work itself, where due credit has been given to them. It would be impossible, however, to close this overlong preface without special recognition of Professor George M. Wrong of Toronto for his patient, keen, and thorough reading of the entire manuscript, with important corrections and pregnant recommendations; of Lieutenant-Colonel Wil-

PREFACE

William Wood, author of "The Fight for Canada," who personally directed me in visiting the battlefields of Quebec, and read with critical care and admirable suggestions the manuscript of that portion of the work devoted to the Conquest of Canada in 1759; of Mr. Charles K. Bolton, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum, for privileges and courtesies; of Professors Albert Bushnell Hart and William Bennett Munro of Harvard University, for suggestions and helps; and of the Dominion Government for data and maps.

F. B. T.



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CHAPTER I

THE OPENING OF THE NEW WORLD

THE world was in a low state at the close of the fifteenth century. It despaired of progress, for it did not know how freedom could be got. But behind the thought and determination of Columbus when he set sail to the west in 1492 there seems to us to-day to have been an impulse, a guiding hand, an overseeing power, of which he knew nothing and of which the world could have no conception for centuries to come. The discovery of America may be said to be one of the most fortunate events for mankind, or one of the most inspiring and wonderful manifestations of Providence in all history. For it came at a time when the individual was quite near extinction. All the supreme forces known to the world plunged forward, bent on the subjection of the body, mind, and soul of the mass of men. Every nation of Europe revealed swiftly growing concentration of sovereign power. It was a time when, after long and bloody wars, each king on his throne felt more secure, more insolent, more cruel.

European
princes and
the masses

Spain was at the height of her imperial power. The thrones of Ferdinand and Isabella had been united, the northern provinces were bargained away from France, bloody wars forced one after another

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

of the weak states of the peninsula into their realm, until, in the very year of Columbus's voyage, Grenada opened her gates to these sovereigns, and the Moor was driven from Europe forever. Ferdinand and Isabella burned with ambition. They yearned to extend their power into all parts of the earth, and every point in that progress was to be won by bloody conquest, in which the individual was used simply as a machine of war. The power of autocracy in Spain was never so high, and upon the people were fastened the horrors of the Inquisition.

Triumphs
of Louis XI

In France Louis XI, after his long, bitter contests with Charles the Bold, saw that rash warrior fall and the last obstacle to his kingly will swept away. Then was laid more securely the foundation of the kingdom of France, which throve and shone and dwindled until it fell in the mob and hell of the Revolution.

In England the Wars of the Roses ended at last in the coming of the first Tudor, Henry VII, who triumphed over the misshapen murderer, Richard III. This very victory, which ought to have led to decency and liberty, made stronger and more rigid the kingly power, which was soon extended and deepened by his son, Henry VIII, of unragrant memory.

In Russia Ivan the Great had freed many of his people from Tartar domination, only to place them under the rule of that iron autocracy which the twentieth century may see overthrown.

Italy and Germany were in anarchy. It was the period of the proud Lorenzo. All the petty principalities were engaged in war. On every throne of Europe lay the mailed fist and the bloody sword.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW WORLD

The bare thought of a popular rising would have been the subject of ridicule. There seemed absolutely no chance of relief for the common man. It was as if a halt had come in the Renaissance and a retreat was about to begin.

Yet relief was coming. If there was no place in Europe for a free man, some other place must be found for him. It was found in America. And as men yearned for greater spiritual liberty, that want was met: the Reformation. Here are two titanic events, occurring practically at the same time. One marked the rebirth of democracy. The other marked the beginning of tolerance. It was a great age.

Democracy
and the Re-
formation

In these pages it will be my purpose to sketch in brief the story of the opening of the New World, to show how Europe at length awoke to the price-
less opportunity which lay before it, and to trace in detail the course of one of the two broad streams of immigration and settlement in North America. No one who follows the enchanting tale of the beginnings of America can fail to express wonder, even astonishment, at its slow and timid development. The mere fact that full one hundred years elapsed between the voyage of Columbus and the first permanent settlement in what is now the United States reveals a condition of apparent torpidity in public thought and spirit which we to-day can hardly understand. Yet the causes of this apparent timidity and caution, though varied, are not far to seek, and follow quickly upon the conditions sketched above.

All Europe was keyed to a high monarchical pitch. Kingship and royalty had become exalted in

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The lust
for India's
wealth

every nation, and each vied with the others in the assertion of power and majesty. The logical outcome of such conditions was irritation, jealousy, cupidity, and war. Europe was too small a territory to contain so many monarchs mad with the thirst for greater glory. Yet the discovery of America made no impression upon such swollen minds. Expansion beyond the seas seems never to have occurred to one of them, except as they looked toward India. And India undoubtedly led to the finding of the New World. It was the wealth and spices of the Far East which most attracted the merchants of Europe. And it was the overland journey's length which led navigators to plan and plot for a shorter route. The conception that such a route could be found by sailing due west from Europe must have sprung from the acceptance of the theory of the spherical formation of the earth. At the time of Columbus this theory, while still resisted by the Church and unheard of in practically all the scientific haunts of the age, was not unknown to many independent scholars and thinkers. Columbus, however, was the first navigator bold and brave enough to offer to put it to the test by sailing directly west upon a vast and trackless sea. It was a daring experiment, and regarded as criminally rash by those philosophers and scholars of that time who believed Columbus would sail to the edge of things and then tumble over into—space.

AMERICA IDENTIFIED WITH INDIA

It is apparent that the European world was much confused as to the identity of the land which Columbus discovered. He thought to his dying day that

THE OPENING OF THE NEW WORLD

he had found an unfamiliar part of India, an opinion on which at first there was much skepticism. For the Portuguese navigators who had explored the West Coast of Africa continued their work after they must have known of Columbus's discovery, and the first voyage to India by the Cape of Good Hope route was not made until 1496, four years after Columbus's voyage. Four years still later, Cabral, starting on the Indian journey, was blown off his course until he reached what was probably Brazil, but nothing ever came of this voyage, and it should have no credit in the work of opening America. At length, however, the hardships of that southern route and the stories of wonderful wealth in the new lands of Columbus convinced the doubting Thomases of Europe that he was right.

The belief in the identity of America and India continued for years and decades, indeed for almost a century. This absurd notion furnishes another explanation for the blindness of European monarchs to the great opportunity for expansion and wealth in the New World. Although dozens of expeditions were sent out by these monarchs, or under their patronage, no systematic or logical plan was adopted by any one. The wars which followed the enormous advance of monarchism in the fifteenth century so filled the time of royalty during the sixteenth that it had no interest in the dreams of visionaries or the solid projects of great merchants, statesmen, and seamen. Even when the fact of a New World became generally accepted, that great continent was regarded as an impertinent barrier and obstacle in the journey to India. Compelled to accept this obstacle, the navigators and explorers exhausted all

America an
obstacle to
reaching
India

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The search
for the
Northwest
Passage

their resources and skill in striving to find a passage through or around it. The early French explorers thought to find it by following the St. Lawrence to its source, and as late as 1609, when both Jamestown and Quebec had been founded, and the New World was indeed a fact, Hendrick Hudson met his death in the great body of water which bears his name while trying to find a northwest passage to India—a passage which indeed he might have found by following an inlet of that bay and then by a short portage reaching the Mackenzie River, which leads to the Arctic seas and the Pacific Ocean.

Thus a century was practically thrown away. It is unnecessary to record here all the various expeditions sent out by England, France, and Spain. Many of them form an important part of the history of the present United States, but have no bearing upon Canadian records. Most of them were ill-conceived and wholly impracticable. Nearly all of these explorers had but one purpose in view, the discovery of gold. The remainder, like Ponce de Leon, were seeking some visionary end, hoping for a fountain of youth or striving to find the secret hoard of the rainbow. To be sure, there were some genuine colonization projects. Two of these, the French-Huguenot missions to Brazil and Florida-Carolina, were as brave and heroic as they were destitute of prevision and sure foundations. The history of the first is a brief one, and its ruin is easily ascribed to internal dissensions and the despotism of the leaders. The story of the settlements in Florida and Carolina is one of the most romantic and terrible in American history. They were ruined by the folly and lack of care on the part of their

THE OPENING OF THE NEW WORLD

projectors, and by the awful brutality of the Spaniards under Menendez. Then came French vengeance under De Gourgues's leadership. The only part of the story of these English, French, and Spanish expeditions which concerns us is that which relates to the bases for claims to territory on the part of these nations. There is not even to-day any rule for the right to newly discovered territory. Certainly, in the old bloody days of the sixteenth century, no codes on this subject were agreed to by the nations. The good old rule of claiming everything and seizing anything apparently worth having then prevailed. Spain had, of course, the first right to all America under Columbus's discoveries and Papal decree, but Spain was slow to assert this claim, laboring under the prevalent misconception both as to the identity of America with India and as to the value and extent of the continent. Under the mocking rules of Fate, Spain did not secure the most valuable part of North America. She found her possessions in South America a source of infinite tumult and expense, and after four hundred years is to-day the only one of those exploring nations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, once holding much of the New World, which owns not one foot of soil in America—the hemisphere which one of her explorers discovered and another named. England, as usual, when land is in question, put forth her claims with alacrity. And they rested upon substantial achievements, the voyages and explorations of the Cabots. Italy, because she was not then a nation, but a congeries of bickering principalities, had no share and received no prizes in the division of the New World spoils, but her sons

Bases for
territorial
claims

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

continued the renown of Italian explorers, chiefly won by Marco Polo. Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, and the Cabots were Italians.

THE CABOTS

The
voyages of
1497-1498

JOHN and Sebastian Cabot (Cabotto) were the bravest and most persistent explorers of the time. John made his first voyage in 1497, but the most important was in 1498, when they both sailed from Bristol under England's flag and explored the entire coast from Labrador down to Carolina. How many other voyages they made is uncertain, but it is known that they attempted to find the northwest passage to India, and were driven back only by the ice of Hudson Strait. About this time the renown of the Grand Banks fisheries began to be known to all the world. Biscayan fishermen asserted that they had known of these fisheries and had fished there long before Cabot's time, but had for obvious reasons kept secret the location of their rich spoils. But after the Cabots had visited it, concealment was no longer possible, and fishermen from all parts of Europe hastened there and fought and quarreled, as they have since done even up to this day. At any rate, old chroniclers narrate that in 1517, only eighteen years after the news of Cabot's discovery had become known, fifty vessels visited those fishing grounds. Cortereal, the Portuguese explorer, followed the fishermen and, because of the lack of labor in Portugal, set an example for many of his countrymen in bringing home a cargo of natives of Labrador, whom he seized and enslaved. The early maps of Labrador bear the name Terra Corterealis, but later the present name was used, a

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contraction and corruption of Laboratoris Terra, a name also recalling Cortereal's infamy.

Now we come to the first French name among all the explorers, and fitly enough his name is associated with a region which was under French dominion for one hundred and fifty years. This explorer was Jean Denis, or Denys, of Honfleur, and he discovered and explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1506. A map in the Dominion archives at Ottawa, said to be a copy of one made by Denys, seems to sketch, although most crudely, the gulf and a bit of the surrounding land. Tradition has it that two years later, or 1508, Thomas Anbrot, also a Frenchman, ascended the St. Lawrence River and brought back many natives for exhibition at Rouen and other French cities. This may well be a fictitious story, since the rape of the savages of the St. Lawrence basin by the French became all too common a few years later, and Anbrot may have been confused with Cartier or later explorers.¹

The first attempt at settlement in North America was by a Frenchman in 1518. It was a foolish attempt, and it ended in disaster; but let us not fail in credit to this brave Gaul, who thought of something else than India and gold and loot. This

The Gulf
of St.
Lawrence
discovered,
1506

Sable Island
settled and
deserted

¹ Regarding such stories it is often impossible at this distance of time to separate fact from fiction, and nothing is more wearying to the reader than the narration of the troubles experienced by the author in endeavoring to reach his judgment as to values of testimony. For that reason I shall refrain as much as possible from references to authorities on questionable data. Affirmative and positive statements must presuppose on my part diligent search as a basis for them, and where there are only rumors or dubious references the incident will be ignored, unless it concerns a very important issue.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Baron de Léry selected Sable Island for his colony. This lonely island, bordering "the Graveyard of the Atlantic," was the last place in the New World for a settlement. With nothing to sustain the people, and with the wild sea beating about them, they were soon glad to sail for home, leaving nothing but their cattle, which so multiplied as to be an extensive monument to the baron's folly. The population of Sable Island to-day is almost as scant as then. Thus ended the first lesson in American colonization by France

Verrazzano
the first
important
French
explorer

In the mean time Francis I had come to the throne of France, a worthy successor to Louis XI. It was not long before he became involved in war with his southern neighbor, Charles V of Spain. The stories of Cortés in the land of the Aztecs and his loot of Mexico excited the envy and ire of every other European monarch, and when some of the ships, laden with gold and other spoils of conquest, were found on the high seas off their course by French warships (under Verrazzano it is said), and towed into a French port, the joy of Francis knew no bounds. While the humor was upon him, he wrote a facetious note in response to a protest from Charles, asking him if it were true that he and his brother king of Portugal had parceled out the earth between them without leaving anything for him. Had Father Adam made those two his only heirs? If so, he asked to see the last will and testament. Failing that, he should feel at liberty to seize any rich prizes his ships might find on the ocean. Francis sent John Verrazzano, another Italian navigator, to explore the coast of the New World and capture any prizes he might find. Ver-

Francis
sends out
John
Verrazzano

THE OPENING OF THE NEW WORLD

Verrazzano set sail from Dieppe in 1524. He found no Spanish prizes, but he explored the coast from the Carolinas to Newfoundland. He penetrated into the interior at several places and brought home what some authorities declare to be the first report ever published of North America. Undoubtedly one object of this expedition was to find that mythical northwest passage to India, and while he did not find it, he did find Chesapeake Bay, and made a map of the country, picturing Chesapeake Bay as the Pacific Ocean—an original but highly exaggerated conception, which played the mischief with map-makers and the whole world of explorers for at least a century.²

His map of
Chesapeake
Bay

Verrazzano was received in France with great acclaim, and enough enthusiasm was aroused among the merchants of Dieppe to have made a momentous change in the history of the governments of the New World. But the king had too many troubles at home just then to care for foreign complication. He could see no possible future glory in a far-off region at the moment a pretender was invading France. His impudent letter to Charles of Spain angered that monarch, who retaliated by engaging him in battle and capturing him. Francis got free by signing an abject treaty, but at once repudiated it. Had he made an honorable peace with Spain, and used the royal funds in backing up Verrazzano's explorations by sending other expeditions and colonists to America, the tricolor might now be waving over us. But the great opportunity was let

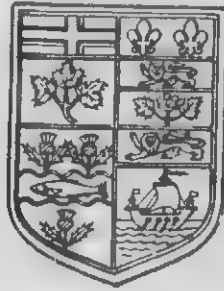
Verraz-
zano's
reception in
France

² Recent investigations have thrown a cloud over Verrazzano's exploration story, and that map may have been an ingenious fiction.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

slip, and when he became interested in the New World, Englishmen had forestalled him. He did at length risk a venture in New World stocks a few years later, chiefly to oblige one of the court favorites, Philippe de Brion-Chabot, Admiral of France. Chabot planned an expedition to follow up poor Verrazzano, who by this time had the bad luck to be captured by the Spaniards at sea and hanged at the yardarm as a pirate, which, like Drake and other choice spirits, he certainly was. Thus enters the discoverer and first pioneer of New France, Jacques Cartier, a Breton navigator of courage and skill.

Hanged as
a pirate



CHAPTER II

CARTIER AND THE REAL DISCOVERY OF CANADA

CARTIER was equipped by the king, at Chabot's ^{Sails} representation, with two ships. He sailed April ^{Apr. 20} 20, 1534, from picturesque St. Malo, foremost as a seaport then and to-day as a fashionable resort. It is impossible to know what Cartier's instructions or his real purposes were. Probably it was only by accident that he took a much different route to the New World than Verrazzano's. But the fact that he sailed due west was epoch-making in its effects upon American history. That brought him to Newfoundland and the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, and thus he unconsciously fixed the field of French activities in the New World. Raleigh and the other English explorers who set out a few years later by the same sort of trick of fate steered for the southwest. Hence rose that curious crossing of lines, that inconsistency of both nations, by which the southern, warm country chose the frigid Canada for its sons, and the cold, northern country drove its vessels to the warm shores of the Carolinian and Virginian waters.

Cartier followed the old beaten track of the Breton fishermen, steered for the Banks, passed through the Strait of Belle Isle, and entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Later he visited a bay which, be-

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

cause of the warm July days, he called the Bay of Chaleurs, a name which must often have seemed a bit ironical to the denizens of that region. This bay to-day separates New Brunswick from the south-eastern tongue of Quebec Province. A few miles north along the coast of that tongue, at the head of an inlet, stands the village of Gaspé. Here Cartier landed, planted a cross, and solemnly took possession of the country in the name of the king. He was apparently convinced that the Gulf of St. Lawrence was somehow the passage to Cathay, and having taken possession of the neighboring country, he was ready to go home and spread the news. One author gives as the reason for his return "autumnal storms were gathering ; but as Cartier started back about August 1, we may safely dismiss that hypothesis as absurd. He made the blunder of kidnaping two young Indians for use as an exhibit at home.

The second
voyage.
1535

Cartier's return with his sanguine stories excited the imagination of the king and his court, and there was no lack of support to him for a second voyage. The whole country attended him with extraordinary interest, and several gentlemen of wealth and high birth arranged to accompany him. His charter was received in October, but it was not until May 19 of the next year, 1535, that he was ready to sail. He took practically the same route as before until he had passed through the Strait of Belle Isle. Then he followed closely along the shore of the present Province of Quebec until he reached a small bay opposite Anticosti Island. This was on August 10, St. Lawrence's day, and he named that small bay after the saint. Later it



JACQUES CARTIER

1494-1557

Le 1er mars 1498 au Hotel de Ville, St. Malo

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

was applied to gulf and river. He did not tarry there, but sailed on westward, confident that he was still on the open sea and bound for India. But the gulf narrowed to a river until he could see both banks, and at length he came to the mouth of the Saguenay, where it empties into the St. Lawrence, and found that the water there was fresh. Then he was compelled to admit that his dream had been false. Yet spurred on by curiosity and the sight of so many savages crowding the river-bank and calling out to him in an unknown tongue, he sailed on up the stream.

The first
sight of
Quebec

After a while he came to anchor at a large, rich island, which, because of the profusion of grapes, Cartier called the island of Bacchus, now the island of Orleans. There he was visited by swarms of Indians, including the Chief Donnacona, who now learned from the two redskins kidnaped at Gaspé the year before wondrous stories of France, the sea, the ship, and the chieftain. The Indians all marveled, and were loud in their admiration. At length Cartier took a boat and with a few companions rowed up the river, and returned the state visit of King Donnacona, much as our diplomats and monarchs do unto this day. Donnacona's court was in a group of wigwams, high upon a rock, in sight of Cartier's island of Bacchus. It was the first sight a white man had of that rock which, under the name of Quebec, was to furnish history with some of its most romantic and most glorious chapters. Cartier ascended the St. Charles River, which he named the St. Croix, and, climbing the rock, visited the Indian village called Stadaconé. Paying his devoirs to the king and



MONTREAL LOOKING WEST FROM MONTEN ROYAL

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CARTIER AND THE REAL DISCOVERY OF CANADA

getting a glimpse into Indian ways of living, which did not greatly charm him, Cartier rowed back to the ship.

The Stadaconé braves, eager to tell something in return for all they had learned about France, assured the French that while Stadaconé was a pretty fine place, the real heart of civilization and grandeur was at Hochelaga, many days' journey up the river. Hochelaga, or Montreal But as soon as Cartier expressed his determination to visit this wonderful capital, they grew jealous of Hochelaga and tried to discourage the Frenchman. This failing, they determined to frighten him by setting afloat upon the water some ghastly devils, made up for the purpose, and warning Cartier of dire results to follow his voyage. Other absurd devices were employed, which opened Cartier's eyes to the peculiar traits of his red friends, but did not deter him in the least; and in a few days, amid the protests of Donnacona, he proceeded with fifty men in boats up the river.

It was now the first of October, and the air was full of cold, but Cartier heeded it not and pushed ahead. On the second he saw far ahead of him a mountain and on the shore hundreds of Indians dancing and welcoming them with shouts of joy. By night lights were ablaze on the shore, while the redskins leaped about in their exultation and frenzy. It is unfortunate that Frenchmen were years afterward to see an altogether different sort of greeting from savages at that place.

The next morning October 3, Cartier and his men rose from their camp and marched toward Hochelaga, which lay at the foot of the mountain. The manifestations of welcome were renewed at

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their approach, increasing in intensity at every step. The Indians behaved very like a well-trained stage mob to-day, and made Cartier feel at home as well as they could.

A typical
Indian
village

The village which they entered seemed very odd to them, but it was the type of villages to which French eyes grew well accustomed throughout that broad region in the years to come. It consisted of about fifty large bark-covered structures, each about 150 feet long and 35 to 45 wide, and containing several rude hearthplaces, around each of which gathered a family. A hole in the roof let out the smoke from the fire in which was cooking the family meal. In the midst of the town was a large public square, in which Cartier's party was formally received. The whole town, which may have held 2,000 to 3,000 persons, was guarded by a sort of palisade, composed of three rows of saplings, the middle upright, the others bent toward the middle, and all three fastened together with thongs of bark. Large stones, to be thrown down upon the enemy, were stored at the top. It was not as dazzling to Cartier as his party was to the savages, but it was fully as interesting.

Called upon
to heal the
sick

As soon as the Frenchmen had reached this public square, the whole village flocked about them, screaming with delight, especially at the beards of the strangers, which they touched with curious glee, and at their garb and weapons. Soon the chief of the tribe, a paralyzed old savage, was brought to Cartier to be healed with his touch. This was a new rôle with him, and he performed it only after hesitation, touching the chief and breathing a prayer for his recovery. No miracle was performed, but

CARTIER AND THE REAL DISCOVERY OF CANADA

at once all the other sick savages were brought before him to be healed. He did not let the opportunity go by without reading from his Bible the story of the death of the Saviour, to which, although it was all French to them, they listened with that serious attention known to no other race of men. Then came the distribution of presents—knives, hatchets, beads, rings, and all sorts of knickknacks, and the scene was again all noise and excitement. Then blowing blasts from their trumpets, which increased the savages' delight, Cartier's men marched out of the town. They went with a guide to the top of the mountain, and Cartier gratified his passion for nomenclature by naming the superb spot, commanding a magnificent view of woods and plain and river for many miles, Mount Royal. And Mount Royal, or, as he pronounced it, Montreal, it is to-day. Then they retraced their steps, again greeted their savage hosts, and returned by the river to Stadaconé, where their countrymen who had been left behind and the Indians alike gave them a most cordial welcome.

The sick
brought to
be cured

Cartier
names
Mount
Royal

THAT TERRIBLE WINTER

PREPARATIONS were already under way for the winter, but the whites could gain no hint of the sort of thing in the winter line that was coming upon them. Just why they did not then return, since it was not yet November, is not known, nor is it clear whether it was Cartier's intention on setting out to spend the winter in the New World. At any rate, it was a foolish resolve. These Gauls, to whom the sight of snow was a novelty, and who had never experienced a temperature much below

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

freezing, were now to spend a winter of six months' deep snow, where the mercury stood at zero for days at a time and often sank to 20 and 40 below zero. This was, so far as I can learn, the first winter spent in northern North America by any white man, and it was the irony of fate that the men who braved it were from a warm clime and chose Quebec for the experiment.

By the middle of November winter was fully upon them. Snow lay deep in valley and on hill and river. To one who is used and inured to it the sight and the sensation are tonic and rich. But to these Europeans it meant cold and suffering. Even Breton fishermen were not prepared for this. To add to their misfortunes the Indians grew shy and suspicious, and were no longer at hand to suggest and advise. Not being equipped with proper food for this first siege of Quebec, the besieged soon fell victims to scurvy, which raged furiously. Death from
scurvy Twenty-five men were soon dead, and scarcely a man of those remaining was strong and able. In vain the sufferers offered prayers to the Virgin, and even in processions sang litanies and psalms before an image of the Virgin on a tree. Cartier feared the Indians, grown distrustful, might become hostile, but it was from a savage that he learned of a healing decoction. It was called Ameda, and probably came from the *arbor vitæ*. It saved the whites, and when summer came Cartier repaid the savages by luring Donnacona and some of his chiefs to his ships and bearing them off with him to France. He did this in order to have their evidence to convince the French at home of the marvelous richness of the land and to help spread the

CARTIER AND THE REAL DISCOVERY OF CANADA

stories of gold, a white population, and other fascinating features of the country lying beyond Montreal. It was a small company that went back with Cartier—the others lay buried in the shadow of Quebec Rock—and there was much sorrow as well as joy when, on July 16, 1536, his ships reached the harbor of St. Malo.

Cartier
reaches
France
July 16,
1536

But Cartier was soon disillusioned of any hopes he had for a speedy return to Canada—for such he found the Indians called that country. Francis I had again become involved in war with Charles V of Spain, who, having carried the war into Africa with signal success, burned to extend his triumphs north. The war continued for several years, and diverted the king's attention from Canada. What was even more unfortunate for Cartier was the fact that his patron, Admiral Chabot, was in disgrace and powerless to help him. At length, however, the war slackened, and another friend of Cartier arose in Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, a Picardy nobleman.

CARTIER AND ROBERVAL

FRANCIS I liked display and grandiose titles, and without the slightest comprehension of the location of the various places mentioned, he commissioned Roberval as "Lord of Norembega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay, and Baccalaos." This is the first time the name Canada appeared in any official document.

The name
Canada
first used
officially

It is the word given Cartier by the Indians as the name for the country of the valley of the

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Meaning of
Indian
names

Cartier
named
captain-
general

St. Lawrence. What it really means, or its real derivation, is a subject for speculation, on which there is no actual knowledge. Carpunt was the name of the islands near the Strait of Belle Isle; the Great Bay is the Gulf of St. Lawrence; Baccalaos originally meant codfish, and was later transferred to the land about the codfish banks, which might mean any general districts; while Norembega at that time meant Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and a part of Maine. Francis also gave Roberval five ships and named Cartier captain-general. In the royal proclamation it was apparent that the king still held to the Columbian idea of America as a part of Asia, for he speaks of the "lands of Canada and Hochelaga, which form the extremity of Asia toward the west." In the same document was set forth the objects of this expedition as discovery, settlement, and the conversion of the Indians. Francis was growing old and sick and religious. Exactly how the sort of colonists he determined to send to Canada could convert the savages it is difficult to see, for he provided that criminals and malefactors might be taken from the jails and impressed to service in the crews and as colonists. Undoubtedly no one else would go, but the king put the enlisting of these prisoners on the pious ground of doing "a compassionate and worthy work toward criminals and evil-doers."¹

The king of Spain was much upset by this commission of Francis. To him it was not only a hostile but an impious act. The pope had decreed that

¹It is only fair to note that many of these prisoners sent to Canada had been confined for debt or for political reasons and were not necessarily vicious.

CARTIER AND THE REAL DISCOVERY OF CANADA

all of North America was Spain's, and Francis was guilty of a defiance of the Holy Father and the Saviour in thus controverting the pope's decree! However, Spain concluded to let France carry on the expedition, trusting in the usual Gallic bungling to make it a dismal failure. Spain reasoned well.

As is inevitable with such enterprises, there was delay in starting. Some of the supplies did not arrive on time, and at length Cartier, May 23, 1541, started without Roberval, who was to follow with more ships as soon as possible. Cartier was not anxious to meet the Indians whom he had robbed of their chiefs, and he wasted six weeks of the summer in Newfoundland before he reached Quebec. There he told the Indians that Donnacona was dead, but the other chiefs were living in luxury and honor. We learn little about this journey as compared with the former one. There was nothing novel in the experience, and the continued absence of Roberval paralyzed all efforts. Another unhappy winter was spent near Quebec, and when the summer came the disgusted colonists determined to return. They knew not what had happened in France and they feared for their lives among the Indians. On his way home Cartier stopped at St. Johns, Newfoundland, only to find Roberval there! The viceroy was furious at Cartier's desertion. Cartier demanded an explanation of Roberval's delay, and when given it was not satisfactory to him. Roberval ordered him to return to Canada, but he knew his men would not allow him to do so. Accordingly, one night Cartier slipped out of St. Johns and soon gladly dropped anchor at St. Malo. Here he vanishes from our sight.

Cartier sets
out again,
May 23, 1541

Cartier
quarrels
with
Roberval

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The legend
of Roberval's niece

There was nothing for Roberval to do but to proceed to Canada, and this he did with heavy heart. His troubles accumulated. There is a legend which must here be recited. No sooner had he left St. Johns than he learned of disgrace to his own blood. His niece, Marguerite, was in love with one of the cavaliers on board. Possibly she had been sent on this journey to remove her from his sight, but he secretly boarded the ship and went with her. Love grew to sin. Their guilt became known to Roberval in the Strait of Belle Isle, and, enraged, he hove to near a lonely island and cast her with her nurse ashore. The lover was refused permission to land with her, but as the ship was sailing away he sprang into the sea and swam ashore.

This was the horrible Isle of Demons of which sea romances are full. These devils raged about the hut where cowered the trio and strove to capture them, but Fate was kind and beat the devils back. Soon the child was born and joy reigned for a while. But in a short time the dismal life of sea and sky and sand told on nurse and babe and lover. Of sterner stuff was Roberval's niece, and she endured the horror of that experience alone for over two years. At last a sail drew near. It was a French fishing smack. She waved frantically to it, and it rescued her and bore her home. Thevet tells the story with all the imagery of a vivid fancy, and asserts that he got it from Marguerite's own lips. Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I, has also immortalized the other Marguerite by putting the tale in her "Heptameron."

Now let us return to the viceroy, etc. He soon dropped anchor near Quebec. Convict and noble

CARTIER AND THE REAL DISCOVERY OF CANADA

eagerly worked together to build a city there. One enormous omnibus affair was put up, and in it all dwelt and slept. Cartier's forts were rebuilt, and the power of New France was asserted again with might. But much was lacking. It was guns and ammunition that had kept Roberval waiting so long, and they were there now in abundance; but it would have been far better if those supplies had been food and provisions. It was just the old story of lack of foresight. The result was famine and sickness. Cartier's experiences were repeated, and that winter, from scurvy and other diseases, one third of the colony died. There was incipient mutiny, but Roberval checked it by the most vigorous means, hanging, shooting, and banishing many of the malefactors.

Obviously a colony so constituted and so ruled could not continue, and either that year or the next the remnant of this heterogeneous band reembarked and sailed for France, while the savages looked on, wondering and relieved. Roberval pursued the fortunes of his king in various fields, but met his death at the hand of an assassin, possibly one of his old Quebec colony, in the streets of Paris on a dark night years afterward.

FRANCE UNDER HENRY OF NAVARRE

No more Frenchmen passed Anticosti for a half century. The story of the bearded white men who wore wonderful garments and stole away Indian chiefs became at length only a tradition and almost passed out of the savages' memory. Indeed, it became a dream. The reason is not far to seek. After Francis I came a deluge. The very thought of the

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

France's
misery
under
Catherine

existence of Canada was lost to all France in the wretched years that followed. The curse of Catherine de Medici, widow of Francis's son, Henry II, was upon the land. The story of those awful years of civil and religious strife, in which stands out most conspicuously the massacre of St. Bartholomew, is the story of one woman's mad ambition, inflamed and distracted by the menace of Spanish, English, and Navarrais meddling. It was a veritable hell on earth, exceeded only in horror by the Revolution two centuries later. With it we are not here concerned. The first sign of dawn came when Henry of Navarre became king of France, embraced Catholicism for the sake of peace, and again turned the thoughts of the French away from religious wars and blood-letting and toward new lands and new enterprises. It was high time. England and Spain had been sending out expeditions in abundance, and the voyages of Gilbert, Drake, Hawkins, Cavendish, and Raleigh showed how eager was the English desire for knowledge and possession of this New World. Meanwhile, the only sight of the French flag in the waters of the New World was on the Grand Banks, where Biscayan and Breton fishermen resorted in vast and increasing numbers. The ill-fated expeditions to Brazil and Florida need no mention here. They were the efforts of the Huguenots to find some spot on earth in which to live and breathe freely, and had no relation to the imperial designs of France. But although France sent out no expeditions and colonists, her fishermen came to know a business which became at once her greatest wealth and curse in the New World. They began to trade with the Indians,

CARTIER AND THE REAL DISCOVERY OF CANADA

and many of them abandoned their lines and nets for the life of the merchant. Thus they came to know of the rich furs which the Indians were ready to barter for gaudy trinkets, and thus the foundation of the great fur trade was laid. Two residents of France secured a monopoly of this trade from the king in 1588, but popular clamor led to its revocation. The fur trade began

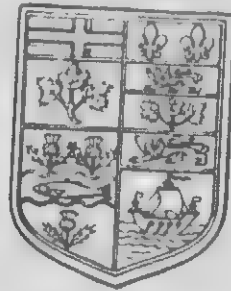
It was inevitable that under such a monarch French colonization schemes should take definite form. The death of Henry's bitterest foe, Philip of Spain, in 1598, assisted the impulse toward expansion. That very year another Breton, a nobleman, the Marquis de la Roche, undertook to plant a colony in the New World, and from that day the movement never ceased until Wolfe sealed the fate of New France. La Roche was given as many titles as Roberval, and started out with a ship's company composed of thieves, thugs, and all sorts of prisoners. Roberval's route was shunned, and the ship at length cast anchor off Sable Island. It was no more inviting than it was eighty years before, when Baron de Léry led his quixotic expedition thither. And the result was no more fruitful. The colonists were landed, and La Roche sailed onward to explore the neighborhood. His little ship was blown away by the gales, and he was glad to return safely to France. His forty convict-colonists on Sable Island were saved from wholesale destruction by the progeny of De Léry's cattle, but they suffered terribly. La Roche could not help them, for he was thrown into jail by a political enemy, and it was only after his release that he prevailed upon the king to rescue his erstwhile proud colony. Only eleven had sur- La Roche's settlement on Sable Island

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

vived the storms, quarrels, cold, and hunger, and when they were brought before Henry their great shaggy beards and clothing of skins made them look like Druids of eld.

Failure
of Pont
gravé and
Chauvin

The same year of La Roche's expedition and failure, Pontgravé, a merchant of St. Malo, and Chauvin, a navy captain, led an expedition for fur-trading. Sixteen men settled at Tadoussac, where the Saguenay flows into the St. Lawrence, and traded with the Indians. But winter, sickness, and storms scattered them, and another failure was chronicled. The attempt was again and again renewed, and at length Chauvin died there.



CHAPTER III

CHAMPLAIN AND ACADIA

NOW enters the second important figure in Canadian history, if we call Cartier the first: ^{Character of Champlain} but Samuel Champlain¹ was really the first heroic character in the story of New France. Champlain was a Biscayan, brave, chivalrous, but essentially rational and sensible. He became known to the king by fighting for him in many battles. His best-known exploit previous to our story of him was a visit to the Spanish colonies of the West Indies and Mexico. It was a risky undertaking, for in spite of the peace the Spanish still held the French as their greatest enemy and guarded their new lands with extraordinary secrecy. But Champlain gained all possible information, and after two years returned home to the delight of the king. He soon tired of the court, however, and looked about for more adventures. Luckily for all concerned, Aymar de Chastes, Henry's best friend and staunchest supporter in his greatest extremity, determined to close his career by service for his God and king in New France. The youth's fire and enthusiasm charmed De Chastes, and he eagerly attached Champlain to his expedition. Pontgravé was again secured, and

¹ Not De Champlain, as often written.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

His first
voyage,
1603

with Champlain sailed away in 1603 by the old pathway to the St. Lawrence.

If Jacques Cartier could have gone with them he would have cried out in astonishment at the changes which had taken place in the inhabitants of Canada. Stadaconé and Hochelaga, with all their might and power, had gone. Something had happened to them. What was it? No one has been able to do more than guess. There are traditions, and here and there references in books of the day to stories told by the savages. Out of it all we may believe that Cartier found Iroquois Indians of one sort or another on Quebec rock and the hills of Montreal, and that Champlain found no Iroquois, but a few scattering Algonquins, fishing and trapping in that region. Probably Cartier's Iroquois were of Huron stock, and perhaps the Algonquins drove them either west or up the St. Lawrence and across it into what is New York State. Or a scourge may have wiped them out. At any rate, it was a very different sort of savage that Cartier would have found after his sixty-eight years' absence, lower in intelligence and morals. After attempting to go up the river beyond the rapids of St. Louis, the explorers returned to France to be confronted with the unwelcome tidings of the death of their patron, De Chastes.

De Monts
prefers
the south

Another nobleman, Pierre du Gast, the Sieur de Monts, now took up the work. Indeed, it was plain that France meant business at last. De Monts had accompanied Champlain in the recent exploration and desired his aid in the new enterprise. But he did not like the severe climate of the St. Lawrence, and so, being endowed with power and titles over any amount of country, he chose a more southern

CHAMPLAIN AND ACADIA

land. Nova Scotia is not regarded by us as tropical, and it is still surprising that the French did not seek a region more like their own in climate. But they seemed unable to leave the tracks of the Breton and Biscayan fishermen. So it was toward Acadia that De Monts turned his hopes and ambitions. He was given a large grant of land and a monopoly of the fur trade on condition that he plant a colony there. Acadia, or Acadie, is a Micmac word, meaning simply place.

This grant to De Monts was not made without many difficulties. It extinguished the grants made to De Chastes, which involved many Breton fishermen and trappers, and they protested. Another source of complaint was that De Monts was a Protestant. The first objection was allayed by De Monts taking all of De Chastes's stockholders into his company. The second was circumvented in Henry's best style. He allowed both priest and pastor to go with the expedition, but assented to the Romanist claims by ordering that the Indians be taught by the Catholic priests.

SETTLING IN ACADIA

A START was made in 1604 with four ships. In the first two sailed Champlain and the Baron de Pou-trincourt, of whom we shall hear much henceforth, and the colonists, who consisted of the usual complement of French colonial expeditions—jail-birds and rogues of all descriptions, as well as some excellent gentlemen. The two other ships sailed later, one under Pontgravé, to continue the fur trade at Tadoussac, and the other to warn poachers off the new lord-lieutenant's fishing grounds. The journey

Four ships
start in 1604

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

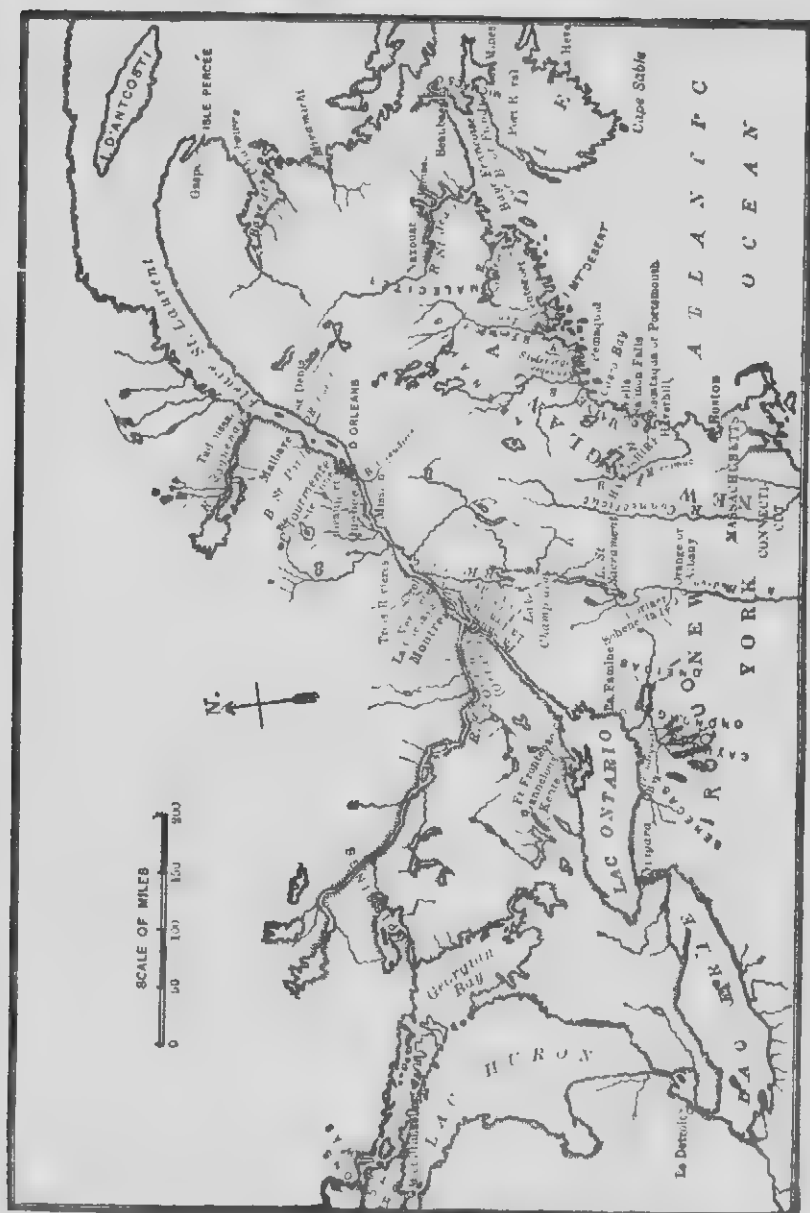
First
glimpses
of Nova
Scotia

was an interesting one to all. The priest and the pastor did not much disturb their flocks, but spent most of their time on each other. Their arguments frequently led to blows, to witness which exhibition the entire ship's company gathered. At length land was sighted, Cape la Heve, near Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. They inspected several bays, but did not land until they had skirted the island and put in at St. Mary's Bay. This coast they explored, but they were not satisfied, so they reembarked and were soon in the Bay of Fundy. What is now Annapolis Bay charmed Poutrincourt, and he asked De Monts for a grant of it. De Monts, having more land than he needed that year, graciously assented, and Poutrincourt named the spot Port Royal and declared he would settle there with all the followers he could find. The vessels kept on around the Bay of Fundy, surveying its shores. On the northern coast they found the mouth of a large river, which, in honor of the day, Champlain called St. John. Farther west they came across Passamaquoddy Bay, so named by the Indians and so named to-day. A river emptied into it, and this was tagged St. Croix, another name that stuck. A large island at its mouth was also named St. Croix. This island, on which the winter winds and snows were bound to centre their furies, but which looked fair and welcome under a June sun, was chosen by Champlain as the home of the colony.

They
land on
St. Croix
Island

It was an absurd choice, and the winter proved it. Champlain tried to make a garden, but the sterile soil and the early chill winds made it a failure. The Frenchmen worked with a will and built a village in a few weeks—barra-ks, store-

CHAMPLAIN AND ACADIA



MAP OF CANADA IN THE 17TH CENTURY

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

houses, residences, etc., all about a public square. Then Poutrincourt started for France, to equip his own expedition. Soon the winter came, and the story of Stadaconé and Tadoussac was repeated. Scurvy broke out, and the decoction that saved Cartier could not be prepared because the ingredients could not be found. By the spring forty-four only of the seventy-nine were alive. Poutrincourt then returned with provisions and help, but with tidings for De Monts that his enemies were seeking the ear of the king. De Monts was impelled at once to return, but would not desert the colony in its perilous condition. They all had had enough of St. Croix Island, and another home must be sought. Champlain sailed west, following the coast of New England. At the mouth of the Penobscot he found Indians who had a higher degree of comfort than the Micmacs, who surrounded the little settlement at St. Croix Island and caused the colony much uneasiness. There is little doubt that Champlain landed at or near Plymouth, and that he thought favorably of locating at the mouth of the Charles, where Boston now stands. He certainly made a complete survey of the coast, but was deterred from selecting any place by the vast number of Indians he saw and by the generally inhospitable and sterile appearance of the soil. Sand dunes we must admit are not tempting from an agricultural point of view. It is the peculiar fate of many of our most famous men that they commit blunders almost without number. Champlain grievously erred in selecting St. Croix Island for a settlement, and he blundered again when he reported that nothing farther south was better. So De Monts looked about in the neigh-

A French
survey of
Plymouth
and Boston

CHAMPLAIN AND ACADIA

borhood of Port Royal and could see no site fairer than Port Royal. Poutrincourt had picked this out for his own, but graciously yielded his claims, and the little settlement moved across the bay. St. Croix Island was deserted and indeed little known for nearly two centuries, until in 1798 its line was retraced to settle the dispute regarding the boundary line between Acadia and the United States. There in 1904 was held a very successful celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement.

De Monts was now free to return and face his enemies; Poutrincourt went with him. The colony then passed a fairly comfortable winter. The Indians had ceased to distrust them, and the acquaintance begun in the summer was invaluable to the colonists during the winter. Soon spring came and passed, then summer, but no news from France. Champlain at length determined to set out in search of news. But how? The vessels were gone. Others must be built. With two frail, rude boats they all, except two custodians, set sail from Port Royal in August for the fishing grounds. Hardly had they gone than a ship came into the beautiful bay, with Poutrincourt in command, and a friend of De Monts, Marc Lescarbot, a lawyer of Paris. De Monts had remained behind to fight his foes. A boat was sent after the colonists, and they were soon at Port Royal, rejoicing with the newcomers, for Poutrincourt, in spite of De Monts's troubles, had brought another party of settlers to Acadia.

Lescarbot was an invaluable man for the colony. He was full of enthusiasm, and kept up the spirits of this mixed company while Champlain and Pou-

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

trincourt were off on a second exploring expedition, and in the winter when all was cold and sere. He cultivated a garden, and made it a success. More than any one else, he made the colonists feel that they were living in a Frenchman's world, and he carried the manners and ways of Paris into this wilderness, simulating the life of the capital to an astonishing extent. All sorts of fêtes and games were devised by him and carried out with remarkable success. He provided feasts rich with wine, game, and fish, at which the Sagamore chief, Membertou, and some of his braves were always present. Every day had its incident, for the versatile Lescarbot never failed in investing the commonest things with imagery and romance. There was certainly a "Little France" in America for one winter. But for one winter only. When spring came the work of home-making was taken up with greater zeal: a water-mill was built and farming was attempted scientifically and earnestly; but with spring came a ship from St. Malo with the news that De Monts was overthrown, his patents annulled, and his support gone. The colony received its death-blow, and its members returned to France, followed by the lamentations of the Indians. Lescarbot now drops out of active life, but we are indebted to him for three volumes of a history of New France, without which we should be poor indeed.

The colony
abandoned

English
and French
colonists
compared

The failure of this first settlement of Acadia is a vivid illustration both of the incapability of European monarchs to understand or value aright the importance of the New World and of the weakness of the French in empire building. Henry IV was undoubtedly the ablest and shrewdest monarch

CHAMPLAIN AND ACADIA

of his time. Yet he never realized that New France was a tangible, actual thing, capable of immense development. Although this settlement at Port Royal had survived three winters and was a success, he was willing, merely because he ceased longer to care for one of his courtiers, to let Port Royal be abandoned and all the precious fruits of that contact with the wilderness be lost to France. Such folly seems at this distance monstrous. But there is another side to it. Why did the colonists lose heart and return merely because De Monts was overthrown? Why did they not stay and fight it out with nature and whoever came to dispossess them? Their condition was excellent; they were situated in a most fertile region, with game and fish near by in great abundance, and they were on terms of friendship with the Indians. Why could they not have carried on the colony? Probably the idea never occurred to them. They were so used to looking to their king for everything, that, with his active aid in money and provisions gone, they abandoned all hope. In this circumstance may the whole history of the settlement of the New World be read. If Port Royal could have taken a leaf from Plymouth's book, a very different story would be told of New France, but alas! Plymouth's book was not yet written, and even if it had been, Port Royal had not the eyes to read it. Plymouth stood for individual initiative and independence, and for freedom in religion. Port Royal stood for the king's favor, state aid, and one church. Plymouth burned all its bridges behind it; Port Royal never ceased to look Europeward. Plymouth succeeded not because of England and its king, but in spite of them;

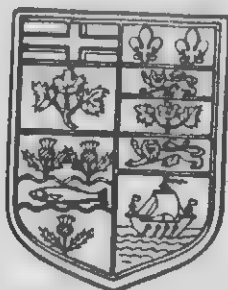
Henry IV's
indifferent
attitude

Port Royal
and
Plymouth

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The inde-
pendent
spirit of
Plymouth

indeed, because they were not considered at all. Both settlements had charters and grants; but to Plymouth they were merely necessary forms, hated and repudiated from the start, while to Port Royal they were the hope of salvation. These contrasts can be carried on throughout the history of New France and New England.



CHAPTER IV

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

THERE is no evidence to show that, as fond of Port Royal as was Poutrincourt, he ever thought of remaining there after De Monts fell into disfavor. But his heart was true to his first love, and he later determined to seek Port Royal again. Champlain, too, loved Port Royal, but he loved it not so much because of its location and beauty as because it was the *frontier*. He returned to Paris, but not to contentment. The attractions of the court and the favor of the king were his, but he disdained them. Nor did what Homer called the "polyphlois-bioisy"—the deep, resounding sea—call again to him with its alluring music as of old. He had got into his ears the echoes of the forest, and into his brain the love of strange lands and peoples, a wanderlust, which neither sea voyage nor civilization could satisfy. So he went to the king and pleaded for himself and De Monts. That nobleman had almost given up all hopes of a career in the New World, and was heart-broken over his defeat: but Champlain's persistency at length brought back his courage, and he again besought the king. Henry, strange to say, was willing. Just why he had revoked the previous grant no record tells. But his life was full of compromise even to the extent of

Champlain
tires of
court life

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A new
grant to
De Monts

his becoming a Catholic in form while remaining a Protestant at heart. Probably in order to gratify De Monts's enemies and his Minister Sully, who was one of the original anti-imperialists, Henry had blasted Port Royal. Now it was De Monts's turn, and Henry gave him another grant similar to the first, but with only one year's life, promising extensions if all went well.

Champlain
starts up
the St. Law-
rence, 1608

But the scene of De Monts's operations was to shift. Champlain had now become the master-mind of the enterprise, and he remembered his little journey in 1603 to Cartier's old haunts, the great river he had seen, and the great cataract he had heard about, and the greater ocean beyond of which Indian tradition whispered much. The old idea of a northwest passage still lingered in explorers' minds, and the old tales of gold had not yet died out. Then, too, Champlain was a devout Christian.¹ He did not take his religion as tragically as did the Jesuits, but it was a serious matter with him, and he longed to spread the Gospel of Jesus among the aborigines of the New World. Few explorers ever had more genuine, pure, or disinterested purposes than Samuel Champlain. So it was toward the St. Lawrence that the prow of his vessel and that of the trader Pontgravé's turned in the spring of 1608.

Pontgravé was to carry on the fur trade at Tadoussac. When he arrived there he found some Basques. A fight occurred, in which one of the

¹There has risen lately among investigators a question as to Champlain's Catholicism. His baptismal record has not been found, and this fact inclines some to doubt if he ever was a Catholic.

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

Frenchmen was killed. Then Champlain's ship came along, and the Basques withdrew. The rock and the surroundings of the old Iroquois city of Stadaconé attracted Champlain as it has fascinated millions since his day. So Champlain cast anchor there on July 3, 1608, and laid the foundations of a city, which he called Quebec, from the Indian name meaning "the Narrows," the Isle of Orleans naturally making the channel narrower at that point than either above or below, although Quebec, of course, is several miles from "the Narrows." A few rude houses were built in the section now known as the Lower Town. A mutiny was discovered among his men soon afterward. The ringleader, Antoine Natel, conspired to murder Champlain and turn the settlement over to the Basques. Champlain made short work of the mutiny. Natel was decapitated, and his gory head displayed on a pike at the top of the highest house, and his three associates were sent home to work in the galleys. There was no more mutiny.

Only twenty-eight men were left in Quebec when, in September, Pontgravé sailed for home. To describe the winter that followed would be to tell again the story of Stadaconé and St. Croix. Scurvy did its work, and by the middle of May only eight of the twenty-eight were left, but from these eight New France was destined to spring. For this little town, planted as a rendezvous for Champlain's journeys and explorations, turned out to be the first permanent settlement in New France and the second in what was known as the British colonies at the beginning of the American Revolution, Jamestown preceding it by one year.

Lays foundation of Quebec, July 3, 1608

First permanent settlement in New France

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

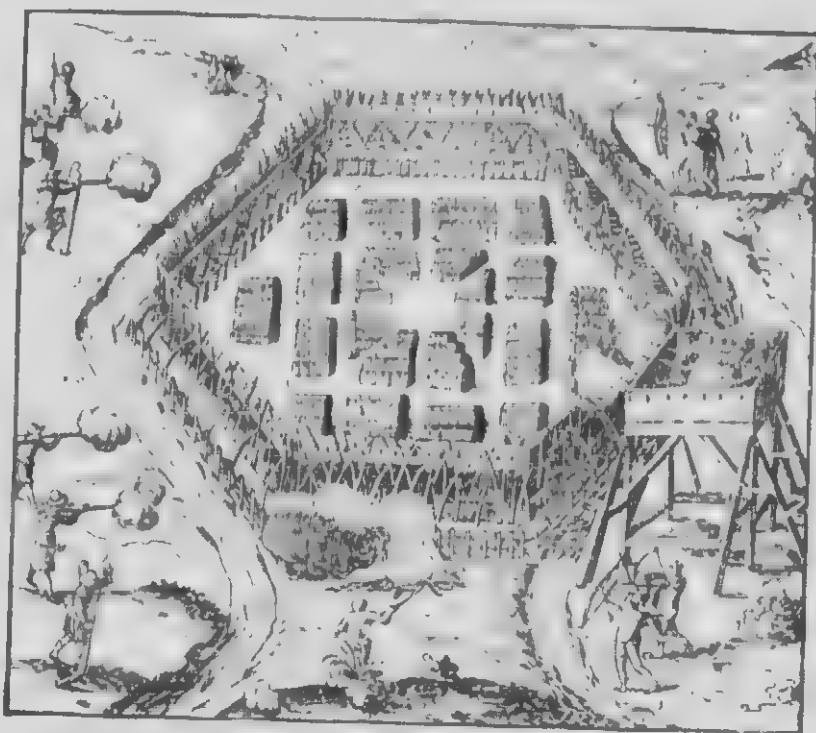
Grant to
De Monts
renewed

It was not until June that Pontgravé returned, but he brought good news, for the king had renewed the patent of De Monts, and additional supplies were furnished. Champlain was very anxious to begin his explorations, and it was arranged that Pontgravé should remain at Quebec during his absence. How he was to find his way through the wilderness was the only thing that fretted him. But opportunity came in a red hand, which pointed out his path. In this way Champlain got an insight into the feud of the savages; then did he learn of the old—how old no one knows—warfare between the Iroquois and the Algonquins, which was to continue almost two centuries more and involve whites with the reds. A chief of the Ottawas happened to come to Quebec in the autumn of 1608, and was amazed at the sight. He came forward, professed friendship, admired the town's structure and the Frenchmen, and, like an impetuous suitor, proposed marriage. He told Champlain that across the great river lived savage and cruel tribes, known as the Iroquois, with whom he and the other Algonquins were in deadly enmity. No one was safe so long as these Iroquois roamed the forests. They must be exterminated, and he proposed a treaty of alliance between Algonquins and Frenchmen for that purpose.

CHAMPLAIN ESPOUSES THE CAUSE OF THE ALGON- QUINS AGAINST THE IROQUOIS

CHAMPLAIN scarcely hesitated a moment. It was impossible to realize what a hornets' nest he was about to stir up, whose angry insects would play about the heads and sting himself and successors

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC



CHAMPLAIN'S TOWER IN ATTACK ON AN IROQUOIS VILLAGE

Champlain's own account of the building of this tower is as follows:

"I advised them to make with certain kinds of wood a cavalier which should be higher than the palisades. Upon this were to be placed four or five of our arquebusers, who should keep up a constant fire over their palisades and galleries, which were well provided with stones, and by this means dislodge the enemy who might attack us from their galleries. Meanwhile orders were to be given to procure boards for making a sort of mantelet [wooden shields] to protect our men from the arrows and stones of which the savages generally make use. These instruments, namely, the cavalier and mantelets, were capable of being carried by a large number of men. One mantelet was so constructed that the water could not extinguish the fire, which might be set to the fort, under cover of the arquebusers who were doing their duty on the cavalier. In this manner, I told them we might be able to defend ourselves so that the enemy could not approach to extinguish the fire which we should set to their ramparts.

"This proposition they thought good and very reasonable, and immediately proceeded to carry it out as I directed. In fact the next day they set to work, some to cut wood, others to gather it, for building and equipping the cavalier and mantelets. The work was promptly executed, and in less than four hours, although the amount of wood they had collected for building was the ramparts, in order to set fire to them, was very small. Their expectation was that the five hundred men who had promised to come would be so on this day, but doubt was felt about it from since they had not appeared at the rendezvous, as they had been charged to do, and as they had promised.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

for a century and more. He was mixing up in a family quarrel with a vengeance, and, what is more to the point, it is quite certain that he took the losing side, a mistake of policy which spelled calamity in forceful tones. It is difficult at this distance of time to excuse Champlain for taking sides at all: it looks very much like a rather big blunder on his part. Yet he saw in this alliance the hand that was to point the way through the forest to the great ocean and Asia beyond, and he may intentionally have mingled in the civil war in order to learn the secrets of the country, which he thought he could learn in no other way. In other words, he believed he was seizing a great opportunity, which if let go would be a subject of poignant regret all his life. To be sure, he was mortgaging the future, but who knew anything about the future of this frail colony?

Believed
he was
seizing an
opportunity

The six
tribes of the
Iroquois

The Iroquois consisted of six tribes, the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroras,² nations whose cities were in what is now northern and central New York. The Algonquins lived on the north side of the St. Lawrence, and to the west, in what is now Ontario, dwelt the Hurons, who were really by blood related to the Iroquois, but by reason of a feud were then in a fast or loose league with the Algonquins. The Montagnais, who lived about Quebec, were less intelligent and more savage than any of the other tribes of the Algonquins. When it was learned that the whites were their allies, the savages about Quebec became mad with delight and proposed an expedition at once.

²The latter often omitted and combined with the Onondagas, and then only five tribes are counted.

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

In June they went up the St. Lawrence, but not so far as Champlain hoped, for when they reached the Richelieu they turned up that stream, that is, south toward New York, the first of those many expeditions by one of the most fought-over routes in all history. It was a motley crew of about two hundred warriors, Hurons, Algonquins, and Montagnais. After they arrived at the mouth of the Richelieu, they spent two days fishing and hunting. A quarrel arose there, and with true savage childishness two-thirds of the redskins vowed they wouldn't play and started home. The remainder went on, accompanied by Champlain and only two other whites, clad in light armor and bearing the ferocious-appearing arquebus, almost as fatal at the breech as at the muzzle. The Indians made a great to-do over their white allies. They trooped about them and cheered them constantly. When they arrived at the rapids above Chambly, Champlain found that his boat would not go through it, and so the party had to carry the boats to a point above the rapids. All this time the savages were consulting their medicine man, and Champlain watched his manipulations of his tent and pole with amusement, so transparent was the fraud to him. At length they reached the lake which was to bear the great white chief's name, and then they proceeded more quietly.

The first
expedition
starts

The
Indian
quarrel

It was a long expedition upon which they had set out, for they purposed to go down this lake and Lake George, and then cross over to the Hudson River and attack some Iroquois settlements on its banks. It would have been one of the wonderful events of history if this program had been carried out and they had met Hendrick Hudson, who that

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

very year discovered the river and explored it far up in search of that will-o'-the-wisp northwest passage. But they did not need to go so far to find their foe. One night when they reached some heights about where Ticonderoga stood many years later, they saw dark objects in the water. They were the canoes of the Mohawks, who landed at once and began building a barricade. The Algonquins set up a terrible series of yells and danced all night in their light canoes. Each side abused the other and boasted of its own prowess, much as do the warriors and pugilists of the twentieth century.

When dawn came the whites and Algonquins landed without opposition. Soon the enemy came out of his barricades, two hundred splendidly built Mohawks led by three great chiefs. There were only about sixty Algonquins, but they were strong in their confidence in their white allies. Also they were eager to let them do the fighting. So as soon as they saw the Iroquois approaching they cried for the whites to advance, and opened ranks to permit them to do so. The Iroquois saw them and stood as stunned. I quote here Champlain's account, which I have been following: "I looked at them and they looked at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I leveled my arquebus, which I had loaded with four balls, and aimed straight at one of the three chiefs. The shot brought down two and wounded another. On this our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have heard a thunderclap. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened at seeing two of their men killed in spite of their arrow-proof armor. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a

Cham-
plain's
account
of the
battle

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

shot from the woods, which so increased their astonishment that they abandoned the field and fled into the depths of the forest." The victory was complete, some of the Mohawks were killed by their northern foes, their camp was ruined, and many were captured. Champlain made a drawing of this battle, which is most amusing in perspective and distances and in other respects. The combatants seem but ten feet apart, and Champlain is doing great execution with his old musket.

The
Mohawks
defeated

The captives were reserved for the delicious pleasure of torture. Champlain protested and demanded that the victims be killed. The allies refused, and Champlain started off as if to return to Quebec alone. This brought the savages to terms and Champlain was allowed to shoot the prisoners. This was the foretaste of the exhibitions of fiendishness which he and many other whites were destined to witness in the American woods, powerless to prevent. The return was made quickly, the party breaking up at what is now Sorel.

THE DEATH OF KING HENRY

WITHIN a few weeks Champlain and Pontgravé returned to France to assist De Monts in his attempt to renew again his monopoly. But although the king received them well and listened with zest to their stories of adventure, he was obdurate, and De Monts had to continue his great project without the king's favor. Just why he had such courage now, with no fair prospects and little basis for a colony, and gave up so quickly at Acadia a few years earlier under much brighter auspices, we do not know. But Champlain was as eager as ever

THE HUNDRENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Pontgravé
and the fur
business

for the wilds, and returned quickly, although very ill. Affairs wore an air of enterprise with fair prospects when he reached Tadoussac. But he turned over the fur business to Pontgravé and set out again exploring. At the same place as before—the mouth of the Richelieu—a rendezvous was fixed and another campaign against the Iroquois began. This time the enemy had anticipated them and descended the Richelieu. A furious battle took place. The Iroquois had built a huge stockade and fought behind it with great skill. It was not until the French with their firearms came and made a grand rush for the stockade that the Iroquois fled. Champlain had his first experience with arrow wounds, for one of these darts slit his ear and buried itself in his neck, but he pulled it out and resumed fighting. Champlain's picture of this contest also deserves a place in any comic history of Canada. After the battle there were the usual scenes of torture and cruelty, but no effort was made to pursue the enemy or follow up the advantage in any way. This expedition had taken up most of the summer, and Champlain felt impelled again to return to France. There the first word he heard was that the king was dead—assassinated one dark night in May, 1610, by Ravallac, who was a fanatical sympathizer with the Jesuits.

Murder of
the king,
1610

The death of Henry was a cruel calamity. Capricious and full of duplicity and deceit as he was, and with no definite program, his rule was yet the most beneficent and wise known to France in all its history. Although on the throne only twelve years, he really set the nation's face toward progress and light. After him came a terrible deluge,

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while his widow, Marie de Medici, one of the worst of a bad family, false to king and country, ruled as regent during the minority of her feeble son. Champlain or De Monts could make no headway there, and ruin fell upon their enterprise. But for Champlain there was no home but New France. So early in 1611 he started for Quebec, and was soon in the old haunts planning for the future.

The repeal of De Monts's monopoly, however, was a death-blow to his fortunes. Champlain found Tadoussac filled with fur traders, and they were penetrating even beyond Quebec. Had the colony been bent on agriculture, as Port Royal was, this eager band of fur-gamblers would have made little difference to the colony, but as the furs were the sole reliance of the settlement, competition meant ruin. Champlain fancied that if he went farther up the St. Lawrence he might get rid of these traders. So he went to the old Hochelaga, which Cartier had dubbed Mount Royal, and built a new town. But the traders, hungry and scenting trade, followed him there. The Indians, pleased to deal with Champlain in whom they had every confidence, shrank back from this motley mob and demanded of Champlain the reason for their presence, fearing for their lives. Champlain soothed them, but little business was done, and, winter coming on, the traders returned to Tadoussac and Quebec. Soon Champlain made another voyage to France to consult De Monts, then governor of Rochelle.

A critical time had come in the affairs of New France. It was found to be impossible to conduct De Monts's colonial enterprise on the "open door" principle. Some sort of subsidy was necessary to

De Monts's
monopoly
cancelled

Annoyed
by the
fur traders

Champlain
only
faithful

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Assistance
was needed

carry out those ambitious plans. He had lost heavily in the Acadian fiasco and also in the recent enterprise. Furthermore, he was engrossed in his work at Rochelle. Had Champlain lost for one moment his interest in New France, the future of that country would have been vastly different. But he persisted. In the face of discouragements his zeal increased. He had a great mission to perform, he felt sure, and he could not abandon or lose sight of it. So he went from place to place seeking support. At length he found a willing listener in the Comte de Soissons, a member of the royal family, who consented to become lieutenant-general in New France. The project now seemed more sure of success than ever before. Champlain was given full authority over the fur trade and the monopoly was restored. But his joy was short-lived. Hardly had the ink on his commission dried before his patron died suddenly. Another Bourbon, the Prince de Condé, took his place, but he cared little for the proposition. The Breton traders were invited to become partners in the company (in order to stop their attacks on the monopoly), and accepted, but the Rochelle traders remained outside, preferring an illegal traffic. And so venal was Condé that he accepted bribes from those outlaws as the price of his protection. A colony so supported could not prosper.

Monopoly
restored

Champlain remained in France for two years, unable to perfect his plans so as to admit of his return. The savages were inconsolable without him, and never ceased afterward to upbraid him because of his absence. What brought Champlain back at length was the fever of that fabled route to Asia.

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

This time his inspiration came from a young Frenchman named Nicolas de Vignaud, who had obtained permission from Champlain to explore into the interior during his absence in France. The story that he told on his return inflamed Champlain's passion for discovery. The boy declared that only seventeen days by canoe up the Ottawa River he had found another ocean on whose shore lay the wreck of an English ship. Champlain's heart leaped as he heard the story. This was indeed the rich fruit of all his dreams, of those aspirations and hopes so fondly cherished that they had grown almost but not quite into fixed convictions. Asia must lie just a little way beyond. The story of the English shipwreck was cumulative evidence, for rumors of such a catastrophe had previously reached him in the forest, handed about as tradition from one to another. Nothing could now keep him in France.

He left Rochelle early in the spring of 1613, and with Vignaud and four other Frenchmen set out from his island of St. Helen, opposite Montreal, for the Ottawa. Reaching its mouth, they began the ascent and found it a terrible journey. Camp after camp of Indians was met and all greeted them cordially. At length, in the clearing of a forest beyond Muskrat Lake, they found a great chief named Tessouat, who greeted them with a magnificent feast, which Champlain describes at great length and with minuteness. At its close Champlain made a speech and asked for boats and guides to take him to the lake (Nipissing) beyond, where dwelt a great tribe. This lake was known to exist, and it formed an important part in Vignaud's tale. Tes-

Lured
into the
woods by
Vignaud

The ascent
of the
Ottawa;

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souat smoked a long while, and then, after chiding Champlain for failing to meet them the two previous years on their visit to the St. Lawrence, and warning him against the Nipissings, who would surely try to kill him, he gave his promise to provide the boats. There was more smoking and conversation until Champlain withdrew and retired.

Indians
repudiate
promise

The next morning all was confusion, for the Indians had repudiated the promise. Again Champlain went to their council, and this time he scolded them for their petty jealousy and falsity. They declared they changed their minds because they feared for his life. He replied that there was no danger, that Vignaud had the year before visited the Nipissings, and was well treated. An uproar followed, the savages leaping to their feet and calling Vignaud "liar" and "lazy bones," and glaring at him with fierce and ugly looks. Champlain was thunderstruck, and, turning to the boy, asked him if he had not spoken the truth. The boy swore that he had. Tumult again arose, and the savages declared that Vignaud had spent the entire summer with them, stirring not one foot to the north, but idling away the whole time.

Vignaud's
lies exposed

Here was a crisis indeed. After an hour or more of altercation, Champlain led Vignaud into the woods and demanded that he speak the truth. After at first insisting that his story was correct, he broke down and on his knees and with sobs confessed that Tessouat was right and that he had deceived his great friend. For once Champlain's brain reeled. Here was the fondest dream of his life shattered and himself made a dupe by a boy whom he had befriended. Not only had he wasted the

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summer, but he had brought upon himself the contempt of the Indians. No man fears anything so much as ridicule. Any man would rather be called a scoundrel than a fool. Champlain flew into a terrible rage and drove the boy from his sight. Crestfallen, chagrined, and ashamed, he yet manfully went into the presence of Tessouat and acknowledged that he had been deceived. There was nothing to do but turn back. The voyage was undertaken with leaden heart. When the small company reached Quebec every object there was hateful to Champlain. His unfinished tasks at home called him. At once he left for France. The return to Quebec

THE RÉCOLLETS SUMMONED TO CANADA

ONE of the unfinished tasks which Champlain burned to complete was the planting of religion in the New World. We have seen that the settlers who went to Acadia were well equipped with priests and pastors, but to Canada none had so far been sent. Champlain at once proceeded to his friend Houël, secretary to the king. Near Houël's home in Brouage was a convent of Récollet friars, and through Houël, Champlain obtained a chance to address them. They were fired with missionary zeal, but had no money to equip such an expedition as must be fitted out. Champlain went to Paris and found the States-General assembled. To its delegates he appealed with all his power, and the result was a large subscription of 1,500 livres. The king gave his permission and the pope blessed the mission.

The Récollets were a branch of the Franciscans, mendicants, and very devout. Four of them were

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The early members assigned to this mission, Denis Jamay, Jean Dolbeau, Joseph le Caron, and the lay brother Pacifique du Plessis. With all the churchly paraphernalia they sailed from Honfleur and arrived at Quebec in May, 1615. Soon was said the first mass in Old Canada. Dividing their labors, Dolbeau set out for work among the Montagnais, Le Caron among the Hurons, while the two others remained at Quebec.

ANOTHER WAR EXPEDITION

DOLBEAU had a hard task, and it was at first too much for him. He went to Tadoussac, where the tribes centred, and set out with them on the winter hunting trip, but the smoke of the tents almost blinded his eyes, always weak. He concluded that the sacrifice of his sight was not required and soon returned to Quebec. Le Caron, on the other hand, went on with the Hurons to their home on the borders of the great lake of their name. There had been a council of war at Montreal that summer, the chief of the allies meeting Champlain and all agreeing on a sharp campaign against the Iroquois. After this agreement Champlain returned to Quebec to make preparations for this immense campaign, only to find on again reaching Montreal an all too common illustration of the instability of red and brown and black races. The chiefs thought Champlain had been gone too long, so they grew impatient and separated, the Hurons returning home and taking Father Le Caron with them. Champlain started up the Ottawa along the same route as that of two years before when Vignaud so cruelly deceived him, but he kept on until he reached Lake Nipissing and at last Georgian Bay and Lake

Cham-
plain's
second
voyage up
the Ottawa

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Huron. Champlain was accompanied by ten Indian guides, Étienne Brulé, the famous *courreur de bois* and interpreter, and another Frenchman. It was a frightful journey, in which the terrors of rapids and beasts and serpents were as nothing in comparison with the tortures from the insects, the same sort that still spoil life in the woods to the vast majority of novices. Champlain has left us his account of that journey and his great joy on beholding the Fresh-Water Sea of the Hurons. The first Huron village he found was Otouacha. He went on to other villages until he came to Carhagouha, with triple palisades, where Le Caron was found. Here on August 12 the first Christian service among the Indians was held. The Indians had built for Le Caron a little chapel and an altar, and his French compatriots assisted in the service. The strange ceremony, with the unusual sounds of devotion, accompanied by the musket shots of the whites, made a deep impression upon the Indians, even if it did not at once save their souls. Le Caron was pardonably delighted at this auspicious opening of his mission. Having planted the seed and seen the rich soil, he could now hope for the harvest.

But Champlain had come for war, and he at once began his work of visiting the various villages, including the Huron metropolis Cahiague, between Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay. From that place the war party set out in the latter part of August. When Lake Simcoe was reached, Brulé, the interpreter, was sent forward with a few Indians to arouse the five hundred allied warriors; then Champlain, with his savage band, all in canoes, resumed the march. By portage, lake, and river they at

First
Christian
service held

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length reached Trent River, which they followed to Lake Ontario. Straight across the lake they paddled until they landed in what is now New York State, near Sacketts Harbor. Then they plunged into the woods.

In the
country of
the Iroquois

They were now in Iroquois country, and every tree was hostile and meant possible death. This peril ought to have made them careful in the extreme. On the contrary, they walked chattering and screaming along as if on a summer picnic. Were they not led by the great Champlain, who with his one arquebus had scattered the deadly Mohawks? In vain Champlain ordered quiet. He soon began to see what an unruly mob he was leading. A few detached Iroquois parties were met, some were captured, and others put to flight. At length in a clearing they came to a town of the Onondagas. Its exact location is not surely known to-day, a fierce contest still raging for the dubious honor of its situation; but it was doubtless near Lake Oneida in Madison County.

Hurons
cowardly

In Champlain's rude picture of this town its strength is apparent. It had palisades consisting of four rows of trunks of trees thirty feet high, set obliquely and meeting at the top in some such fashion as those of the old town which Cartier saw at Montreal. After their rashness, the Hurons, when confronted with the real thing, became marvelously conservative. They withdrew far away from the town, out of sight of the enemy. Champlain had to chide and even insult them to arouse any courage in their hearts. Against a town so fortified, arrows and even guns were not very formidable, and so Champlain ordered a tower built high enough

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to overlook the walls. It was quickly completed and dragged near. Upon it four Frenchmen with arquebuses were stationed, and from it they poured a rain of shot upon the town. Then the Hurons lost their timidity and sense at the same moment. They rushed out into the field, inspired by the fire of the French, shooting their arrows at random, shouting like mad, and altogether affording excellent marks for the Iroquois bowmen and stone-hurlers. Champlain in vain tried to call them back. They did not hear him. The result was, that while he and his men did heavy damage to the town, the Hurons were badly routed and driven away after three hours of fighting.

The
Iroquois
victorious.

Champlain was wounded in the leg with an arrow, and the Hurons were utterly crushed with the sense of their defeat. The fact that he had been wounded and that his guns did not burn the town hurt them sore. They regarded him as a false prophet, a spurious leader. Champlain tried to rally them for a second attack, but they refused until they were assured of the reenforcement of the five hundred men Brulé had been sent to urge forward. Five days they waited, losing more men in the desultory skirmishing, and then, Brulé and his men not appearing, they started for home, a thoroughly whipped pack of redskins. They reached the lake in safety, found the canoes they had hidden when they set out for the interior, and continued their homeward journey. Although they had given their word to provide Champlain with an escort back to Quebec, they now all began to make excuses, and not even a canoe was provided. Had he known his nearness to Montreal, less than two hundred miles,

Champlain
loses
prestige

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he might have dared the trip, but as it was he was forced to accept the winter hospitality of a Huron chief, Daroutat.

Brulé's
exciting
adventures

Brulé meanwhile had crossed Lake Ontario and landed at a point in New York near what is now Ontario Beach, just north of Rochester. He was bound for Carantouan, a Huron town only three days distant from the Iroquois town to be attacked, and situated on the upper courses of the Susquehanna, possibly near Ithaca. But his party traveled slowly and carefully, and Carantouan was not reached until about the time Champlain's party was attacking the Onondaga town. The Huron warriors were eager to go ahead, but took several days in preparation, and when they at last reached the scene of battle, Champlain's party had retreated. Brulé returned with the Carantouans, and then went down a large river, probably the Susquehanna, to the sea. On starting back to the Huron country, he was captured by the Iroquois, tied to the stake, a fire lighted about him, and his life was saved only by the coming of a sudden storm, which convinced the savages of his power. It was three years before he again saw Champlain.

The
homeward
journey

The latter, meanwhile, kept busy exploring and working among the Hurons. The homeward journey to the Huron capital was ended in February, and Champlain found Le Caron at Carhagouha spending his time in prayer and trying to learn the Huron language. After various journeys and explorations, they set out for home. Summer had come when they reached Quebec, and the village rejoiced as over men risen from the grave.

Up to this time Champlain had thought to build up

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New France by exploring the country and bringing back tales of its wondrous richness. But after his return from this long war expedition he determined to pursue a different policy. Perhaps the visit to Lake Huron and the confirmation of the report that its waters were fresh, thus crushing his lifelong hope of a discovery of Asia or a way to India via the Huron country, was responsible for his changed plans. More likely, however, he did the duty he saw nearest him, and that certainly was the closer attention to and administration of the colony, especially the Quebec settlement. There all was at sixes and sevens. The merchants and friars were not harmonious, and the merchants quarreled among themselves, mainly over religion. While the Catholic religion was ordained and Protestantism prohibited, the Huguenots flaunted their faith in the faces of the Romanists by singing psalms loudly from their ships.

The village was small and did not grow, so that these enmities, instead of being lost in a vigorous life, were nourished in a petty existence. The reason the colony did not grow was apparent. The merchants saw only one industry, fur-trading, and the smaller the number of people there the greater the profit to each one. No one wanted to farm, and the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence with its rich soil, which now supports hundreds of thousands in comfort, was spurned by these seekers after the easy, lazy life of the trader. In the midst of all this turmoil Champlain held the even tenor of his way, laboring with all zeal and almost saintly patience to advance the comfort and peace of the colony. He went back to France each year, and always

Champlain
confines
his work
to Quebec

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Quebec
under
Mont-
morency

was rewarded. Change of masters became frequent. Condé got into trouble and was imprisoned. He then transferred his monopoly in the New World to the Duc de Montmorency for 11,000 crowns. This was a decided change for the better, and Champlain was encouraged to bring over his wife. He had married her when a girl, and her beauty charmed the Indians and the colony. She remained a short time there, but left a fragrant memory. So imbued had she become with the Catholic faith, although reared a Huguenot, that after Champlain's death she became a nun, even wishing to do so while he still lived.

Indian plot
to extermi-
nate French

Troubles continued to accumulate upon the little colony. The Indians became quarrelsome, and at length conspired to exterminate the French. The plot was discovered, and the eight hundred Indians who had gathered to sack Quebec ultimately went there to beg for mercy and food. A little later, in 1622, the vengeance of the Iroquois was felt when a band of warriors gathered about Quebec. But they did not feel strong enough to attack, and, having burned two Indian prisoners, they went their way.

Ventadour
as owner

About this time came another source of mischief. Montmorency, besieged by complaints, repudiated the trade monopoly given the Breton merchants and conferred it upon two Huguenots, William and Emery de Caën. The Bretons refused to give up, and pitched battles ensued. Champlain could do nothing, and not until a compromise was arranged, giving both parties a share in the trade, was peace restored. This uproar disgusted Montmorency, and after having had control but three years he surrendered it to Henri de Lévis, Duc de Ventadour.



FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE, S.J.

1804-1881

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

Montmorency got little money or peace out of his venture, but he certainly secured immortality in the name of those beautiful falls near Quebec whose fame has girdled the earth.

THE COMING OF THE JESUITS

IF Ventadour's connection with Canadian history meant nothing else but the fact that he was responsible for the entrance of the Jesuits, he would deserve a conspicuous place. For without the Jesuits the chronicles of Canada would lose many of their most astonishing chapters. Here were examples of true martyrdom—stories which we to-day, Protestant or Agnostic, can not read without expressions of deepest admiration and emotion. Ventadour was not interested in trade or exploration; his sole care was that the hosts of heathen aborigines in the forests of New France might be converted to Christianity.

Importance
of Jesuits
in early
chronicles

It is best, perhaps, not to discuss why he sought to have this work done by the Jesuits when already the Récollets were cultivating well the field. At any rate we know that the Récollets did ask for help from the Jesuits, and three came out. These were Charles Lalemant, Enemond Massé, and Jean de Brébeuf, the first and the last to attain imperishable glory. Others came out in the following years until the order became very strong.

We find in Champlain's chronicles very little of importance during the next few years. Ventadour received glowing reports from the Jesuits of conversions of the Indians, and the Caëns reaped a beautiful harvest of gold from the fur trade. But the colony of Quebec grew scarcely at all, while the

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English colonies to the south were waxing strong and increasing in numbers yearly. The contrast between the bases of the French and English colonies is perfectly apparent; but at this time there was not even the foundation for a comparison. The English were real colonies, devoted to agriculture and industry, while the French were mere trading posts.

RICHELIEU IN CONTROL OF NEW FRANCE

The
Company
of New
France

Every
settler
to be a
Frenchman
and a
Catholic

RICHELIEU bought from Montmorency the position of Admiral of France, abolished it, and in its place made himself Minister of Navigation and Commerce. In 1627 he took possession of the affairs of New France, abolished Caën's monopoly and Ventadour's patent, and organized a society of one hundred members to be known as the Company of New France. Richelieu was at the head, and it consisted of noblemen, merchants, and burghers, among them, of course, Champlain. This company was granted a complete monopoly of the fur trade, and received two ships from the king. In return the company was to send in the next year, 1628, two hundred to three hundred men, and by 1643 to have increased the colony to four thousand persons. Every settler must be a Frenchman and a Catholic. Champlain felt new life when he heard of the arrangement, for at last money (the new concern started with a capital of 300,000 livres) and an honest purpose stood behind the settlement of New France.

Although only a few years had elapsed since the first permanent English and French settlements were made in America, the fields were as yet distinct, as if by a sort of understanding. The French

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

settled the St. Lawrence Valley and Acadia, the English obtained all south of those boundaries. The limits were, to be sure, vague and indefinite, and quarrels over encroachments were bound to ensue. Yet in general the lines were fairly well observed at this time, 1627, although there had been no treaties or other formal arrangements, and both France and England, as well as Spain, claimed all North America, the Dutch modestly confining their presumptions to the territory first explored by Hendrick Hudson.

In spite of this surface harmony between France and England, each nation was anxious to get a chance at the other's throat. That chance came when Huguenot Rochelle broke out in insurrection against the Roman Catholic king and his sponsors. That seaport city was at once invested by the royal troops and a bitter struggle began. Charles I of England decided to interfere on the side of the Huguenots. Charles would far better have looked after his own affairs, for even then the device of inventing a foreign war in order to turn public attention from one's own domestic evils was too transparent. But he tried to injure France at home and in her colonies. The instrument of England's offense in Canada was a privateering expedition of three ships under Gervase Kirke. The foolish expulsion of Huguenots from France had its just retribution in the enlistment of some of them in Kirke's crews. These ships sailed for Quebec early in 1628, a little before an expedition to relieve that city left Dieppe. So it was that when the poor, starving settlers by the rock strained their eyes for a friendly sail it proved to be a foe. How

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

many times in history this story has been repeated! A century and a half later it was a French ship that Lévis expected to make the recapture of Quebec possible, and it was an English ship that came. Indeed, it was then characteristic of the nations that the English should come when needed and the French should fail. Champlain, however, received warning from Tadoussac and prepared a magnificent bluff. On arriving before Quebec, the English sent a small boat to demand its surrender. Champlain had not fifty pounds of gunpowder, and his men were almost gaunt with sickness and privations, for it was July and the relief ship was far behind time; but he sent back a defiant note of refusal. The next day dawned, but with it came no enemy. At length it was learned that the French expedition had at last been sighted, and soon the roar of cannon told that a battle was on. The result could scarcely have been different. The crowded French ships were riddled with shot and sunk with many on board and with all of Champlain's supplies. But Kirke did not pursue his advantage, for, deceived by Champlain's vigorous reply, he sailed off to find and destroy French fishing vessels. The news was not wholly welcome. Many in Quebec would have hailed a captor with gladness, for the victor in warfare is compelled to feed his prisoners. Champlain, however, ordered a service of thanksgiving and strove to cheer all hearts by predicting the early arrival of another expedition from France. But the summer wore on, the autumn came and winter again set its seal upon the country. The distress became terrible, and by spring the unhappy inhabitants were forced to scour the country for nuts and

The
English
demand
surrender

Savage
attack by
the English

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

roots. Some wandered away with the Indians, and their descendants were among the first half-breeds in America.

QUEBEC UNDER THE ENGLISH

At last in July, 1629, a year after the first visit, an English fleet again sailed up the St. Lawrence. It soon anchored at Quebec and demanded the city's surrender. Champlain knew that even a brave front would avail him nothing, so he speedily accepted the terms, and on July 20, 1629, Quebec fell into England's lap. After it had been surrendered the English again encountered a relief expedition in the St. Lawrence and captured it. But because he needed money more than land, Charles agreed to cede it back to France in the peace settlement, when the full dowry of Queen Henrietta Maria was paid. Champlain undoubtedly had much to do with this arrangement, for after the surrender he returned with Kirke to England and saw the king, entreating him to restore Canada to the French. It was not, however, until three years later, July 5, 1632, that Quebec came to know that it was French again.

The news came to the town through Emery de Caën, who hastened to add that he had received a monopoly of the fur trade for one year as indemnity for his losses in the war, and at the end of that period he was to be succeeded by the Hundred Associates. Quebec seems to have had no history during these three years of English rule, and why the colony did not scatter or vanish no one seems to know, except as it followed that stern rule of necessity which built up the American West: the people

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Quebec
again
French

were distressed and unhappy enough to leave, but they were unable to get away. At any rate, Quebec still existed when Caën landed there, and its settlers were glad enough to welcome Caën, not for himself, nor for part of his news, since his monopoly was not held in affectionate recollection, but because they were Frenchmen and longed for French dominion again. Of course, Thomas Kirke, brother of the admiral, had nothing to do but turn over the keys to Caën, who tried in the year to recoup himself for the disasters and bankruptcy into which his prodigally profitable enterprise had sunk.

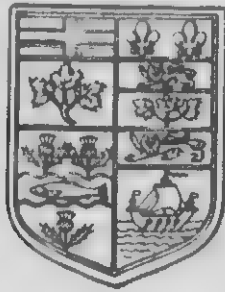
Cham-
plain's last
voyage, 1631

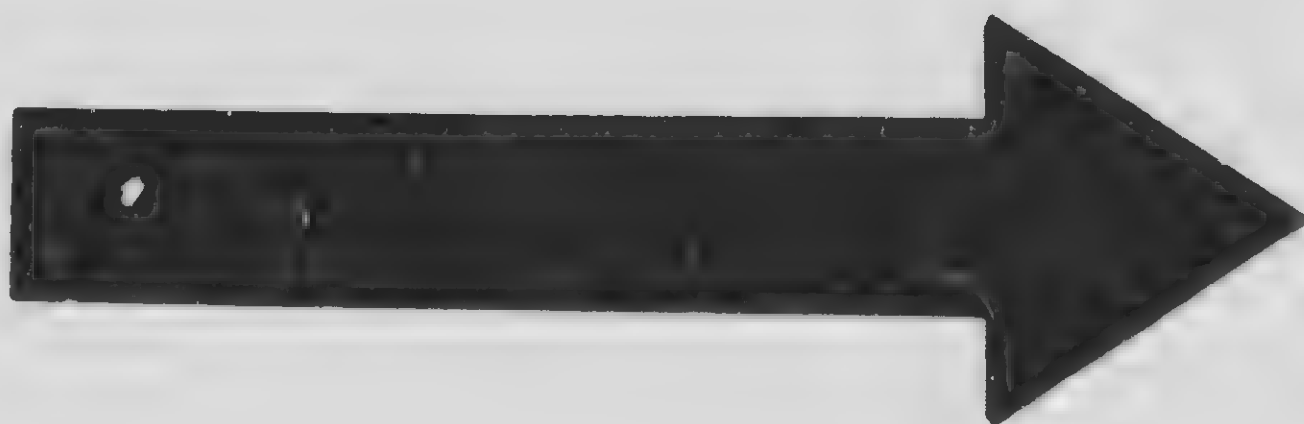
In May of the next year, 1633, Champlain arrived at Quebec on his last voyage. The founder of Quebec, one of the purest souls in the seventeenth century, was thus to head the movement for the rebuilding of his colony under the stimulus and the flag of France. The missionary spirit had now almost completely dominated him, and under the Jesuits, Le Jeune as superior, Quebec became more a mission than a trading station, or even a colony. Of course, all this zeal was for Catholics alone; the Huguenots were banished at once by Champlain, and no more ribald hymns, bawled by heretic throats, fretted the Catholic faithful. For two years peace and religion reigned in Quebec. No foe but Satan showed his face, and even the rough soldiers became careful and precise in their devotions to the Church. Champlain was living in the calm and peace which his truly religious nature enjoyed, and earning the sweets of a long life of toil and loyalty to country and God. But on Christmas Day, 1635, the bell from the tower of the Jesuit mission tolled to the little settlement on the St.

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Lawrence that its founder and many times savior had passed away. Illness seized him in the autumn, paralysis followed, then coma, and at last death without pain. France sent many knaves, fools, and adventurers to Canada. Champlain was one of its few men.

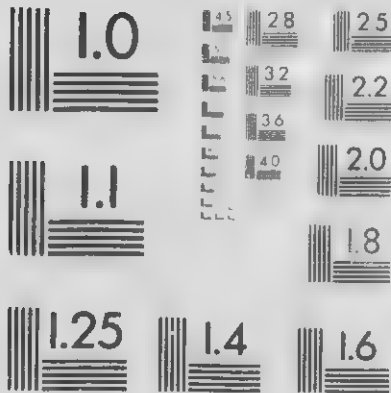
Death of
Cham-
plain 1635





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CHAPTER V

THE GREAT JESUIT MISSIONS

FROM the death of Champlain onward for a score of years New France made no progress. Richelieu and the feeble king were too busy with domestic strife and international complications to care for the growth of the colony on the St. Lawrence. The fur trade was carried on as usual, and with great profit to the company of One Hundred Associates, but the condition in their charter, that of furnishing four thousand settlers before 1643, became a dead letter. Yet despite this inertia, a tremendous force was, nevertheless, being exerted by the Quebec settlement. This force was wholly spiritual. The movement which Champlain so strongly urged, and which at the last absorbed all his energies, grew in strength and importance. The Jesuit mission at Quebec continued to send out among the Indians workers whose names have made the early history of Canada far more splendid than that of any other country in America. Champlain's successor, Montmagny, was as ardent in the work of converting the savages as Champlain himself had been, and the Jesuits, who had awaited his coming with fear and anxiety, shed tears of joy when they saw his devotion. With Montmagny came several men of importance, accompanied by

Promised
settlers not
forth-
coming

Cham-
plain's
successor

THE GREAT JESUIT MISSIONS

their families and servants, a company the ragged and humble priests were glad to see, but which added no real strength to the colony. Undoubtedly the Jesuits at that time made no effort to secure colonists. Possibly they even tried to prevent their coming. They were burning with zeal to extend Christ's kingdom among the heathen, and although the colony's charter kept out all people except Catholics, the Jesuits wished to have the savages to themselves. The more rapid growth of the settlements south of the St. Lawrence than those north of it may be explained by this Jesuit dominance. Although Quebec, Plymouth, and Jamestown were founded at practically the same time, the period from 1630 to 1665, when Canada was controlled by the Jesuits, was the very time when the English colonies, under more liberal guidance, thrived and multiplied and extended in every direction. There were, to be sure, periods of intolerance in the English colonies, such as the Puritan exclusiveness in Boston and the Catholic non-conformity in Maryland, but they were not so effective in checking settlement as the Jesuits.

Priests
made no
effort to
secure
colonists

THE JESUIT RELATIONS

ON the other hand, it is only fair to repeat while dealing with this subject the eulogies which all students of their records have poured upon the work of the Jesuits in North America. Those are records of some of the great heroic martyrdoms of history. They are without a flaw so far as we can know in their absolute devotion to the cause of religion as the Jesuits conceived it. In courage as well as in zeal they challenge comparison with the great figures

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Value
of these
records

of the ages. It is true, we must largely depend upon those wonderful volumes—103 in number, called the Jesuit Relations, written by the missionaries—for the accounts of their deeds. Yet we are not confined to those records, and even if we were, the simplicity of statement and absence of anything approaching boastfulness or vaunting are fairly good evidence of their truth. So true are they that the priests have not hesitated to chronicle certain acts and deeds done by them to win souls to heaven which can not fail to convict them of deceit and indirectness. Either they did not realize that they were doing things which might accuse them, or they lived fearlessly true to the maxim often accredited to Loyola, their founder: "The end justifies the means." Certainly while we may not sympathize with their methods and may point out the futility of their labors, we can not withhold from them unbounded admiration and praise.

Character
of French
and English
progress
compared

The history of New France is largely a series of biographies. Only by recounting the lives of the leading men can we tell the story of the growth and progress of the colony. New England's history is not so told. In the contrasts which we are compelled constantly to make between the English and the French colonies, there is no profounder or more significant fact than this. It means, simply stated, that French progress was by kings, and English progress by the people. Leadership was essential, invaluable, indispensable to the French conception of government, while the English scheme rested upon the general mass of men. One was a mountain-peak, the other a lofty plateau. The distinction, it seems to me, is so clear that I shall leave

THE GREAT JESUIT MISSIONS

my reader to carry it into its many interesting ramifications—a pleasant and profitable task. I shall only call attention to the fact that up to this time we have been chiefly occupied with tracing the history of a few men, Cartier, Henry IV, Champlain, and Richelieu. In them we have the history of New France. So in the future we shall read of La Salle, Frontenac, and Montcalm. That will end the story of New France, and also the telling of the story of Canada in a biographical form, for with the English régime came in the democratic idea, with all that it means to government and people. This Jesuit period constitutes a sort of interregnum. The Jesuit period an inter-regnum Richelieu, to be sure, was still alive, but he cared little and did little for Canada, and La Salle and Frontenac were yet to come. In that period we find the chief interest to be in the careers of a few Jesuits. The colony had no other history.

THE HURON MISSIONS

THE chief work of the Jesuits at that time lay in Brébeuf the Huron country. in charge Brébeuf was in charge of these missions, the chief one being at St. Louis, near Lake Huron. Much of our early knowledge of the geography of that region comes from these missionaries. They penetrated into the wilds for hundreds and thousands of miles, Isaac Jogues preaching far up at the outlet of Lake Superior. The missionaries had a very difficult and soul-trying life. In spite of their sacred mission they were, even while with the Huron allies of the French, always in danger of death. Every misfortune to any Indian village was charged to the priests by the medicine men, who regarded the Jesuits as interlopers and competitors.

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When awful diseases swept through the villages, dark looks were cast at the black-robed figures. A failure of crops, a severe storm, or an unsuccessful hunting season were all laid at the door of the Jesuits. The most absurd stories were circulated and eagerly seized by these credulous savages. Especially did they fear the influence of the priests upon the children, and the determination of these agents of the Church to baptize and save the little child when *in extremis* gave these poor barbarians the belief—most natural, we can see—that it was these priestly offices, this dip of the finger into water and upon the little brow, which brought death. Time and time again were the chapels attacked and the priests beaten. On several occasions great conferences of the tribe were held to decide the fate of these missionaries. Yet they went on their way teaching, nursing, feeding, helping, and baptizing, all for the glory of God. Indeed, they did not fear death. At last their saintly lives conquered, and they were safe—so far as the Hurons were concerned.

Priests
frequently
attacked

CHURCH INSTITUTIONS AT QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

MEANWHILE other Catholic institutions were being brought to Canada—Canada which had so few residents except the savages. A seminary for Huron boys and a college for French youth were started at Quebec in 1638 by the self-sacrifice of the priests and a small gift from the Marquis de Gamache. The Ursulines established their convent at Quebec in 1639. A school for girls was also begun under the guidance of a wealthy and devout French widow, Madame de

A seminary,
a college,
and a
convent

THE GREAT JESUIT MISSION

la Peltrie. Her main agents in carrying on this ^{Madame} work were another widow, Marie de l'Incarnation ^{p. 1} and a nun, Marie de St. Bernard. They established their school at Sillery, near Quebec. These three women left Canada richer and sweeter for their presence. Some critics may accuse Madame de la Peltrie of vanity in the display of her holiness, and blame Marie de l'Incarnation for her peculiar and solemn fanaticism and psychological mysticism, and all may declare their labors brought absolutely no fruit to the colony, yet it was a beautiful and self-sacrificing effort, and such is never lost.

The same may be said of a similar but more ambitious project at Montreal. It originated in the pious zeal of Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, receiver of taxes at La Flèche, in Anjou, and a priest, Jean Jacques Olier, and their associates, who formed the Society of Notre Dame of Montreal. ^{The Society of N. D. of Montreal} They got together 75,000 livres for the purpose of founding a colony at Montreal, together with three religious communities, one of priests to convert the Indians, a second of nuns to nurse the sick, and a third of nuns to teach children of colonists and savages the Word of God and the alphabet. It was, of course, an utterly unwise project. Quebec with its garrison and guns was always in peril from the Iroquois. Here was to be a settlement still nearer the red devils and without any protection whatever. How sane men could have embarked upon such a project is passing strange. But forty men were got together, the Island of Montreal was bought, and the Sieur de Maisonneuve was appointed governor. Reason at length dictated that only the hospital should be built at first, and of that institution Made-

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Ville
de Marie

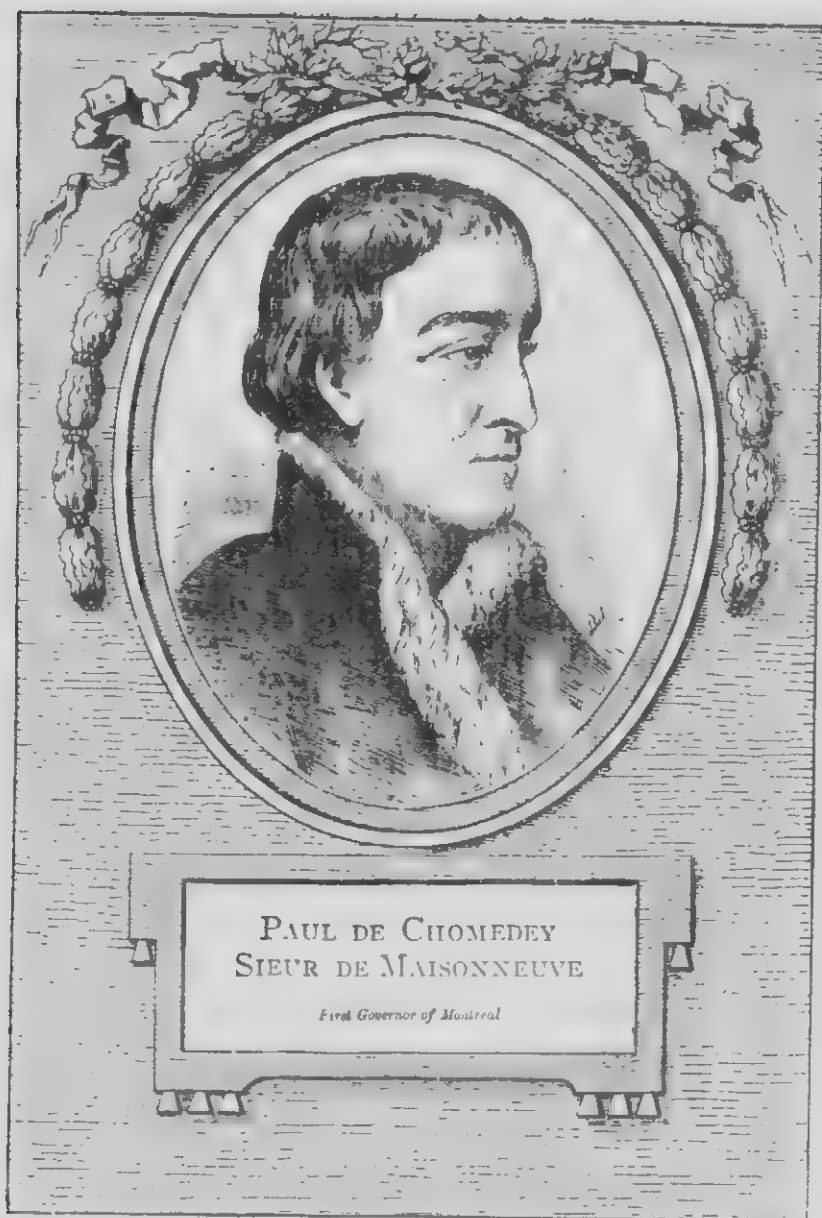
moiselle Jeanne Mance was made the head. The most prominent woman of the colony, however, was Marguerite Bourgeoys, who had charge of the schools. The church name of the colony was Ville de Marie.

The four-
ing of
Montreal,
1642

The company of men and women, with Maisonneuve at the head, started from France for Montreal in 1641. They spent the winter in Quebec, and during that time the governor, Montmagny, used all his powers to persuade them to select the Isle of Orleans instead of Montreal. His advice was undoubtedly excellent, though not disinterested. Maisonneuve would not heed. The expedition was of heaven—by visions, etc.—designed for Montreal, and it would not stay and be an adjunct of Quebec. Besides, Maisonneuve wanted to be a real governor. So on to Montreal they pushed in the spring and settled, accompanied by Madame de la Peltrie. It was May 18, 1642, when they landed and founded the colony with the usual religious exercises. Father Vimont, Superior of the Jesuit missions in Canada, and Montmagny welcomed them, and after mass the colonists pitched their tents, and Montreal began.

THE FIRST IROQUOIS ATTACK

For a long time Providence was kind to this little settlement. The Iroquois did not dream that mortal man would be foolish enough to plant a colony at this unsheltered spot. But one day in the spring of the next year, 1643, a band of Algonquins, chased by Iroquois, took refuge in the rude fort of Montreal. The Iroquois were aghast at the rashness of this little company, but soon rallied and made prep-



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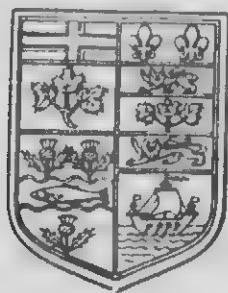
arations for attack. This attack was not in force; it consisted simply of a single savage or a little group of savages lying in wait for the whites outside the stockade, and suddenly leaping upon them unawares and murdering them. Maisonneuve soon gave strict orders that no one should leave the fort except for a short distance and with a guard. When the Iroquois came near in greater numbers he forbade a sortie and merely resorted to defensive tactics. His foolish compatriots grew discontented with this policy and complained. They wanted to fight. One day they crowded about the governor and told him so. The dogs were barking in the woods, betokening an enemy near. All was excitement. Maisonneuve, to their surprise, agreed to fight and led them out. He had determined to teach them a lesson. The usual result followed. The Iroquois attacked the French from behind trees and bush-heaps. Three of the whites were killed and two captured. When Maisonneuve gave the order to retreat, they all rushed away, leaving him to fight alone. He made his way back to the fort carefully, fighting every step and making his shots tell, one of them killing the Indian chief. After that, there was no more question of the courage of the French commander or of the loyalty and discipline of his men.

Maisonneuve shows his courage

During this early history of the settlement, the zealots burned to accomplish the purpose of their mission—the saving of souls. They sought after friendly Indians and got them to listen to their pleas. At length they secured their attendance at the church, and finally the service and the kindness of the whites told upon the aborigines, and several

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Indians, including the Huron chief, Tessouat, whom Champlain first met on his heartbreaking Vignaud mission, were converted. Things were going well, religiously, at Montreal, and when a wealthy Frenchwoman gave 100,000 francs to found a hospital, although there was no possible use for it, all rejoiced.



CHAPTER VI

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

steps
ward
canoniza-
tion

MEANWHILE the Jesuit missions among the Hurons flourished. At the time of this writing, 1908, steps are being taken for the canonization of some of these missionaries. Of course they became martyrs. First on the list is Jogues. Why Jogues? Undoubtedly the reader can find in any Roman Catholic priest's library the full story of Jogues, one of the most wonderful in all history; and all who can should get and read it. I have not the space to tell it all, but I shall try to give it at some length.

Captured
by the
Iroquois

Isaac Jogues was of high birth, and had he not gone into the Church would have seen a life of luxury and ease. He was small in frame and unused to hardships. His face shows the ascetic dominant. On his arrival in Canada he went first to the Huron missions and continued on as far as the Sault Sainte Marie. The following summer, 1642, he returned to Quebec for supplies, and it was on his way back to the Hurons in a canoe, with a large party of Indians as escort, that he was captured by the Iroquois near the Lake of St. Peter in the St. Lawrence. With him were Goupil and Couture, laymen. All three were terribly maltreated by the Iroquois, principally because Couture had killed one



THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

of them during the fight. Even after this cruel treatment, Jogues with mangled hands baptized the dying Indians of his party, victims of the Iroquois assault.

Compelled
to run the
gantlet

Jogues
tortured
by the
Indians

The Iroquois with their prisoners first landed at the mouth of the Richelieu, and then pursued their way up that stream and on south by way of Lake Champlain into the Mohawk country. At the end of the lake they joined another Iroquois war party, and for sport compelled the French to run the gantlet of crazed savages armed with thorny clubs. Little Jogues fell senseless and covered with blood. On south the two parties continued the next day, and soon reached Lake George, probably the first time this beautiful sheet of water had charmed the eye of a white man. Soon they left Lake George and marched west thirteen days into the forest until they reached a palisaded town of the Mohawks. There another line was formed by the savages, and all the prisoners were beaten terribly. They were then placed on a scaffold and tortured. Jogues's thumb was cut off with a clam-shell, and the fiends indulged in other atrocities. When evening came the prisoners were all taken down and tied to stakes, while the delighted children placed red-hot coals on their naked bodies. The next day and the next they received the same treatment, each new Mohawk town devising new modes of torture. Once Jogues was hung by the wrists so that his feet did not touch the ground. Here the first spark of pity was shown, for a Mohawk, seeing his agony, released him. Indeed it was not uncommon to find such exhibitions of humanity among the Indians when alone, but it was when they were in a com-

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

pany that each vied with his mates in viciousness and cruelty.

Couture was terribly tortured because he had killed an Iroquois, but for the same reason he was admired and was at length adopted into the family of the tribe in place of a dead relative. Goupil, like Jogues, was tortured, and both were under suspicion for witchcraft, the one teaching children the sign of the cross and the other baptizing them. One day while walking together in the forest, two Indians came up to them in a threatening way. After a little parley they proceeded toward the town until suddenly one Indian struck Goupil with his tomahawk. The faithful layman dropped dead. Jogues also fell, expecting his end had come, but he was spared. The next day Jogues searched for Goupil's body at the peril of his own life, and found it in a brook, gnawed by dogs. He secreted it, hoping in time to bury it decently. But when he went on the morrow to the spot his treasure was gone. There is something fine and noble in Jogues's actions in these circumstances. They show a big heart and a loyalty to a friend which need not have been a part of his religion. In vain he searched hour after hour for the body, until, weary and utterly depressed, he burst into tears, and alone in the forest and beside the swift running brook he chanted amid his sobs the beautiful Catholic service for the dead.

Nor did he cease his labors of search. In the spring the children told him of some human bones lying in the stream several rods below where he had concealed the body. These he found, identified them as Goupil's, and hid them in a log against

Goupil
killed by
his captors

Jogues
hid
Goupil's
remains

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

the time when he hoped he might inter them in the shadow of a mission or in some other hallowed ground.

Meanwhile he passed his days and nights expecting death. Often was it threatened, but he did not fear it. He was dragged off with the Indians on hunting parties, and on these trips almost froze and starved. He was a model prisoner, and would respond faithfully to any demand for work laid upon him, but he never failed to astonish his captors by his bold defense of his faith when it was attacked, puzzling them by his two phases of humility and boldness. He used to baptize secretly or openly as many of the children or dying adults as he could find. And so his time was passed. Month after month went on, and he was compelled to tramp hundreds of miles and endure the most miserable hardships, counting all this nothing if perchance with a drop of water he might here and there save a soul from eternal pain. At last he went with a trading party to the Hudson, and in due course to the Dutch settlement of Fort Orange, where Albany now stands.

Dutch
and English
at Albany

This settlement, under both Dutch and English rule, was to the Iroquois what Quebec was to the Algonquins—a centre for support. Indeed it was the inspiration of some of the worst campaigns undertaken by the Iroquois. With such ability and wisdom as the Dutch or English possessed joined to the unconquerable ferocity and reckless bravery of the Iroquois, it was no wonder that the doom of the French settlements and their cowardly red allies came swiftly on. Of course the reason for this copartnership, like most alliances and friendships,

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

lay in propinquity. The Iroquois lived near the English and Dutch settlements, and it became the part of enlightened self-interest to keep on good terms with them. This was the usual rule followed in the New World. Only in New England were there practically no friendly Indians. Their worthy ancestors were, Americans are forced to confess, as much to blame for this condition of affairs as the aborigines. They were certainly hard to get along with.

The Dutch at Fort Orange at that time were, on the whole, a friendly folk. They took a humane interest in Jogues. This was greatly to their credit, for they abhorred with bitterness and depth his Church, and regarded the Jesuits as in league with the devil. They really did more for Jogues than any other body of men during his whole life in America. They tried to secure his release, offering to pay the equivalent of a round sum to that end, but the savages had not yet done with Jogues. And now they refused to let him go at any price. His situation grew more perilous because of a letter which Jogues sent by an Iroquois party to a French fort where Sorel now stands. The letter told of his capture and sufferings, and so enraged the French commander that he at once attacked the Iroquois who brought it and scattered them. They at length reached Fort Orange and demanded Jogues's blood for what they might justly regard as an act of treachery. Nothing could now save his life except the Dutch, and they dared not offend the Indians by making the attempt openly. How could they save him?

At that moment there lay in the Hudson a Dutch

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Attempt
to escape

ship ready to sail for Holland. Van Curler, the governor, offered Jogues passage. It took Jogues a whole night to make up his mind whether it was right to accept the offer. There were two objections. One was that it would be running away from duty, even if duty meant death. The other was that the savages would be likely to wreak their vengeance upon the Dutch for aiding him to escape. Against these arguments was the common-sense one that in remaining he was sacrificing himself and practically committing suicide. Even with Jesuits common sense at times prevails, and in the morning Jogues went to Van Curler and accepted his offer.

Bitten
by a dog

That night he stole away from the house where he was confined, stepping over the sleeping forms of his Indian guards, but was set upon by a dog and bitten severely. The Dutch owner of the house was awakened, went out, and helped Jogues into the house, where he lay down, again suffering torture from his wound and trembling with exhaustion and the agony of fear that the Indians had learned of his absence. Luckily they slept on. But he slept not.

In the early morning a Dutch laborer came in, and Jogues told him in pantomime of his wish to escape. The man nodded, led him out from among the blanketed, torpid savages, hushed the dogs, and showed him the way to the boat. Even when he reached the river his troubles were not over. The skiff lay far up on the bank, and the labor of getting it into the water was almost too much for him in his crippled condition. Day had now broken, and every moment he expected to hear the yells of the

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

savages hot on his trail. But at length he pushed the boat off, and soon he was hidden in the vessel's hold.

But he was not yet safe, for the Indians suspected his presence there, and so cowed the ship's officers that after two days they smuggled Jogues ashore to the fort, where he lay in hiding six weeks. Meanwhile the ship sailed away. At last the Dutch, while not making known his whereabouts, ransomed Jogues from the Indians by paying a very large sum. Soon afterward Director-General Kieft sent for Jogues, and a boat took him to New York, whose polyglot condition of to-day was then foreshadowed, for eighteen languages were spoken there. Kieft then put him on board a ship bound for England. After a stormy voyage it reached Falmouth. There he was maltreated and robbed of his clothing by thugs. In a few days, however, he got passage on a boat for France, and landed north of Brest. ^{Ransomed by the Dutch} Begging his way, he at last reached Rennes (the place two and a half centuries later of the Dreyfus court-martial), where a Jesuit college was located. He asked to see the Father Superior, who, hearing that he was from Canada, ran and asked excitedly if he brought news from Father Jogues. And the worn, mutilated, meanly clad and emaciated hero, falling upon his knees to receive the Superior's blessing, cried with joy: 'I am he!' ^{Lands at Brest}

Naturally the story of Jogues's adventures touched all lands, even fickle Paris, where the Jesuit martyrdoms happened to be then the fashion. Jogues was called to Paris, his queen kissed the fingers cut and torn by the savages' shells, and he became the ^{Feared in Paris}

THE PERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

sensation of the court. The pope by a special dispensation allowed him to say mass in spite of his deformities, and he rejoiced. Such awful sufferings ought to have sufficed for him, and he might well have rested for the remainder of his life among the quiet scenes of his youth. But he heard ever in his ears the call of his Master as well as the call of the wild, and within a few weeks he boarded a ship for Canada, there to meet his doom.

His return
to Quebec.

When he arrived in Quebec it was to witness and be a part of a remarkable scene—the making of a peace between the warring savages. It came about in this way. The Iroquois had become so dominant and so cruel in their victorious course that a reign of terror ensued throughout the whole of Canada. The savage Mohawks penetrated even into the Ottawa country, and often surprised the Hurons in their homes. The Hurons became utterly discouraged, and when a pestilence swept their villages about this time, the double blow almost made them a conquered and dispersed people. But help was coming, for among the Algonquins living in an island of the Ottawa was Piskaret, a brave and shrewd chief. He became a Christian, and was among the proud products of the Jesuits in the New World. Still he burned for vengeance on the slayers of his kinsmen, and determined to carry the war into Africa. So, instead of waiting for the fierce enemy to come upon him, he started for the enemy, leading an expedition of six other Christian Indians by the Richelieu and Lake Champ'ain. They met and surprised two canoes of Iroquois, and captured and killed almost all of them. Two they carried

The
warring
savages

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

back in triumph to Quebec, where the party was received with shouts of joy and cannon's roar. There was much feasting and councils of triumph, but no torture was indulged in. At this the captured Iroquois were amazed, and could hardly believe that they were to be spared the gruesome round of thumb-severing and hot-coal adorning. When finally convinced that they were free from the old treatment and were ultimately to be allowed to return to their homes, their joy knew no bounds. One of them arose, and with great dignity and majesty delivered a speech of thanks to Montmagny, whom he called "Onontio" (the translation of the literal meaning of Montmagny—great mountain—into the Indian tongue), and so all the governors of Canada continue to be called to this day. A few days later an Iroquois captured before these two was sent home, well clothed, thoroughly equipped for the long journey, and provided with a letter stating that the two other Iroquois would be held for the present, but would be restored if their nation wished to make peace with the French and the Algonquins. This was a rather adroit way of evoking a peace, but it had the desired effect.

Within six weeks after the Iroquois had left Three Rivers he returned with three Iroquois chiefs, one of whom was Jogues's friend Couture, whom we saw adopted into the tribe because of his bravery in killing one of his captors. He was now a strong man among the Mohawks, and had done much to bring about the acceptance of this peace protocol. The Iroquois, whose leader was Kiotsaton, were received with great cordiality and provided with

Kin Doe

to Iroquois

to Iroquois

Origin of

a name

Couture

adopted

by the

Iroquois

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

a feast. They were delighted. Father Vimont, head of the Jesuit mission, has given us a story of that visit and subsequent ones which is most interesting.

Three Rivers was certainly not a regal place, but the Iroquois, accustomed to their own dirty and miserable huts and villages, and the unpleasant and unadorned Dutch life of Fort Orange, were captivated by the good taste and French artfulness and artistry shown at Three Rivers. This was a side of civilization they had never seen before.

THE MAKING OF A PEACE

FEASTS and oratory for a week were the order of the day, the French, Algonquins, and Hurons in turn doing the honors to the guests. Then came the grand peace council, attended by the governor, who came from Quebec, and the Jesuit missionaries, including Jogues and all the Indians there. Kiotsaton made some tremendous and wonderful speeches for peace, showing the Indian's strange instinctive power of oratory and imagery. His pantomimic description of the toilsome journey of the Iroquois envoy sent in May was, says Vimont, "so natural that no actor in France could hope to equal it." Belt after belt was hung on a line arranged near him as the orator told his wonderful story. It is one of the pathetic and regrettable incidents of history that this indescribable gift of poetry and oratory has not been preserved to us, and that it did not accompany the Indian into civilization. This is a sufficient proof that, so far as form is concerned, the orator as well as the poet *nascitur non fit*.

Kiotsaton's
wonderful
speeches

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

At the end of the councils and feasting, peace was firmly sworn, Piskaret making a present to each envoy, to atone for the Iroquois he had slaughtered, and expressing his hope for an everlasting peace. The next day the Iroquois set forth to tell of the peace and secure its ratification later in the summer at the same place.

Word was sent to the Hurons and Algonquins in remotest sections, and soon every band of the allies was represented. The Iroquois were late in coming, but at length four braves, representing only the Mohawks, appeared, and peace councils were resumed. Even more feasts of table and oratory were indulged in for days and nights. Peace was solemnly declared and reiterated a thousand times between the Iroquois on the one hand and the French and their Indian allies on the other. And peace was—for a time.

How to make that peace a lasting one was the problem which sorely vexed the French. The governor, Montmagny, came to the conclusion that the best method was to send a diplomatic embassy to carry to them, by means of gifts and oratory, the good will of the whites. The idea was a good one, but in selecting the delegate such a blunder was made as is difficult for us at this distance to comprehend.

He suggested to Vimont, head of the Jesuit mission, that Jogues was the proper man for the task. Certainly Jogues knew the Iroquois and their ways, but it seems clear to us to-day that the man to send on that mission was one who should impress the savages with both power and tact. The man whom they had condemned, made a servant of, and

"The
Mission
of the
Martyrs"

Mont-
magny
suggests
Jogues

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He starts,
May, 1641

tortured, could never again possess their respect. And Jogues was not a powerful and impressive man physically. Again, the diplomat ought not to have been a priest, for—as the Jesuits well knew and declare in their letters—all the Indians feared and the Iroquois hated the priests. But Jogues was asked to go on the prophetically named "Mission of the Martyrs," and in May, 1643, he set out for the Iroquois country, accompanied by Jean Bourdon, an accomplished French scholar. Jogues was, in spite of his saintliness, still a man, and the news of his appointment he received with an involuntary terror. This, however, he rose above, and when the time came it was with a brave heart that he faced the journey and all its perils.

Original
name of
Lake
George

On his way he renamed Lake Andiatarocte, Saint Sacrement, and so it was called until General Johnson, in 1763, called it Lake George in honor of the king. On June 10 he reached the general assembly of the Mohawks convened at Sainte Trinité, a Mohawk town, the exact location of which is not known to-day. There he delivered his gifts and made his grand oration confirmatory of the peace. The gifts were received, but it was soon plain to the embassy that there was no lasting peace. Indeed the Mohawks at once warned Jogues and his party that they should return at once or they might fall into the hands of the other Iroquois, who were already on the warpath against the Hurons. So after baptizing and confessing some of the Christians held as prisoners, Jogues returned a few days later to Three Rivers. Some good had undoubtedly been accomplished, but the very leaves of the trees spoke danger, dread, and treachery.

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

If this journey was perilous, what shall we say of the second? What need there was of a second or why it was determined upon is not revealed. It was at one time decided that Jogues should remain at Ville de Marie all that summer and winter, but in September we find him again setting out for the Mohawk country. He had a presentiment that he would never return, writing to a Jesuit in France the now familiar "*ibo et non redibo.*"

These forebodings were quickly realized. Only a little way from Three Rivers his party met some voyagers, who informed them that the Mohawks had again become hostile. The Indians with Jogues at once fled; but he and his companion, Lalande, a young Dieppese, pressed on. The change of Mohawk sentiment toward him was due to a trifling circumstance, but one which, it seems to us, ought to have been foreseen. On returning to Three Rivers Jogues had left with the Mohawks a little box containing a few of his personal effects. Expecting to come back in the autumn, he saw no reason for burdening himself by taking it with him to Three Rivers. But he knew the suspicious nature of the savages, and he often showed them everything in the box. Now no sooner had he gone than disease seized upon the village and the whole Mohawk country. The scourge was terrible. The medicine men tried in vain to exorcise the demon, and at last declared that Jogues's little black box was bewitched. Immediately there rose a terrible rage and thirst for the priest's blood. No such foolish suspicion could have been aroused against any one but a priest. Thus the folly of sending Jogues on this mission becomes clear. Great was the savages'

The fatal
black box

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satisfaction when a war party bound for Montreal came upon Jogues and Lalande near Lake George, and dragged them into the Mohawk village.

Jogues is
tortured

They made no concealment of their brutal designs, saying with delightful irony: "You will die to-morrow; but take courage, we'll not burn you. Your heads will be chopped off, and on the tops of pikes will be a gracious sight to your friends whom we capture." That was one Iroquois promise which was fulfilled. They cut pieces out of his arms, to see what the flesh of a Manitou looked like. In vain Jogues reasoned with them, telling them he was a man like themselves, and only wished for their good. They were wild for blood, and frenzied with religious and superstitious zeal.

Ordered
set free,
Oct. 18, 1646

Still all of them were not so minded. The divisions of the tribe into peace and war parties was so pronounced that a general assembly of the chiefs was called to decide Jogues's fate. It met at Tionnontagen, the largest Mohawk town, on October 18, 1646. The peace party won, and Jogues was ordered set free.

The
murder

But all too late! Fearing that the peace party would prevail, some of the most bloodthirsty of the war party determined to kill Jogues on their own responsibility. That very evening, before the news of the council's decision reached the village, one of this infamous gang went to Jogues and invited him and Lalande to his tent for supper. Suspecting nothing, they accepted, and as Jogues lifted the flap of the tent to enter, a savage struck him a terrible blow on the head with a tomahawk, killing him almost instantly. The next day Lalande suffered the same fate. Their heads were placed on

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hikes above the village and their corpses thrown into the Mohawk River. When the messengers came from the council they were told that they were too late.

However useless and foolish this sacrifice of a ^{man's} life seems to us, whether we consider it absolutely or in comparison with the murders of a later time, of Brébeuf and his associates, who died while protecting their sanctuaries, no one can repress unbounded admiration at the courage which marked Jogues's life and death. Nor can any of us escape the conviction that his courage was something more than mere native grit. Indeed he had no native grit. His ability to suffer and endure, his willingness to run risk, and at last to sacrifice his life were due to his zeal for Christ and a desire ^{His religious zeal} to die like Him. This was real martyrdom. No other feeling could have inspired him to go one inch in that heroic direction. And how willingly he did it, how joyously even! When first captured by the Mohawks he spent the moments between the times of torture in the groves about the village, and once thus wrote to those he thought he might never see again: "How many times, although in a strange land, have I sung the Lord's song, and made the woods and the mountains resound with praises of their Maker! How many times have I carved the name of Jesus upon the high trees of the forest!"

I have given more detail to the story of Jogues than I shall to any other Jesuit martyr, for the reason that I consider it one of the most amazing stories I have ever read in history or fiction, and because the Roman Catholic Church has at last taken the initial steps leading to his canonization,

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and I find a surprising amount of ignorance even among Roman Catholics as to the record of this noble life.

THE RUIN OF THE HURON MISSIONS

The Iro-
quois attack
the settle-
ments

Jesuits
not dis-
couraged

THE assassination of Jogues was the signal of open warfare. The Iroquois advanced boldly to the attack of Three Rivers, Montreal, and Quebec, and all the other settlements. Unconscious of the rupture of peace and the murder of Jogues, the first intimation many families received of these facts was the sight of a member suddenly slain by the prowling savages. It would be only piling horror upon horror to tell the story of these awful events. Every device known to fiends was employed to draw the Algonquins and French into traps, and the fate of the captured was full of terrible agony. The men were usually burned, while the women and children after great suffering were adopted by the warriors. The little line of settlements along the St. Lawrence was bowed with grief and almost despair. Only the Jesuits kept up their courage. Unable to do anything more to help the Algonquins or the French, they yearned to rejoin their comrades among the Hurons, from whom no messengers had come for months, and about whom the greatest concern was felt. So five priests and one coadjutor set out, protesting that the fires of the Iroquois were one of their motives for undertaking the journey. Alas, says Rochemonteix most truly, they went forth destined not to take possession of a crown and an empire, but to be present at the last hour of a suffering people, the dispersion of the sad remnants of the Huron nation! To that tragedy let us now turn.

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The blood of the martyrdom of Jogues had become the seed of his church in North America. Spurred on by his example, the priests labored unceasingly for the salvation of souls. The Hurons were very receptive to such teachings, for they were no longer a proud, cruel nation, but a fearful, cringing, hunted people. They found themselves no match for the Iroquois in battle, and they came to rely upon the black-robed priests of Christ to save their bodies as well as their souls. To the Jesuits it was an ideal condition, yet it plainly foretold the ruin of their hopes.

It was in the summer of 1648 that the blow fell. The Huron country lay in Ontario between Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay. Sainte Marie, near Georgian Bay, was the centre and capital of the mission of which Rogueneau was in charge, for some obscure reasons succeeding Brébeuf. The mission farthest south was St. Joseph, where Daniel was in charge. It was the 4th of July, when suddenly came the cry "To arms," and the woods were full of savage yells. No one dreamed that the Iroquois were near, and nearly all the Huron warriors were engaged in a grand hunting party. Some of those remaining rushed forward to the attack, others cowardly fled. The priest had just celebrated mass, and at once began to baptize and absolve the people. He then returned to his chapel, where were gathered a large number of old men, women, and children. Then came the cry that the enemy had beaten down the palisades and were in the village itself. "Fly!" said the priest, "save yourselves. As for me, I will stay here. My life is nothing to me. Let us meet in heaven." Show-

Changed
character
of the
Hurons.

Father
Daniel
killed,
July 4, 1648

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First victim in the Huron country

ing them a way, he watched them escape, and then to gain time and cover their retreat he left the chapel and stood before the Iroquois. At first they were struck dumb by his action. Then recovering from their surprise, they overwhelmed him with a shower of arrows, and he fell dead. They mutilated and defiled the body, laved their hands in his blood, set fire to the chapel, and threw his body into the flames of the building. Thrice afterward, relate the pious Jesuit historians, Daniel appeared upon earth—twice to Chaumonot and at another time to the other fathers, guiding their councils at Sainte Marie.

St. Ignace, attacked, March 16, 1649

After this dastardly outrage the Iroquois returned home, but scarcely was the snow off the hills the following year, 1649, than they again started one thousand strong on their bloody mission. Again had the Hurons become lulled to fatal confidence and security, and many of them were on hunting expeditions. On March 16 these devils fell upon the village of St. Ignace, undefended and inviting the foe. No resistance was met, and a few hours saw it in ashes and its people butchered. Three Hurons escaped to St. Louis, only three miles away, where the heroic Brébeuf and the little but devout Lalemant were stationed. And now comes one of the most dramatic and tragical scenes in all history.

The leaders of the Hurons at St. Louis gathered together the women and children, and prepared to send them away, urging the priests to follow them, and saying: "Your presence here can do no good. You don't know how to handle a tomahawk or a gun." But Brébeuf said: "There are things more necessary than arms: they are the sacraments. We

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alone can administer them. Our place is in the midst of you." Struck with admiration for this voluntary martyrdom, one of the chiefs exclaimed: "Can we abandon these two fathers who risk their lives for us? Let us die with them; let us all go to heaven together." And so they stood together and awaited the onslaught of the enemy—twenty-four warriors, several old men and the two priests. They had not long to wait. In the interval the priests were baptizing and confessing and preparing all to meet their God. The Iroquois came. It was an unequal battle, a thousand against less than twoscore. Twice the foe were driven back, and thirty slain. But by an assault upon all sides at once they broke down the palisades and entered the village, and the massacre followed. The village was burned, and the two priests, insulted and stripped of their clothes, were placed at the head of the captives and driven to St. Ignace. Before reaching that village all the captives were obliged to run the gantlet, as Jogues had done, incurring frightful wounds. As one writer says: "It was the first station of Calvary."

A thousand
against
twoscore

But that was a mere pin-prick to the agony that was to come. Already in the village the stakes were erected upon which the captives were to be burned. Seeing these instruments of torture, Brébeuf urged the Christian converts to remain true to their faith even in the tortures of death. And with the light of the fires before them, they swore they would be true. And true they were to the end.

The two priests were led to the stake, and falling down on their knees they kissed their cross. First Brébeuf was bound to the stake. The red devils

Tortures of
Brébeuf

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The ingenuity
of devils

Iroquois
astonished
at his
bravery

thrust firebrands into his flesh, threw upon his body living coals, and hung about his neck a collar of red-hot hatchets. Firm as a rock and betraying no suffering, he lifted up his voice and spoke to Christians and murderers, encouraging the former and consigning the latter to divine wrath and the fires of hell. The Iroquois were astonished at such bravery, and it infuriated them. They cut away his lips and tore out his tongue, thrusting a hot iron down his throat. All forms of torture were devised—his flesh was cut out bit by bit, they lifted the skin of his head in the form of a crown, and bored his eyes out with hot irons. Then they mocked him, saying: "You told us the more we suffered here the greater would be our reward in heaven. So you see we are preparing you for a happy home." At the devilish suggestion of a Huron convert who had become a renegade, they poured slowly upon Brébeuf's head boiling water, chanting with satirical glee, "We thus baptize you, that you may be happy in heaven, for without baptism no one can be saved." At length, in order that the priest's body might burn more slowly, they surrounded it with bark covered with resin and set it on fire. Throughout all this monstrous, horrible ordeal Brébeuf stood impassive. He could not speak, he could not see, but his face showed no twinge of pain, and his giant form towered erect and unfaltering. His courage was communicated to the other martyrs. His torturers at length began to fear that he was immortal, and they grew alarmed at his courage, unprecedented even among savages so renowned as stolid, impassive, and brave. One chief cut open his side, tore out his heart and ate it, while the other savages drank his

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blood in order that they might with it drink in his power and endurance. And thus he died.

Poor Lalemant, small, weak, and sick, was compelled to endure the same torments and even worse. He lingered on all night and until the middle of the next forenoon. He lived so long that his captors, tiring of the sport, at last despatched him with a hatchet. He was but thirty-nine years of age. For six years his superior in France had refused to allow him to go to Canada because of his delicate health, but his persistency won the day. Only seven months had he been with the Hurons, yet, so the Jesuits say, God thought him worthy of a martyr's crown.

Meanwhile the priests of the central mission at Ste. Marie saw the smoke rising from St. Ignace and St. Joseph, and, fearing the worst, awaited with trembling bodies but calm souls the same fate for themselves. Ste. Marie had about forty French soldiers on guard, but they could hardly without aid withstand their blood-glutted foe. Soon, however, reinforcements came in the form of three hundred Hurons from other posts, and they felt able to defy the Iroquois. Then a strange thing happened. On came the Iroquois, an advance guard two hundred strong, bound for Ste. Marie. Nearing the village they encountered a little band of Hurons, whom they attacked and put to flight. These fled, shrieking, toward Ste. Marie, and the Hurons there rushed out, attacking the attackers with such impetuosity and fury as to drive them back. On they fled until they reached St. Louis, whence the priests had been taken the day before. The village had been burned, but the palisades still stood. Behind them rushed

Lalemant
endures
the same
torments
as Brébeuf

the
Iroquois
trightened
away

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Massacre
of the
Hurons

the hunted Iroquois, but they afforded no shelter, and the Hurons captured or killed almost all. The remnant, however, escaping to St. Ignace, only three miles distant, told their story, and at once the whole Iroquois force rushed to attack St. Louis again. Then came one of the most desperate fights known to Canadian border warfare, but with only one possible result. Over one hundred and fifty Hurons were there at the beginning and less than twenty at the close. These were carried away into captivity.

Learning of this massacre, the now wholly defenseless Ste. Marie waited for the blow which should wipe it out. But it did not then come. For once the Iroquois failed to seize the opportunity. For once they were sated with blood. The fierce resistance of the Hurons and the loss of so many of their bravest warriors made them pause to count the cost. A panic then followed, and some one started the report that an overwhelming force of Hurons was marching against them. Hastily binding their captives to stakes and setting them on fire, the savages rushed away to the south with such speed and terror that the pursuing band of Hurons could not overtake them.

Finding the
bodies of
Brébeuf
and Lalemant

A few days later the priests from Ste. Marie approached St. Ignace with trembling steps. There they found the slaughter-pen, and above all the mangled, charred bodies of Brébeuf and Lalemant. They carried them back to Ste. Marie and buried them. But the skull of Brébeuf is preserved to-day as a proud relic by the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec.

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THE HURONS UNMANNED

PANIC seized not alone the Iroquois. In a more terrible and permanent form it moved the Hurons. To have two of their best towns burned by their foe from the south and their people and priests killed was, in truth, a crushing blow, but it need not have been an overpowering one. The disaster was largely their own fault, due to their neglect, laziness, and lack of reasonable precautions. More numerous than the Iroquois, they needed but to rebuild their villages with greater care and to constitute themselves genuine and true warriors. But they were incapable of rising to the occasion. The terror which this onslaught of the Iroquois caused, left them stripped of even the rudimentary resurgent demand for vengeance, without which it is almost impossible to picture the redskin of America. They lost their manhood and thought only of flight, so that the odd and pathetic scene was presented of two peoples simultaneously fleeing from each other—a picture not unique because familiar to the students of even modern Caucasian battlefields. The poor Hurons resembled nothing so much as a prairie village on fire with its inhabitants wild-eyed and mad, rushing furiously in any direction that seemed to promise them a refuge from the flames. To their frenzied minds the death-knell of their nation had sounded. They abandoned and set on fire their villages, that they might not fall into their enemy's hands, and pressed on like the vanguard of an army in utter rout. Each day they arrived by the hundred at Ste. Marie, without chiefs, without organization, terrified, hungry, sick, and even dying.

Disaster
due to
neglect

Abandon-
ing their
homes

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Six
thousand
Indians
aided
in 1649

They sought of the good priests food and rest, and they were not denied. While in 1648 the priests gave aid to six thousand Indians, in the first six months of the following year they took care of several thousand more. It must have been a rare subject for the pen and the brush—that increasing stream of panic-stricken savages pouring into the little village, while among them night and day went the black-robed priests, feeding and soothing and blessing. Nowhere else could such a scene be found. Unfortunately the only accounts of it are those given us by these priests, whose eyes saw none of its picturesqueness, but only glistened with the joy of doing good and of embracing this rich opportunity of saving souls to Heaven. So that picture in its vividness can only be imagined by us.

AN ISLAND RETREAT AND ITS WRETCHEDNESS

The
Georgian
Bay settle-
ment

WHERE should the savages go after resting and recuperating at Ste. Marie? That was the question. They answered it by weakly scattering in many directions. The same question presented itself to the missionaries. They could not stay at Ste. Marie and endanger their lives for nothing. At length, after conference with several Huron chiefs, it was decided to remove the mission to the island of St. Joseph, in Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, where several hundred Hurons had established themselves. The transfer was made June 14, 1649, almost everything movable being taken and the rest burned. In less than an hour fire consumed the result of ten years of labor and persevering sacrifice. On the island a fort was built and a semblance of organization was effected. A few French soldiers were

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there, and, together with the priests, they ruled the island. Learning of this settlement, the stragglers from other Huron camps, weary, sick, and afraid, drifted to Georgian Bay and made their way across to the new haven. They were welcomed, but they only served to increase the great burden laid upon the struggling savages and missionaries. Winter approaching, there came with it the inevitable misery of freezing and famine, and the almost as inevitable scourge of disease and pestilence. Crowded as these poor refugees were into a few buildings, they fell easy prey to the pestilence, and day and night passed in caring for the sick and burying the dead. Even to save from starving this multitude, estimated at ten thousand, required an enormous amount of food. The Jesuits bought smoked fish of the Northern Algonquins and gathered six hundred bushels of acorns. It was a poor sort of diet, but it was fairly wholesome, and it saved many lives. So scarce was food, however, that some of the dead were eaten. This practise only aided the epidemic, and when spring came half of the people of the island were dead.

stragglers
add to the
misery

Ten thou-
sand fed

MARTYRS IN THE TOBACCO NATION

It was the last day of the year 1649, when the troubles of the islanders were greatest, that tidings came to them of fresh martyrdoms. The Iroquois had soon recovered from their panic after the destruction of St. Ignace and St. Louis, and in the autumn set out again on the warpath. They advanced to Georgian Bay and meditated attacking the island of St. Joseph, but its distance from the shore and its strong defenses deterred them. So they turned again to

Iroquois
advance on
Georgian
Bay

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the south, where lay the Tobacco nation in the Blue Mountains south of Nottawassaga Bay of Lake Huron. These Indians were allied to the Hurons, and were a rather superior tribe, raising tobacco and trading it with the whites. One of the first of Jogues's missions had been a very dangerous and difficult one among them. At this time the Jesuits had two missions there, the chief one at the largest town, St. Jean. Father Ragueneau sent word to them of the approaching Iroquois, and they prepared to resist with all their might. Indeed so warlike and eager did they become that they set out to meet and engage the foe. It was a masterful piece of foolhardiness. Even if they had met the Iroquois, the latter would most probably have beaten them, but the good luck which seemed to attend all Iroquois ventures came promptly to hand. A party of Hurons from St. Jean were captured by the Iroquois on their way to that village, and these prisoners kindly told of the warriors' sortie and of the defenseless condition of the place. It was a rare chance for the southern devils, and they did not miss it. The miseries and butcheries of St. Louis were repeated at St. Jean. Father Garnier, the priest in charge, heard the terrible war-whoop of the Iroquois, and bidding escape all who could, he remained behind to perform the rites he thought necessary to prepare for Heaven the souls of those about to die. So doing, he met his fate by an Iroquois hatchet. There was no torture in this case, for the savages were fearful of the return of the Huron braves. Setting fire to the town and butchering all they could find, they hastily retreated.

Two days later the Tobacco warriors, angered by

Warned by
Ragueneau

Garnier
another
martyr

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the failure of their attempt to intercept the Iroquois, ^{The grief} and striving against a terrible fear of the destruc- ^{of warriors} tion of the town while they, its defenders, were absent, turned their steps toward home. When they reached the village and saw the dastardly work of the enemy, their behavior was characteristic. They sat down upon the bare ground in the agony of grief, but without speaking a word or seeming to move a muscle. All day long, as immobile as bronze statues, they sat, their heads bent low and their eyes fixed on the ground. Thus did they grieve, any other manifestations of sorrow being deemed unworthy of a warrior.

The murder of Garnier deprived the Jesuits of one of their most devoted priests. Like Brébeuf, he came from a noble family of France. His parents were wealthy and he was reared in luxury. But he seemed never to have any other interest in life than his work among the Huron savages. He manifested almost no interest in the news and gossip from France except what concerned his work. The writings of that time abound in tributes to his gentleness and self-sacrificing spirit. His associate in this mission, Noel Chabanel, had been ordered away ^{Noel} and started for St. Joseph the day before the Iro- ^{Chabanel} quois attack. The next night the Iroquois passed near him, and all of his Huron escort fled in terror except one, who with Chabanel pressed on. That was the last word ever heard definitely of Chabanel, but because his one companion was a renegade Christian, and later was heard to boast to the Iroquois that he had once killed a Jesuit, it is believed that Chabanel was murdered by him. Peculiar among the Jesuits stands Chabanel. He was very sensitive

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Personal
Anecdotes
Notes

and delicately constituted, and suffered infinitely more than any of the others. Every detail of life among the savages was repellent, even abhorrent, to him, and he had to use every effort of will and faith to enable himself to continue with them.

The news of this catastrophe, coming to the little island in the midst of the desperate fight for life and food and warmth, was almost overwhelming. It probably induced still more Hurons lurking in detached groups in the woods to flee to the island. There the misery and destitution surpassed anything the Jesuits had ever known. It was the old story. There was enough and contentment for a few, but starvation and wretchedness when the rabble crowded in to grab a share of what little there was. So desperate did they become that some of them, in their mad search for food, swam to the mainland at the risk of falling into the hands of the Iroquois.

ABANDONMENT OF THE HURON MISSIONS

An audience
with
Father
Ragueneau

At length, when spring came, some of the chiefs one night asked an audience with Father Ragueneau, Superior of the mission, and informed him that they had decided to abandon the island. They said that some of the tribes wished to go farther north, others to the friendly Andastes, living far away on the lower Susquehanna, whom they had visited in Champlain's time, and yet others favored throwing themselves into the arms of the Iroquois and joining the Confederacy. These chiefs, however, urged the fathers to save them by taking them back to Quebec. "Do not wait," they pleaded, "until famine and war kill us at last."

The importance and significance of this proposal

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did not escape the fathers. It meant the abolition ^{Rever-} of the Huron mission, the annihilation of this na- ^{d-} tion. It meant that they must give up a work to ^{Christian} which they had devoted years of labor and sacrifice, ^{Hurons} which had recently been consecrated with their blood. This fate was a wretched one, and yet it was not the first time the thought of it had come to them. They had hoped over and over again that in some way the blow might be averted; but now that the crisis had come, they did not seek palliation, delay, or compromise. They accepted it, after a long discussion, unanimously. It presented a tangible and reasonable means of preserving a large body of Christian Indians, and promised to bring forth rich fruit in after years in many more Christian homes. So on June 10, 1650, the expedition set out in canoes, consisting of the Jesuit fathers and three hundred Christian Hurons. They went north until they came to the mouth of the French River. This they ascended until they reached Lake Nipissing, the source of the Ottawa, which they followed down to the St. Lawrence. About half-way down they met several Frenchmen and Hurons acting as escort to Father Bressani, who had started from Quebec for the Huron mission, unaware of the terrible tragedy of the past year. All returned together. When they reached Montreal, the Indians were asked if they did not wish to settle there, but they feared it was too much exposed to attack by the enemy. At last, on July 28, they reached Quebec. ^{P. 111} Undoubtedly this colony was welcome to Quebec. ^{Quebec} No matter what burden they were, the church in ^{July 28} Quebec—and that meant all Canada—reached with outstretched arms to all who came to it for shel-

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ter—if they were of the household of faith. Certain it is that these three hundred Hurons were at once a very great burden to Quebec, barely able at that time to care for itself. To reduce expenses and because the abandonment of the Huron mission gave them nothing to do, several of the Jesuits were sent back home, among them Bressani, who a few years before had been captured by the Iroquois and whose sufferings approached those of Jogues. The colony struggled on as best it could, but misfortunes seemed to accumulate. The Ursulines and the Jesuits had not received their annual stipend from France, and were going in debt. To fill the cup of the Ursulines to overflowing, fire destroyed their monastery. The distress and crowding were somewhat lessened the next year by the removal of the Huron colony to the Isle of Orleans, where a flourishing village sprang up.

Move to
the Isle
of Orleans

The majority of the Hurons scattered as they had proposed. Some joined the Iroquois, becoming Senecas; these were allowed to live in a town by themselves and to retain the Christian religion. Eighteen years after their hegira, good Catholics were found among them by Father Fremin, a Jesuit missionary. Other Hurons joined the friendly Neutrals and Eries, and some even penetrated to the Andastes. Most wandering of all the tribes were the Tobacco nation, with whom some of the Hurons sought shelter. They were in time driven out of their mountains and sought refuge on the island of Michilimackinac. But the devilish enemy allowed them no peace, and attacked them there so persistently that in a few years they went across the lake to some islands in Green Bay, Lake Michigan. The



PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT BUILDING, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

Iroquois still pursued them, and after retreating to the mainland, they wandered south and west, falling in with and quarreling with various other nations, until, after settling on Point Saint Esprit, Lake Superior, for a time, they at length returned to Michilimackinac in 1671. From there most of them removed to Detroit and Sandusky, where they were known as Wyandots. Within the past half-century the Government removed them to the western frontier beyond the Mississippi, where some of them are still to be found. Those of the Hurons who remained on the island of St. Joseph had some exciting experiences, and once succeeded in driving or frightening away a band of Iroquois bent on their destruction. But after this affair they saw that their position was too perilous, and, descending the Ottawa to Quebec, they joined the other Hurons. This united band, after some years of peace at the Isle of Orleans, was nearly wiped out by the Iroquois in 1656. The colony then returned to Quebec, and later retired to Old Lorette, nine miles from Quebec. Only a few years afterward they removed again, and for the last time, to New Lorette, and there the only surviving band of the once powerful and numerous Hurons may be found to-day, and are visited by thousands each year. They live in a primitive way, and make moccasins and baskets to sell to their visitors. But they are an unattractive, dirty, lazy tribe, and seem to have no power or wish to lift themselves above their miserable state. The blow of the Iroquois was a deadly one.

It may not be out of place at this time to explain why I have devoted such an apparently disproportionate amount of space to the Jesuit period of the

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Interest of
the Jesuit
regime

history of Canada. A host of objections at once rise. It is true the Jesuits failed to build up a great body of aboriginal Christians in America, they left no permanent impression on the country and its history, and no feature of Canada's life to-day is traceable to the Jesuit régime. Yet their story is so interesting that it must be told. In my judgment this Jesuit story is one of the finest and most absorbing known to all history. And I have been amazed at the absolute ignorance prevalent in the United States and in Canada itself regarding these wonderful heres and their time. People living south of the St. Lawrence, as well as those north of it, ought to know the history of the continent better, for much of the mission field of the Jesuits lay in territory now in the United States. The scene of the terrible suffering and the martyrdom of Isaac Jogues was in the State of New York. Now that it is proposed to canonize Jogues and Lalemant, and various Jesuit fathers are delivering addresses throughout the United States on the work of Jogues, perhaps the Roman Catholics will learn more of him. To interest Protestants also in that story has been my endeavor.

Was the
mission
a failure?

The great Parkman, as fair as any man can be in reciting the story of their work and lives, says in effect most drearily, "*Cui bono?*" The mission was indeed a failure. The basis of it—the power and strength of the Christian Indians—was removed when the Huron nation was destroyed. And I am not sure that the destruction of that nation was not in a measure due to the coddling policy adopted toward the Hurons by the Jesuits. Also it is clear that the policy of the Church in New France at

ISAAC JOGUES, MARTYR

this period in refusing admittance to Huguenots or any other form of Protestants immensely damaged the struggling colony at the very moment when a liberal policy might have made New France a real rival of New England. For this attitude the Jesuits must be largely held responsible. In spite of all this, the influence of the Jesuits upon civilization in America was for good. They certainly made of the Hurons a more decent, unselfish, and honest people. They also implanted even in the blood-thirsty Iroquois a respect for themselves and their faith which the machinations and lies of the medicine men could not wholly remove. Greater than all else, however, has been the posthumous influence of their lives, heroism, and martyrdom. No man can read their story without being quickened in his heart to better thoughts and higher purposes. The Lutheran who in New Amsterdam stooped in homage before the mangled, ragged Jogues, and called him "Martyr of Jesus Christ," showed how deep an influence one Jesuit made upon a Protestant in the terrible years of religious intolerance and sectarian hatred. Throughout Europe the Jesuit Relations were everywhere read with enthusiasm, and although attacked as biased and exaggerative, they have been so confirmed by independent investigators as to make us safe in accepting them as reliable annals so far as they go. They have been of infinite value in elevating the aims and ambitions of the Catholic youth of three and one-half centuries. So because of this apparently intangible but really most powerful factor of moral influence, the Jesuits in Canada must be regarded as benefactors of mankind.

Character
of the
Jesuit
influence

Slave
as a force

CHAPTER VII

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

Poutrin-
court
settles at
Port Royal,
1610

IN telling the story of the Jesuit era, much important historical material was passed over, that the line of narrative might not be interrupted. Let us now retrace our steps. We shall first turn to Acadia, which we have ignored since we followed Champlain away from it. The heart of the Baron de Poutrincourt was true to Acadia, and he could not forget that sweetly smiling inlet and pasture-land which he called Port Royal. So in 1610, three years after De Monts's failure, he returned to Port Royal with Father la Flèche, and began an active campaign for the conversion of the Indians. The savages, who had been heart-broken at the departure of the French, now welcomed them warmly and were ready to espouse almost any plan the whites suggested. Their chief, Membertou, was converted at once, and all the tribe followed. Membertou, following out his savage instincts as well as the customs in some civilized lands even in this day, wanted to declare war upon all tribes which would not accept the new faith. Poutrincourt's son, then only eighteen years of age, was soon able to return to France with a long list of baptisms. Although he found France in an uproar because of the assassination of Henry, he was able to secure the ear

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

and financial assistance of the queen, Marie de Medici. By her patronage, pious women became interested, and in Madame de Guercheville, a lady of the court who in her youth rejected Henry's suit, the enterprise found its chief beneficiary. She bought for the Jesuits a large share of the colony, and two of these priests, Biard and Enemond Massé, returned to Acadia with Poutrincourt's son. These Jesuits were not welcomed by Poutrincourt. On his first voyage they had tried to accompany him, but he managed to slip away without them. Now, however, there was nothing to do but accept the inevitable, which he did with poor grace. Biard was fortified not only by his priestly office, but also by his sense of proprietorship, and constantly intervened in the administration of the little colony. Once Poutrincourt exclaimed to him: "Show me my path to heaven. I will show you yours on earth." This priestly interference so exasperated him that he soon sailed for France, leaving his son, Biencourt, in chief command.

Like many another newly come to power, Biencourt lost no time in manifesting his possession of it. Besides being head of the colony, he held the office of Vice-Admiral for New France. So he began to survey the waters and coasts about Port Royal and to assert his authority over them. He clashed at once with young Pontgravé, who had a trading post on the St. John, and took him and his whole party prisoners. He then continued along the coast as far as the Kennebec, meeting some Abenaki Indians and narrowly avoiding a clash with them. Biencourt's was a small colony, but provisions were scanty, and the winter was a gloomy

Assistance
from
France

Biencourt
asserts
himself

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

and uncomfortable one. Among its depressing incidents was the death of Membertou, the Micmac chief.

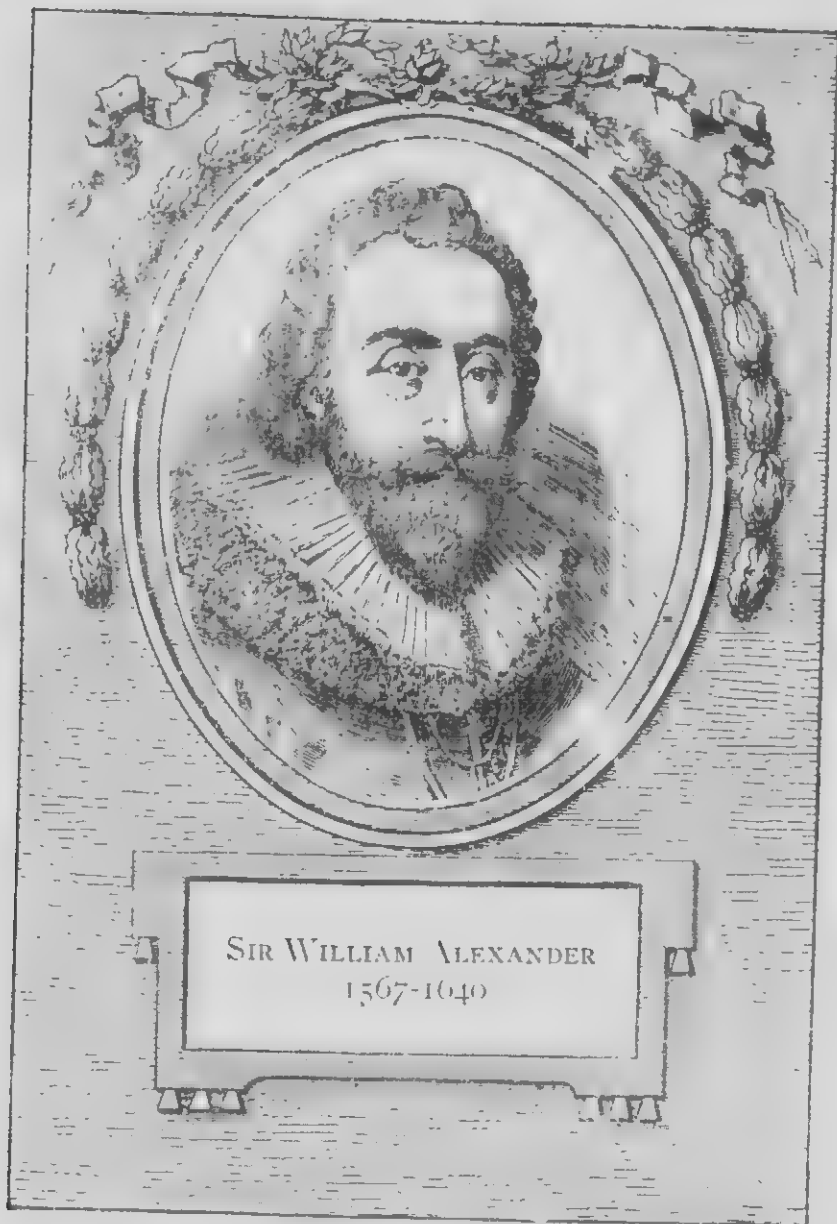
A lady
owns
North
America

In late January, 1611, however, a ship from France plowed its way through the ice to Port Royal and landed its welcome load of supplies. It brought also a Jesuit lay brother, Du Thet, who came as Madame de Guercheville's agent. Nominally and theoretically that agent had to be a very busy man, for Madame de Guercheville had obtained from the young king the petty gift of North America, except Florida, the king basing his right to the territory on the voyage of Verrazzano. So Jamestown belonged to the French lady-in-waiting, although possibly she knew nothing of it, and it certainly knew nothing of her. Of course Port Royal remained Poutrincourt's, for he had it by charter from the hand of Henry IV, and that charter could not be repudiated. But the Jesuits made life intolerable for Biencourt. He would not stand the insults of the priests, and drove them away. They retaliated by excommunicating him, but in the end they were compelled to recognize his rights, lauded him in a letter to Poutrincourt, and restored him to his place in the Catholic fold.

JAMESTOWN ATTACKS ACADIA

A battle
at Mount
Desert

THE restless Jesuits were not satisfied with Port Royal, where they were subordinate. They determined to plant a colony of their own in this huge territory of theirs. So in 1613 they sent out from France an expedition under a courtier, La Saussaye, to Acadia. The ship touched at Port Royal, to take aboard Biard and Massé, and proceeded on



THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

its way along the Atlantic Coast. When Mount Desert came into view, La Saussaye decided to erect his colony there and call it St. Sauveur. Hardly had they got on shore, with the ship still unladen, when down upon them swept a semi-piratical craft from Jamestown, commanded by Samuel Argall. He had come from the south to fish, but taking aboard some Indians he saw by their bows and gestures that they had been associated with the French. By questioning the redskins, and pretending to be a friend of the French, he learned of this colony, and sailed to attack it. He took the ground that all of this region belonged to England. Of course the French, being wholly unprepared, were overwhelmingly defeated. Insignificant as was the engagement, it was the first sea fight between the French and English in the waters of the New World. Argall set some of the colonists, including La Saussaye and Father Massé, adrift in an open boat, and carried the remainder, including Father Biard, back to Jamestown. Du Thet, the agent of Madame de Guercheville, was killed in the attack. La Saussaye and his companions, by the aid of the Indians, managed to make their way along the coast until they were picked up by a French ship and borne to St. Malo.

First
sea fight
between
French and
English
in America

When Argall returned with his captives to Jamestown, the governor of Virginia, Sir Thomas Dale, determined to hang them at once, but Argall counseled more politic measures, and prevailed. Undoubtedly through these captives Dale learned of the settlement at Port Royal, and determined upon its overthrow, taking the stand of Argall that the French were intruders. Whether Biard was the

Port Royal
taken by
the English

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

one who gave the information we can not know, but the conduct of the Jesuit throughout was little to his or his order's credit. At any rate, within a few weeks after his return to Jamestown, Argall, taking Biard with him, sailed again for the North, and soon cast anchor in what is now Annapolis Bay. Unluckily for the little settlement, Biencourt and his force were away at the time, and the place was defenseless. It was an easy, quick task to ransack and burn the buildings and destroy the standing crops. Biencourt returned before the ruin was completed, and an acrimonious but useless parley ensued, in which Biard was directly accused of being a traitor to the French. On the way back from Port Royal a storm arose, and one of Argall's ships, which contained Biard, was blown far off its course, first sighting land at the Azores. It was the French ship taken at Mount Desert, and the English captain had a narrow escape from being hanged for piracy and his vessel from confiscation at the hands of the Portuguese authorities. It would have gone hard with him if the suspicious Portuguese had known there were Jesuits on board, but they were early hidden in the hold, and at length the ship was allowed to pursue its way in peace to England. Biard was finally returned to France, and we hear no more of his missionary work. Like several of the Jesuits who followed him in Acadia, he was far less spiritual than the priests of Quebec. This capture of the two French settlements and ship by the English was a most outrageous act to perpetrate upon a friendly nation, but aside from the restoration of her ship to Madame de Guercheville, no reparation was made.

Port Royal
burned

Biard
returns to
France

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The death
of Pou-
trincourt

Biencourt and his associates passed a wretched winter in the woods, and when spring came and with it Poutrincourt it was a happy time for them. For the baron, however, the news which greeted him seemed the finale of a series of misfortunes in an enterprise to which he had devoted his tenderest hopes. He returned to France the next year, and, although fifty-eight years of age, took up arms for the young king, Louis XIII, against a rebellion on account of the king's marriage to Anne of Spain. After a successful attack upon Méry, he was killed by a stray or a traitor's shot. A singular chain of trouble seemed always to attend him, and his tragic death was a fit ending for a career of misfortunes.

It is difficult to find a parallel in history for the tortuous path of Acadian settlement. In no other region were so many futile attempts made to establish a permanent settlement. It seems to us a wonder that so fair and charming a land should have seen so many failures to accomplish her conquest. Possibly her very attractiveness made her coquettish of all suitors. The French and English had tried her; now came the Scotch.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER AND THE KNIGHTS BARONETS

Scotch at-
tempt at
settlement,
1621

As previously stated, French and English monarchs freely bestowed grants in America without regard for the grants of the other, or any comprehension of the country so generously donated. In 1621 King James I remembered a loyal supporter in Scotland by bestowing upon Sir William Alexander a

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

section of North America comprising what is now Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Gaspé peninsula of Quebec. He also got another grant of the "River and Gulf of Canada," three hundred miles from north to south, and extending across the continent. He never used this last territory, but he believed in having plenty of cards in his hand, as we shall soon see. He gave the whole region the name Nova Scotia, and established a small settlement that year at Port Royal. Meanwhile, Poutrincourt's son, Biencourt, succeeded to his father's rights, his name, and his enthusiasm for Acadia. With a few companions he kept up the fiction of ruling Acadia, although life there was very hard and they were often in dire need. However, they were self-supporting, and succeeded in building a small house of defense near Cape Sable, which he named Fort Lomeron.

At length Biencourt died, and one of his lieutenants, Charles de la Tour, succeeded in command and asserted his rights to his chief's grant. To the court of King Louis, La Tour sent his father, Claude, to beg for men and munitions to uphold French prestige against the aggressive Scotch. Although a Huguenot, he gained the king's ear, and started for New France with supplies and arms on the ship "De Roquemont." As ill-luck would have it, that was the ship destroyed off Tadoussac by the English, under Admiral Kirk, who had been sent out to take Quebec, and all this aid to French power in Acadia as well as Quebec was lost. Claude de la Tour was sent with the other prisoners to England. There the fact that he was a Huguenot predisposed the English to treat him well. He was not

the
grant to
Alexander

La Tour.
father
vs. son

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

insensible to these attentions, and he soon found his loyalty to France leaving him. And, indeed, he had little reason for loving France. He had owned great estates there, but was utterly ruined by the civil war, and, glad to leave the scene of his misfortunes, he had joined Poutrincourt's colony at Port Royal. The kind treatment he received from the English, and especially one Englishwoman, quite turned his head. He married her, a lady of the court, and Sir William Alexander made him and his son knights baronets of Nova Scotia on condition that he should win his son to the English cause. This order of knights baronets was a clever device of Alexander's, by which, in return for certain contributions to his colony and with the pledge of planting actual settlements on the land, eighteen square miles and the title of knight baronet were bestowed on the donor.¹ Claude de la Tour accepted his grant gladly and soon set out for Acadia to convert his son to Albion. But the son was made of sterner stuff. He had been waiting and waiting in desperate doubts and fears as to the fate of his father, and the promised succor. Two years he waited, and at last two ships loaded with colonists and commanded by his father arrived. With joy he greeted his father, but he must have at once asked why they were sailing under the British flag. For not long after they met in council within the fort high words arose, and soon it became known that the son, like many a country's son living on its fringes, had grown in his isolation more loyal than

Knights
baronets
of Nova
Scotia

Two
shiploads
of colonists
arrive

¹ These titles have been preserved, and many of the descendants of those noblemen are found in Canada and the United States.

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

those dwelling in the centre of the nation and enjoying its greatest advantages and luxuries. In vain the father pleaded and threatened. The son stood firm and defiant. Then the father tried force, and made an assault on the fort, but was beaten back. Humiliated and discouraged, he was compelled to sail to Port Royal and the Scotch colonists. Meantime negotiations for the treaty of peace between France and England dragged along. When the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain were announced in 1632, Sir William Alexander found, to his infinite astonishment and disgust, that his king had, in an excess of good-nature, ceded back to France all that Scottish valor had won and Scottish enterprise dared. So the Scotch had to leave Port Royal, and the unfortunate Claude de la Tour had to knock on his son's door for a haven. It was opened to him and to his wife, who had remained true in spite of his false promises.

Acadia
ceded back
to France,
1632

THE RIVAL LORDS OF ACADIA

THE future now looked very bright for the younger La Tour. He was commissioned the king's lieutenant-general in Acadia, and was fortified by stores, men, and provisions. But he was soon to have a rival. In 1632 Louis XIII sent Isaac de Razilly to Acadia to receive the submission of the English colonists. With him came as his lieutenant the Seigneur d'Aunay Charnisay. Headquarters were established at La Heve, directly across Nova Scotia from Port Royal on the ocean side. Charnisay induced some more Frenchmen to come over, and soon about forty families in all lived in Acadia. On Razilly's death Charnisay succeeded to authority.

Isaac de
Razilly
sent by
Louis XIII

Charnisay
succeeds
him

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A grant
at the
mouth
of the
St. John

Exactly what the authority was seems difficult to learn, but that it interfered with young La Tour was at once patent. After Razilly's death Charnisay moved the headquarters back to Port Royal. Soon afterward La Tour secured from the Company of New France a grant of land at the mouth of the St. John River, and removed thither, building the Fort de la Tour, known later and commonly as Fort St. Jean. So now, not across the peninsula, but across the Bay of Fundy, these rival lords glowered upon each other. La Tour's was a primitive, rude, and crude settlement, with all the marks of the pioneer. Charnisay, on the contrary, had a sort of medieval court. He had two hundred fighting men armed with spear and pike, twelve Capuchin friars, and a manor-house and seminary of logs. All this meant the favor of the court and king, and boded evil for his rival. Only one circumstance was in La Tour's favor. His fort was better situated for fur trading than was Port Royal. And as fur-trading had become the chief business of Acadia as well as Canada, that advantage was worth fighting for.

Divergent
views of
the two
chieftains

Upon these preliminaries to the story of the contest between these two feudal lords of Acadia historians generally agree. But onward there is much division of opinion. To one party La Tour was a pure patriot and Charnisay a treacherous intriguer; to the other La Tour became a rebel, a man of no conscience or convictions, and in general a desperate freebooter, while Charnisay was an earnest patriot, who labored hard for his colony and tried to bring about peace with his rival. The conventional, usual opinion to form from such clashing judgments is a compromise, a feeling that both were to blame for



ANTOINETTE
MARCHIONESS
DE GUERCHEVILLE

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

La Tour
the real
pioneer

the quarrel. However repugnant such a verdict must be to him who seeks the absolute truth, in this case it is a probably accurate statement. My sympathies, however, are decidedly with La Tour. He was first on the ground—the real pioneer. He had upheld the power of France after many misfortunes, and it was certainly an outrage that another man who had in no way earned the right as he had to rule Acadia should be set above him. This situation excuses much of his resentment and rebellion. It shows, too, the fatal weakness of the French government in failing to designate clearly the possessor of authority. This weakness will be more clearly shown in the administration of New France, for whose loss, more than any other one thing, divided and disputed authority was responsible.

Occasion
for an open
outbreak

The incongruity of having a lieutenant-general of Acadia and a seigneur who disputed with the lieutenant-general does not seem to have disturbed the king's ministers in the least. An occasion for an open outbreak could not always be delayed. The English colonists of Massachusetts began to push along their line of trade up toward Acadia, fixing stations at what are now Machias and Castine, Maine. La Tour in 1633 attacked Machias, killed two men, and carried off the goods. Charnisay two years later duplicated the feat at Castine, after asking La Tour to help him and being met with a refusal. It was not until 1642 that the opening for a split came. Charnisay heard that the Plymouth colonists were about to attempt to reopen the Castine trading-posts, and sent a small expedition to prevent it. This party La Tour captured and brought to Fort St. Jean. A short time later

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

a general combat took place between the forces of the rival lords, and La Tour was captured and taken to Port Royal. Then a truce was arranged, by which each agreed to lay his case before the French court. This was done and Charnisay won. La Tour's commission was revoked, and he was ordered to France to answer to charges against him. He refused and defied the king. Charnisay was not strong enough to attack him at once. But the next year, 1643, he led an army of five hundred men to the attack. The little band of St. Jean was ready, and repulsed the much heavier force. But Charnisay's force remained at the mouth of the river, determined to starve out the enemy. Just at this time came a ship, the "St. Clement," from Rochelle to help La Tour. It had been equipped by the Huguenots of that city, who were Madame de la Tour's friends and relatives. This ship was unable to force its way to Fort St. Jean because of Charnisay's obstructing ships. La Tour's situation was desperate, and after a short wait he decided to make a bold dash for liberty. One dark night, in a small boat and accompanied by his wife, a heroic character, he ran the blockade and joined the "St. Clement." "Where shall we go?" asked the captain. The answer to this question La Tour had long before framed. "To Boston," he replied.

The arrival of a French ship in Boston harbor created great excitement, especially because its officers happened to come upon Governor Winthrop when they went ashore on what is now Governor's Island. The people thought an attempt was being made to kidnap him, and several companies of troops were hastily rowed to the island. Their

La Tour
defies
the king

La Tour
goes to
Boston
for help

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

and the governor's misgivings being removed, La Tour made his appeal for aid. He showed his commission as lieutenant-general without saying anything about its revocation, and showed also the charter of the ship, which stated that it was to take supplies to La Tour, not mentioning that an order from the king for its recall was too late. Winthrop was perplexed, and consulted his magistrate. Boston was only thirteen years old and not very strong, and a proposition to lend aid to a neighbor whose enemy might retaliate was a serious matter. At length, after many parleys, consent was given, and La Tour made a bargain with two Bostonians for four ships to be armed with cannon. They were to be used for two months and were to cost La Tour £250 a month, "the plunder (*sic*) to be equally divided." No sooner had this agreement been ratified than attacks were made upon Winthrop for aiding "idolaters," etc. A joint letter from some of the chief men of the colony, a sort of "Round Robin," called the "Ipswich Letter," hurt Winthrop most. The agitators ran riot, the Bible being read and quoted with appalling solemnity and zeal. But all this did not stop the expedition, which sailed July 14. On its arrival before Fort St. Jean, Charnisay's ship fled to Port Royal. Some of the English followed, burned a mill in which Charnisay's men sought refuge, and stripped a pin-nace of a rich load of furs. In this they disobeyed orders, for by Winthrop's express direction they were to carry La Tour's ship to Fort St. Jean and give battle only if opposed. The next summer La Tour, expecting another attack from Charnisay, again appealed to Massachusetts for help. John

A 17th
century
"Round
Robin"

Winthrop's
directions
disobeyed

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

Endicott of Salem was the governor and seemed willing to help, but the magistrates were immovable.

While Charnisay was in France, Madame de la Tour was also there, each intriguing against the other. His influence naturally was the greater, and she was forbidden to leave France. She defied the prohibition, escaped to England, and at last reached La Tour via Boston. She advised her husband to go to Boston, proclaim himself a Protestant, and demand assistance against the Catholics. He was not so unwilling to desert his faith as he had been to shift his country at the behest of his father, and so he set out for Boston. Unluckily, about that time some of La Tour's Catholic soldiers deserted to the enemy, and told Charnisay of the headless condition of the garrison. His ships attacked at once, but were repulsed, chiefly owing to Madame de la Tour's enthusiastic defense. But he maintained so complete a blockade that La Tour's ship from Boston could not nose its way to the fort. Two months was the blockade maintained. In April Charnisay made a land attack, a breach was effected in the wall (or, as one account puts it, a Swiss bought with Charnisay's gold opened the gate), and the fort capitulated and was destroyed. Charnisay is believed to have guaranteed the men under La Tour their lives, but he hanged most of them and compelled Madame de la Tour to look on. She was so enraged and heartbroken by the events that she died three weeks later.

Again was La Tour a wanderer upon the face of the earth. For some time he lived upon the bounty of Samuel Maverick, on Noddle's Island, now East Boston. The Bostonians, having found

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

that he had deceived them about his commission, refused aid to recover his estates. There is a story that he led a trading expedition of Boston men to Cape Sable, and there deserted them to wander for months and finally, through the kindness of the Micmac Indians, to reach home again. There is also a story that Charnisay, after his triumph at Fort St. Jean, finding no one in Acadia to oppose his authority but Nicolas Denys, who had a small holding from the king at Cape Breton, attacked Denys, although they had been schoolmates, and drove him to Quebec. I am not convinced of the truthfulness of either story. But certain it is that Charnisay became absolute dictator in Acadia, having a monopoly of the fur trade, which yielded him great wealth.

Charnisay
drowned,
May 24,
1650

For five years he enjoyed this rich heritage and supreme power, when, on May 24, 1650, by the overturning of his canoe in the Port Royal River he was drowned. As Charnisay had attacked his rival's fortress as soon as he learned that La Tour had gone, so La Tour now hastened to France and attempted to regain favor in the king's sight. It is a sufficient commentary upon the mutability of the king's will that in a short time La Tour was governor and lieutenant-general in New France, and, strangely enough, Charnisay's aged father was his attorney, and did valiant service for him. Even more closely was he to become allied to Charnisay's memory. When he returned to Acadia it was to find a hopeless tangle of conflicting claims. Charnisay, or his widow, had got into the power of a rich merchant of Rochelle, Le Borgye, who came to Acadia to seize all the widow's property at Port

Charnisay's
widow
marries
La Tour

THE SETTLEMENT OF ACADIA

Royal. La Tour induced her to restore to him Fort St. Jean. She was in danger of losing everything, and was in such desperation that she accepted La Tour's proposal of marriage.

Meanwhile Le Borgye was making himself un-
popular by grasping all lands possible, and he was
preparing to attack Fort St. Jean when everything
was swept from his grasp. England, at war with
Holland that year, 1654, fitted out an expedition
against New Amsterdam. The vessels first stopped
at Boston, where they were joined by five hundred
colonists, who bitterly hated the Dutch and were
enthusiastic for the war. But a day or so before
the expedition was to sail, a packet came from Eng-
land, calling off the expedition because a treaty of
peace had ended the Dutch-English war. It was
too bad to spoil an expedition so well prepared as
that. Something must be attacked. The nearest
enemy's country was Acadia. England was always
at odds with France. Why not attack Port Royal?
No good reason appearing against the scheme, the
expedition in a few days set out under Major Rob-
ert Sedgwick. Fort St. Jean was utterly surprised
and readily capitulated. So did Port Royal and
all the other places. It was a glorious victory,
but not generally appreciated, because there was no
butcher's bill. There was really no war on at that
time between France and England, and the French
ministers demanded the repudiation of Sedgwick's
act. Cromwell, however, would not agree to it, and
as France feared Cromwell and dared not go to war
with him, she had to swallow the insult. To La
Tour, however, Cromwell was more gracious. The
ruined lord of Acadia besought the Lord Protector

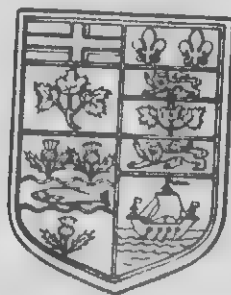
England
fitted out an
expedition

Fort St.
Jean and
Port Royal
captured

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

for a restoration to himself of the rights granted him and his father by King Charles I, and Cromwell agreed, bestowing upon him, Colonel Thomas Temple, and Rev. William Crowne, a vast domain in Maine. La Tour decided at last that he had, had enough of pioneering in the New World, and, selling out his rights to his partners, retired to France and lived in peace with his wife and children for the remainder of his days. Temple was governor of the new lands, but the restoration of the Stuarts, the succeeding war with France, and the Treaty of Breda in 1667, by which England again restored her Acadian possessions to France in exchange for Jamaica, completed his ruin. Thus, in Acadia as well as in Canada, almost no progress had yet been made toward great and secure settlement, while the English colonies grew rapidly and strong.

The treaty
of Breda



CHAPTER VIII

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE abandonment of the Huron mission was regarded by the Iroquois as a signal for renewed efforts to stamp out the feeble posts along the St. Lawrence. Having done so much, why should they not go farther and complete the job? But the French, after being caught napping a few times, remained safely within the forts, which, with all their wiles and weapons, the savages could not successfully assail. Montreal being most exposed was, the Catholic chroniclers tell us, saved by a continuous miracle. At length, in 1653, bored by their inability to find more Canadian scalps and angered by hostile acts by the Eries to the westward, the Iroquois turned their battle-cry in that direction. The task was not easy. It was the first of those bitter, hard-fought victories which in the end proved the ruin of the great nation. One of them, the Onondagas, was left so weak by this campaign that it sought an alliance with some Hurons. These feared either to accept or to refuse, but on consultation with the governor at Quebec they accepted on condition that the Onondagas allow them to have a Jesuit mission. This was agreed to, and Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon were sent. Then,

Unsuccessful attacks
by Iroquois

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

in 1653, the Onondagas demanded that some Frenchmen also go to live with them.

Jesuit
missions
among the
Iroquois

That any Iroquois should seek a compromise with an ancient foe angered the Mohawks, most bloodthirsty of the five nations, and as soon as the French colonists, consisting of Captain Dupuy with fifty soldiers, started from Quebec they were attacked by the Mohawks. The savages were beaten off and had to make apologies to the Onondagas. They then turned back and leaped upon the Hurons recently under Chaumonot's care at the Isle of Orleans, and killed and captured many of them. These were the remnant of the Hurons with whom the Onondagas wished to be in alliance. Later the Mohawks again attacked and captured more of them.

The scene
and the
actors

Now comes one of the most thrilling stories in all American history. It is such stories as this that make the chronicles of the English Colonies seem tame, filled though they are with romance and peril. Look at the scene and the actors. Here were Jesuit priests and fifty Frenchmen from Quebec founding a French, Christian colony in the heart of the country of their sworn, bloodthirsty enemy. Could folly farther go? These Frenchmen and priests had absolutely no guaranty that they were not to be used to furnish forth a gay, savage feast. The acceptance of such an invitation shows clearly how worldly innocent and gullible were the French in spite of their bravery and romance, and how easily deceived and destitute of common-sense were the Jesuits when the chance of heathen conversion was before them. The mission of Jogues was foolhardy enough. This was in all respects similar except that it was more perilous. But the idea had a fatal fascination

A colony
surrounded
by savages



PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT BUILDING QUEBEC, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

for the priests. They set great store by it, for they had hoped thus to influence these savages. When the colonists arrived at Onondaga in 1656 they were warmly greeted, and the wit and tact of Chaumonot made the outlook promising. A huge lodge was built by them, and here the Jesuits had a chapel for their work. They were not satisfied to work among the Onondagas alone. They were bound to spread the Gospel among the Five Nations. To have a vantage-ground from which to carry on this campaign was in their eyes such a sublime opportunity as could not be missed. And if they failed—well, it would be only one more martyrdom by which the Church of Christ was built up.

So they scattered among the Five Nations, using all the arts and tact which their training and long residence among the savages had given them. At first success seemed within their grasp. Nowhere were they received ill. But in many camps they soon found only women, children, and old men. The warriors had gone forth to murder the Hurons or the French. The Onondagas, of course, kept up a nominal adherence to their treaty of peace, but the tidings of the gory triumph of the Mohawks were to them as the trophies of Miltiades to his rival. But one party of Iroquois were too bold. They came to know in one of their exploits that a brave man, D'Ailleboust, had become governor. He sent out a party, which surprised the Iroquois party and captured a dozen of their braves. These he held as hostages, and they were potent in delaying the storm. Meanwhile the very air about Lake Onondaga seemed to have become surcharged with death. The woods whispered to the French of def-

A lodge
built for
them

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Warning
of a
massacre

inite plots for their annihilation. At last, from a dying converted Onondaga they learned that they and all the French settlements were to be butchered in one great campaign to start in a short time. No one doubted now that the peril was genuine, but they acted as if unconscious of it. Quietly all the priests were sent for, and the whole colony, except Father le Moyne among the Mohawks, gathered together for death or life.

Meanwhile the savages seemed to grow more friendly: they pressed about the great lodge of the colonists until escape, day or night, seemed impossible. But fortunately the French decided that if the way did not appear clearly, the means should not be neglected. So, in the loft of the mission-house, carpenters were set to work to build two huge, flat boats, which, in addition to their canoes, would hold the party of fifty-three. Now for the way.

Masterly
strategy of
the French

In the spirit of the Roman "te morituri salutamus," the French invited the whole tribe to a huge feast. There is a story that this feast was a grand one, devised by the Onondagas themselves in obedience to the dream of a young Frenchman. This dream, which he told to the Iroquois chief with whom he had lived, was that unless the tribe held a mystic, or medicine, feast they should all be destroyed. At any rate a feast was held, and the French, having provisions stored up, contributed of them freely. There were dances and games and music all day until evening, when the feast began. At such a feast it was an unforgivable insult to leave the board early or to cease entirely to eat as long as any viands were at hand. So well provi-



THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

sioned were the French and so greedy were the Indians that by an hour or so after midnight every Onondaga lay about the camp-fire in a stupor like a boa constrictor. Even before the feast was ended the Frenchmen, who seem to have eaten little or nothing, began carrying the boats from their house to the lake, leaving effigies of soldiers in the fort to deceive any who might notice the absence. It was March 20, 1658, and snow was falling. Over the surface of the lake a thin sheet of ice lay. Through it they pushed their boats and canoes, and by daybreak were gliding down the Oswego. Furiously they rowed, so that Montreal was reached on April 3 and Quebec, April 23. One can imagine the fury and chagrin of the savages when they awoke and found their prey had fled. And with this act of daring and heroism closes another chapter of French foolishness only partially redeemed by its freedom from great loss of life. To the Jesuits it was a sad and bitter failure. Nothing resulted, not even a martyrdom, for Father le Moyne, who was working among the Mohawks and had not been reached by the messenger, returned to Quebec a few days after the colonists.

Escape
March 20,
1658

THE FIRST BISHOP OF QUEBEC

NEW FRANCE was at this time about as near a failure as any colony in the world. Successive governors became disheartened or were recalled. The jealousy between Quebec and Montreal grew, apparently the only rivalry that did grow. This rivalry was increased by the change in the control of Ville Marie, the name given by the church to the religious settlement of Montreal. The Society of Notre

Queyius
and the
Sulpitians
ambitious,
1657

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

Dame de Montreal, pauperized by the defalcations of Dauversie, the treasurer, was glad to turn the colony over to the Sulpitians, and thus, in 1657, another religious order was introduced upon Canadian soil. The Sulpitians were rich as an order and individually, for they take no vow of poverty like the Jesuits. The transfer of the colony to the Sulpitians saved it, but it also excited the resentment of the Jesuits. The Abbé de Queylus was sent out by the Sulpitians with three others of the order to take charge of their settlement. About the same time the Vicomte d'Argenson replaced the incompetent De Lauzon as governor. The aggressions of the Iroquois were then very pronounced, and the new governor got a dismal introduction to his duties on the very day of his arrival by hearing the war-whoops of an Iroquois party that ventured near enough to the settlement to capture or kill a few men and women and then eluded pursuit. But the religious strife soon became more bitter than the Indian warfare. Queylus had no sooner arrived than the Sulpitians with him and those in France began to agitate the subject of a bishop for New France. There could not have been more than two thousand French in all that region, and a bishop was as unnecessary as a cathedral. But the agitation grew. Queylus himself certainly wished to be made bishop, and his order united on him. The assembly of French clergy voted for him, and Cardinal Mazarin assented. Not so fast, cried the Jesuits. And when that majestic order that had dared and died in Canada for the faith held up its hand, even Rome paused. The Jesuits were not willing that an order new to that land should have one of its

Opposition
of the
Jesuits

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

number set over them, the pioneers. None of them could be a bishop, but they could say who should be. So a veto was put upon the hopes of Queylus.

But if Canada was not to be a bishopric, how should she be ruled? To what archdiocese did she belong? These questions gave the Sulpitians another chance at power. The Archbishop of Rouen, from whose ports all the expeditions to Canada sailed, had always asserted that New France was in his jurisdiction. So he now appointed Queylus as his vicar-general for all Canada, thus giving him all the powers of a bishop. Apparently eager to show his power and to exult over the Jesuits, Queylus at once removed from Montreal to Quebec, announced his new dignity, and began to assume episcopal functions. The Jesuits took this act, which they must have regarded as impertinent, with good grace and courtesy. But their conduct did not bend the acting bishop toward them. He preached sermons against them and accused them of many unchristian acts. At last his immoderation became so pronounced that the governor, Argenson, intervened and persuaded him to return to Montreal. A short time afterward Canada received the news that the pope had made of New France a vicariate-apostolical, and had appointed François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency to the position, consecrating him as Bishop of *Petræa*. Probably the Jesuits knew of this appointment at the time of Queylus's assumption of power. At any rate the appointment was a Jesuit victory. Le Jeune, whom we have met as the first Jesuit supervisor at Quebec, having selected Laval for the place.

The new bishop was Abbé of Montigny, was of

Claim of
the Arch-
bishop of
Rouen

A Jesuit
victory

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

high birth, and had been trained under Jesuits. He arrived at Quebec soon after the beginning of the year 1659. Thus enters after a contest one of the most conspicuous figures of early Canadian history, a man whose entire career is marked with conflicts. This is not the place to characterize him: his traits will appear as we sketch his history, but there is no doubt that his career and ideals have been among the most potent in shaping the future of Catholic Canada. It would have been much better for him and his people if he had possessed more sanity and been less contentious, but he lived in the midst of strife, and his own elevation was won only after a battle. He had youth—he was only thirty-six years of age—great ability and great zeal in his favor, and he plunged at once into his work.

Naturally his first trouble came from Queylus, who at Montreal soon put himself in an attitude of defiance toward the bishop's authority. Laval acted with alacrity, sent a party of soldiers from Quebec to Montreal, seized Queylus, and shipped him home to France. In order to keep him there, Laval wrote his agents in France to exert themselves to secure from the king an order to Queylus not to return to Canada. The king issued the order, but Queylus paid no attention to it. With great energy he proceeded to Rome, and made such representations at the Vatican that the pope issued several bulls in favor of the colony at Ville Marie and in recognition of the claims of the Sulpitians to independence of Quebec's authority. Jubilant, Queylus then defied the king and secretly returned to New France. Laval was furious, and issued several mandates against him, all of which he refused to recognize.

The new
bishop
arrives, 1659

Laval
sends
Queylus
home

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Then Laval called upon the governor to arrest him. Naturally Argenson disliked to interfere in an ecclesiastical fuss, but receiving orders from France to support Laval, he sent an expedition to Montreal and again Queylus was returned to France. The pope later rescinded the bulls that favored the rebels, and Laval's will remained supreme. Seven years later, on a visit to France, he met Queylus, and such amicable relations were established that the Sulpitian soon returned to Canada and spent his remaining days there as a missionary.

Queylus
returns to
Canada

Meanwhile the Iroquois did not cease for one moment to show their venomous hatred of the St. Lawrence settlements. Bolder and more savage became their attacks, and the colony began to fear that a crusade more violent and terrible than ever before was planned by the red devils. These fears were confirmed in May, 1660, by the dying confession of a captured Iroquois. He declared that a great expedition, numbering thousands of warriors, would soon start down the St. Lawrence to wipe out utterly every vestige of French settlements in Canada. The colony was panic-stricken, and preparations for defense began with frantic haste. Several exciting events occurred to increase their apprehensions. Salvation, however, was coming from an unexpected quarter.

Iroquois
attacks

THE HEROISM OF DOLLARD

EARLY in the spring a young Frenchman of noble family in Montreal, named Daulac, the *Sieur des Ormeaux*, and popularly known as Dollard, organized an expedition against the Iroquois. It was as quixotic a scheme as was ever planned in New

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

France, a region that might well have interested Cervantes's hero. Before any hint had come to Montreal of the concerted plot to destroy New France, Dollard heard that a large force of the Iroquois were spending their winter along the Ottawa, the old haunts of the Algonquins. He proposed that a party be sent to waylay them as they came down in the spring, and so cripple them as to checkmate their murderous program, whatever it might be. So he enlisted sixteen young men, the eldest being thirty-one years of age, in the expedition. It was to be victory or death in a cause where victory was impossible. They all made their wills, which may yet be seen on the parish records of Montreal, and after confessing their sins and receiving together the sacrament, they set out. It is said that the first impulse of Dollard came from a desire to wipe off a blot on the family 'scutcheon in France. He so far succeeded that, while we of this century can not learn what the blot was, his act in the forests of New France will never die.

A party of
seventeen

In the first week of May, almost the same day that their little colony heard from the dying Iroquois of the plot for its annihilation, these young heroes drew up their canoes at the foot of a great rapids of the Ottawa called the Long Saut. There, as luck would have it, stood a palisaded enclosure, built only a short time before by the Algonquins, but deserted when they heard that the Iroquois were approaching. Here Dollard and his men decided to take their stand. Soon they were joined by a party of Hurons and Algonquins, who had heard at Montreal of this expedition and hastened to help.

Long Saut
the scene
of the
exploit

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The
Iroquois
attacks
fail

The French had not long to wait for the enemy. After a little brush with an advance canoe load, the whole band of two hundred warriors came screaming down the rapids, mad for blood. Their precipitous attack was promptly repulsed, and they then withdrew for deliberation. Seeing that they had a serious task before them, they began the erection of a fort opposite the other. Meanwhile the French were strengthening their defenses and constructing twenty loopholes, from each of which three men could fire. As soon as their rude fort was completed, the Iroquois rushed to the attack. A dozen braves fell, among them the stalwart chief of the Senecas. The sight of this great warrior prone on the earth and gasping his last utterly demoralized and unmanned the savages for the moment, and they fled like frightened sheep, leaving wounded and dead. Immediately several Frenchmen leaped from the fort, cut off the head of the chief and stuck it on the palisade, while his men howled and groaned in their impotent rage. For the third time they attacked with the same result. Again they retired for long consultation. Then they sent for help.

At the mouth of the Richelieu were gathered five hundred Iroquois, waiting for this band to join them before starting on the long-planned campaign for the annihilation of New France. Now it was possible for Dollard's assailants to make a detour and avoid the embattled Frenchmen, just as it was possible for them to send a message to the Richelieu. But escape was not now what they sought. They wanted revenge for their brethren slain and solace for their wounded pride. It was less injurious to

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

their pride to ask for aid than to admit defeat at the hand of these seventeen whites and a few dozen reds.

Five days passed, and although the fighting was constant, a general attack was not resumed. Then came the arrival of the five hundred, and the force, seven hundred strong, confident and wily, advanced to a fourth attack. Again were the intrenched successful. The Iroquois were almost in despair, some of them urging that they should all return home. Meanwhile the condition of the besieged was daily growing more desperate. The July days were hot, their work was very exhausting, and they had no water, except what oozed from the ground after patient digging. Nor were they able without water to swallow much of their food. Their forces were growing weaker, for all the Hurons, except their chief, Annabataba, deserted on the promises of some Hurons who were fighting with the Iroquois that they would be protected. No such promises were held out to the Algonquins, so they fought on. At length out of the quarreling councils of the city came a determination to stake all on a general assault. Crafty where before they had been rash, they advanced, protected by huge wooden shields. By this protection they reached the palisades, and began hewing and hacking them down. Dollard aimed a barrel of powder with a lighted fuse over the wall. But his aim was not accurate, and it struck the top of the barrier and fell back among his men, exploded, and killed and wounded some of them. In the awful uproar and confusion the Iroquois crept to the loopholes and, firing within, increased the slaughter. With superhuman strength

Reinforce-
ments
for the
Iroquois

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Dollard
struck dead

and bravery, Dollard and his remaining men resumed the gage of battle. One breach had already been made, and numbers poured through it. Dollard was struck dead, and one by one his men were slain in their furious resistance. Four Frenchmen's bodies were found in which life remained. Three of them were burned and the other was taken home and tortured. The traitorous Hurons, despite the promise made them, were also burned, with the exception of five, who escaped to tell this story substantially as it is given above, a story which has been fully confirmed from other sources.

The
martyrdom
not in vain

Thus ended one of those brilliant adventures of which the story of Canada is perhaps fuller than that of any other country in the world. Unlike many similar stories, the martyrdom of these young men was not in vain. It was their immortal lot to save New France. After the gluttony of the Iroquois for vengeance and blood had been sated, they had no courage or heart to continue their original purpose. Gloomily and mournfully they sought the path to the south and their own camp-fires, and for one season more at least Quebec and Montreal knew that they were safe. Te Deums were sung in the churches, and the saints were thanked for the miracle.

QUARRELS OF BISHOP AND GOVERNOR

Aggressive-
ness of the
clergy

PERIL from without being removed, there was a chance for discord within, and the chance was promptly embraced. Laval seems to have been at the centre of most of this trouble. Furiously asserting one's prerogatives is quite the favorite duty and pleasure of many otherwise fairly sane and

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

reasonable individuals. Undoubtedly in his assertion of the supremacy of his office and of the clergy Laval was merely the child of circumstances and the times. New France had been from the outset sort of theocracy. There were sometimes more priests than people, and always more priests than civil officials. By reason of this fact and the gressiveness and education, the clergy had to perform some of the civil duties of the .a. .s. In addition to the duties and powers naturally quired, they began to assume more.

All this Monseigneur Laval tremendously stimulated. It seemed to him right. We little realize, living in the twentieth century—so lustily berated and abused as the sodden period of iniquity and evil—how incessantly and bitterly once raged the contest between Church and State for civil power. Civil power, like alcohol to the individual, never helped, but always hurt any church. Laval and Argenson did not "get along" at all. The young bishop asserted his precedence on almost every occasion, and the aged governor was too seriously minded a man to fail to challenge such assumption. The Jesuits' chronicles of that time abound with accounts of petty quarrels between bishop and governor in regard to precedence and rank. Should the school children salute bishop or governor first on fête days? At the annual Jesuit dinner should the governor or the bishop have the higher seat? On Corpus Christi should the soldiers kneel or was uncovered head sufficient? And so on to the point of weariness. The governor seldom consulted the bishop, preferring the Jesuit Lalemant. Argenson made frequent appeals to Paris for a clearer definition of the scope of

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The
governor
resigns

his authority, but as usual Paris was too busy with other things or would not be bothered by those little vexations. Laval complained to the governor's brother, a councilor of state in France, that Argenson ignored him, while the governor wrote his brother that the bishop was opinionated and had boasted that he could do what he liked. The upshot of these continual spats could easily be predicted. The governor's tenure was terminable at any time. The bishop was there for life. Hence it was the governor who got out, applying for his recall in 1661.

Baron
d'Avaugour
succeeds him

The Baron d'Avaugour succeeded him, and his first act showed that the bishop had not profited by the change. He declined all ceremony on landing, but consented to visit the Jesuits and would not go to call on the bishop. He was an old soldier, and blunt and self-centred. He at once wrote home to inform the government what a rich land it was, and how much it needed men and money. But the government was just then in a transition state, Colbert having taken the reins and not having formulated a policy, so New France had to wait.

At odds
over the
liquor
traffic

The first subject upon which the governor and Laval definitely and violently quarreled was the liquor traffic among the Indians. It was a silly quarrel on the governor's part, for he was indefensibly wrong. There had been no open friction at all on the question. Governor and priests had been agreed in opposition to the traffic. Perhaps the governor would have preferred regulation to prohibition, but officially prohibition was the law, which was frequently violated as prohibitory laws

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

often are. But one day a priest came to Avaugour to intercede for a woman who had been found guilty of selling liquor to the Indians, and had been sent to prison. Exactly what his plea was is not known: probably he wished only to secure her release after a considerable term of punishment. But the governor took umbrage at once and flamed forth: "Since selling liquor is not a crime for this woman, it shall not be a crime for anybody," and forthwith announced that the prohibition days were ended. As a chronicler of that day says, "The general made it a point of honor never to retract the hasty expression that had escaped him." The disorders that followed were most disgraceful. The whole town of Quebec became besotted. Those who disliked the priests—and one can readily see how they might be many—drank and became drunk in order to spite them. Laval, from his pulpit, raged and threatened, but to no effect. At length in solemn procession he pronounced excommunication against all those taking part in the traffic. Even this did not avail, and at length, almost crazed by the dissoluteness and depravity of the city, Laval took passage for France and secured the recall of Avaugour, and chose as his successor one of his own creatures, on whose obedience he was sure he could rely.

Drunkards
threatened
by Laval

It can not be said that Avaugour's administration of two years was of no benefit to Canada. It was his correspondence with the young king which awoke the monarch to a realization of the riches of New France. Louis promised that an adequate force of soldiery should be sent, and actually detailed one of his courtiers to visit the colony and make a report on its needs. These attentions at the hands of

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Avau-
gour's
recom-
mendations to
the king the king mightily encouraged the colonists. They thought something was going to happen; but they were deceived. Had Louis really followed up Avau-
gour's and the royal envoy's recommendations to ship a regiment or two of French regulars, and build a fort where the Dutch had had one at Fort Orange, in all probability New France would have grown widely, sanely, and strong. But the interminable wars in Europe shut the king's and his ministry's eyes, and they let slip an empire.

The great
earthquake,
1663 It was during the bishop's absence in France that the great earthquake occurred. In such a superstitious colony that catastrophe could not take place without an extraordinary number of visions, dreams, and portents. It is not necessary to dwell on these or to describe them in any way. To-day they might be called evidences of an unsteady brain. Then they were regarded as divine manifestations. The earthquake was violent but not disastrous, shaking all Canada and producing extensive and peculiar geographical changes. It began on February 5, 1663, and continued at intervals throughout the summer. The usual scenes of hysteria and excitement occurred, but no lives were lost.

Canada
again a
royal
province When Laval returned in September, after an absence of nearly a year, he brought with him not only a new governor but the news of a change in the government of New France. The One Hundred Associates had returned their rights to the king, and Canada became again a royal province. The king decreed that all power in the province should be exercised by a sovereign council of Quebec, composed of the governor, the bishop and of five councillors, an attorney-general, and a secretary to be

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chosen by the bishop and governor jointly. Since the governor knew absolutely nothing about the men of the colony, this order meant at the outset at least that the entire government was in Laval's own hands.

Absolutism is so many an ideal form of govern-^{Laval in control}ment. Theoretically, a strong man at the head makes a responsible and an efficient ruler. In practise and actually, absolutism is always the worst form of government, for it always means sooner or later arrogance, then favoritism, and then corruption without remedy or recourse. A democracy will inevitably purify itself, for by its very machinery it enables a new set of officials or a new ring to secure control, and no new ring ever gets power except by a pledge to remedy evil or base conditions.

There never was any real democracy in New^{Corrupt men in the council} France, and now under this new regulation of Colbert's there was not even a pretense of it. It is not pleasant to record that Laval, in forming his council, honored men who he should have known were charged with speculation and fraud. His action in this matter shows how warped absolute power can make an honest man.

Two of the men whom he selected for membership^{Dumesnil and Villeray} in the council were Villeray, keeper of the seals, and Beardon, attorney-general. These were among those accused by Dumesnil of speculation. This was a very interesting episode. Dumesnil had been in 1660 sent out by the company to probe the condition of the colony especially with reference to the peltries. He was given extraordinary powers as intendant, and did not hesitate to exercise them.

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At that time the inhabitants of the colony were allowed to engage freely in the fur trade, guaranteeing to the company in return for that freedom a certain number of skins annually. Of course a committee was necessary to administer this trust, and that committee, acting in connection with several wealthy merchants, grabbed the trade, shutting out the inhabitants at large and creating a monopoly. For thus allowing these merchants such a rich swag, the members of the committee, or at least some of them, received a very handsome percentage. Thus, in the first half-century of Québec's existence, we see growing and flourishing a system of graft which we have been fond of calling modern and of associating with our own peculiar civilization. It was this corrupt régime that Dumesnil attacked boldly and without reserve. The committee or council was shocked and indignantly denied Dumesnil's charges, at the same time refusing to acknowledge his authority as inquisitor and judge. As often in such cases, the populace seemed to side with the thieving officials. One day Dumesnil was attacked on the street and beaten. He at length succeeded in convincing the inhabitants of his honesty and wisdom, and, undoubtedly, had it not been for the war over the liquor traffic, some of the most respectable citizens of Quebec would have been put in jail. As it was, the colony was in constant turmoil. The councilors were called upon by Dumesnil to disgorge their stealings and to give up their offices. They affected to ignore him. What part the governor took is not certain, but his dissolution and reorganization of the council were probably occasioned by Dumesnil's charges. With the return

Dumesnil
an honest
investi-
gator

QUEBEC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY

of Laval and the news that Canada had become a royal province, Dumesnil's authority at once ceased. Bourdon and Villeray acted quickly when the new council was formed. They ordered Dumesnil's arrest, and with ten soldiers went to his house and seized all his public and private papers. He was plucky enough to denounce them openly, and in revenge they planned to put him in jail until the last ship had sailed that fall for France. But he outwitted them and made his escape. Little good did it do him, however, for Colbert seems to have paid only the most perfunctory attention to his charges. Indeed, there is no record that his bill for services to the company in Canada was ever paid.

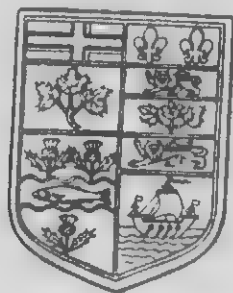
Mézy, the new governor, did not long remain in ignorance of the character of his councilors. Whether he knew that they were corrupt or not, he soon saw that they were merely the bishop's creatures. In February, 1664, he wrote Laval that he had been deceived in Bourdon, Villeray, and Auteuil, and demanded that they absent themselves from the council; he asked that the bishop should assent to their expulsion and unite with him in calling for a popular election of their successors. Laval was astounded at the act of rebellion on the part of his creature, and naturally refused to allow his favorites to be removed. This quarrel between bishop and governor lasted for months. The governor made a capital blunder when he suggested such a thing as an appeal to the people. Louis XIV was not basing his rule on popular assent. So when Bourdon and Villeray, whom the governor banished, arrived in France, they carried with them Laval's accusations against the governor, and he

Dumesnil's
arrest
ordered

Mézy
quarrels
with Laval

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Mézy dies was recalled. Before the new viceroy arrived, however, Mézy had died from his worries. He was an honest man, who had been dissolute in his youth, but became devout and pious toward the end. Had he been as wise as he was true, the resourceful Laval could not have prevailed against him.



CHAPTER IX

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

IT must bewilder the reader to be told at this point ^{Under the} that another change came in the control of the ^{West India} colony. It had been a royal province only a year ^{Company} when, May 24, 1664, the king turned it over to a new and great corporation, the West India Company, whose dominions reached almost to the uttermost ends of the earth. The whole western coast of Africa and the eastern coast of South America, the Antilles, of course, and New France from Hudson Bay to Florida, constituted the most of this company's holdings. For these regions in America, Louis appointed a new officer, a sort of viceroy, as well as a governor and intendant. Alexandre de Prouville, Marquis de Tracy, was this imperial viceroy; Daniel de Rémy, Sieur de Courcelles, became governor, and Jean Baptiste Talon, first intendant of New France.

The Marquis de Tracy was a lieutenant-general ^{The first} in the royal army, and a brave and efficient officer. ^{regiment} The king trusted him and sent with him the Car- ^{sent by}ignan-Salères Regiment, which had distinguished ^{the king} itself in Hungary against the Turks—the first regiment ever sent to America by France. Tracy's entrance into Quebec in June, 1665, was a military and religious triumph. Soon afterward came the

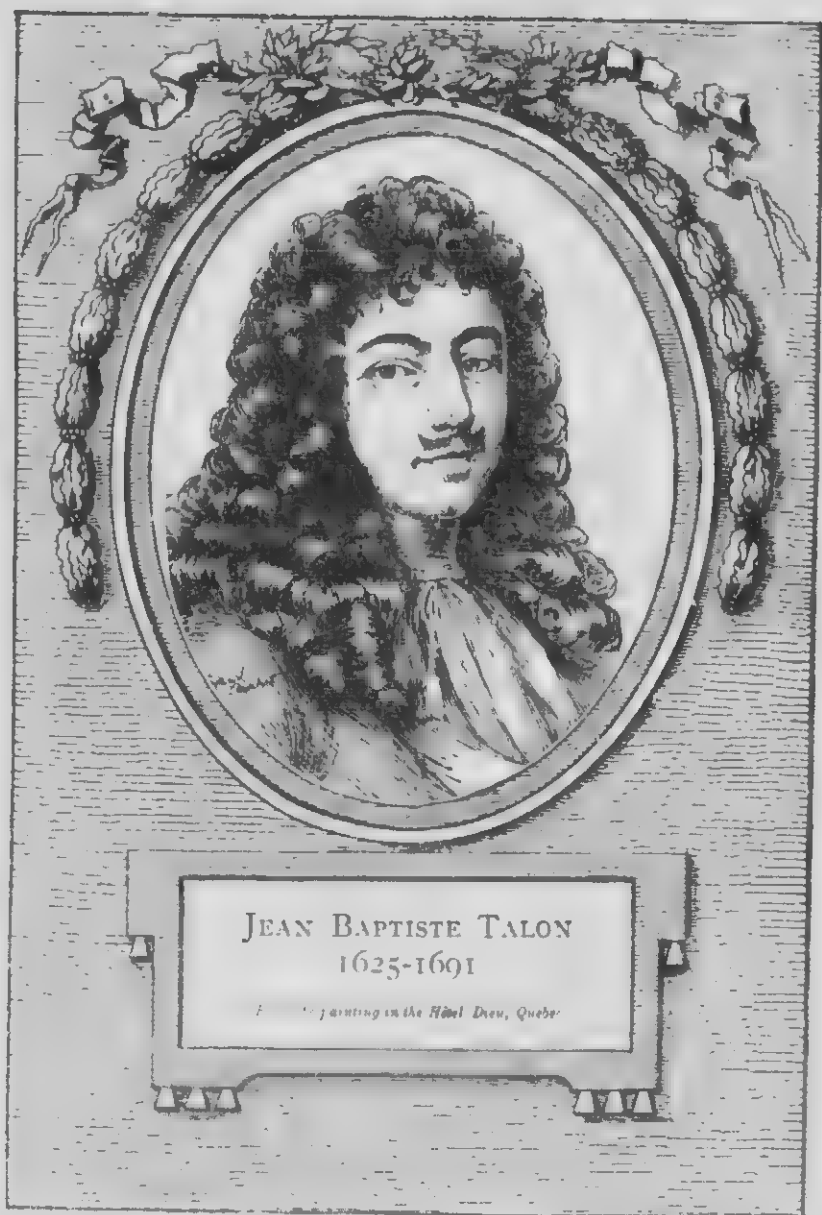
THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

new governor and intendant, and many settlers, live stock, and supplies. Tracy at once began a campaign against the Iroquois, establishing forts at Sorel, Chambly, and a third farther up called Ste. Thérèse. The governor, Courcelles, was even more anxious for war than was Tracy, and started out in midwinter against the Iroquois. Tracy was ill with a fever he had contracted in Mexico on his way to Canada. Otherwise he would have forbidden such an expedition or would have led it.

Courcelles's
expedition
a failure

In January, Courcelles, taking with him thirty Algonquin guides, set out for the Iroquois country by the old route that Jogues and Champlain had followed, the Richelieu River. He had about five hundred men, two hundred of whom were Indian fighters. Those who know the gigantic masses of snow and the intensity of cold in winter in that valley to-day can imagine the titanic task which lay before the French in this march into hostile country. Storm after storm fell upon them, and great suffering ensued. The guides lost their way, aided no doubt by the brandy they got at Ste. Thérèse, and instead of reaching Mohawk territory, they came to the Dutch village of Scherectadv or Corlaer. There they were told that the Mohawks and Senecas had gone away to make war upon the Eries, and so were not available for battle. Soon a despatch arrived from Albany to announce that New Amsterdam was now New York, and the English ruled that region. The English envoys were friendly enough, and invited Courcelles and his men to enter the village, but he declined. There was nothing to do but march back to Quebec since there was no foe to fight. The dreary retreat was harassed

The expedi-
tion returns
to Quebec



JEAN BAPTISTE TALON
1625-1691

Engraving in the Hôtel Dieu, Quebec

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

by vagrant bands of Iroquois, but cold was the greater source of misery, and sixty men died on the way home. The expedition was a miserable failure, and Courcelles did not help matters by blaming the Jesuits for detaining the guides.

Treachery
of the
Mohawks

Courcelles and the French generally were much discouraged over the results, but they had no reason to be. The savages were impressed greatly with the martial appearance and bravery of the French troops, and hastened to sue for peace. Tracy had learned to distrust such representations, and sent a Jesuit priest, Bechefer, to the Iroquois country to learn if their penitence was genuine. But about this time came the news that a party of French officers from the fort at Sorel, believing the Mohawks meant peace, went hunting nearby, and were killed or captured by the Mohawks. Tracy lost here a nephew and, in addition, a cousin was captured. An expedition set out at once, retook the captives, and brought to Quebec a chief who professed contrition and a wish to make any amends possible. Other Iroquois representatives came to Quebec, among them a Mohawk chief, Agriata. At the grand council this chief sat beside Tracy. The death of Chasy, Tracy's nephew, was mentioned, and Agriata, like Tannhauser, boasted of his wickedness, declaring that it was his hand that killed Chasy. "Enough," cried the stern viceroy; "that shall be your last murder." And from the feast the braggart was led forth and hanged in the presence of all the Iroquois deputies. That act showed that a strong hand was at the helm of New France. It struck terror throughout the whole Iroquois country, and that terror increased when Tracy

Tracy's
prompt

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

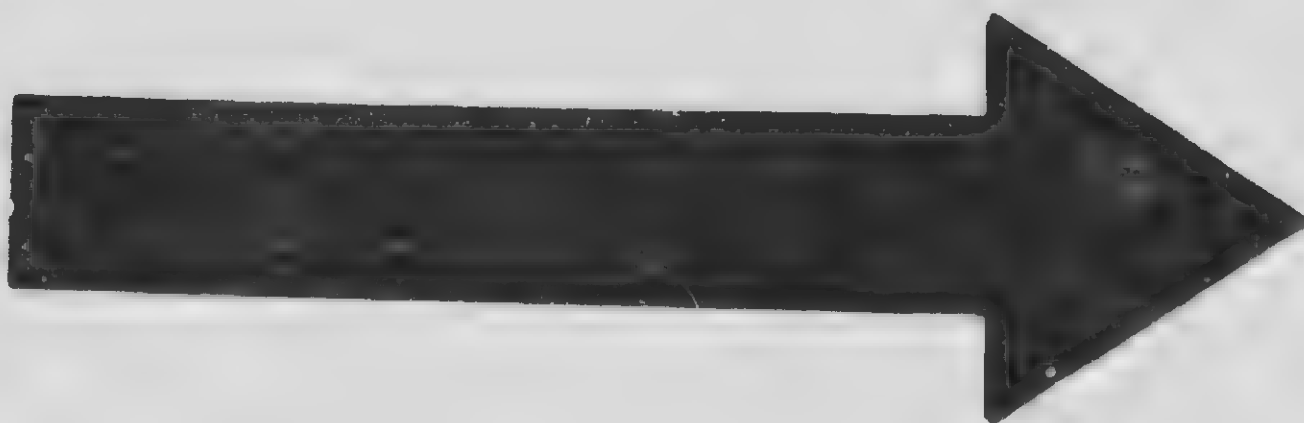
locked up the other envoys in prison, and told them he had done with peace negotiations and meant war.

At the head of thirteen hundred men Tracy set out in September, 1666, for the Mohawk country by the old Champlain route. The expedition proceeded by strict military rules, and, in spite of the trials of the march good time was made and discipline maintained. It was a brilliant scene as those six hundred French regulars, six hundred Canadians, and one hundred Hurons advanced over the lakes and through the forests. For the first time in all history men in martial array, finely uniformed and accompanied by bands of music, woke the echoes with bugle calls, and startled the animals of that forest through which in after years many other armed forces were to march.

When within sight of the Mohawk towns a storm came up, but the army rushed on without waiting for their cannon, and assaulted the first stronghold. The savages had prepared for the attack, but the impetuosity of the enemy and especially the rolling of the drums terrified them, and they abandoned their works and fled to the next town. On rushed the colors of France with the redoubtable though aged commander in the van. The second, third, fourth, and fifth towns fell in rapid succession, and by nightfall the whole Mohawk country was in ashes, and the warriors killed or in retreat. Few indeed had fallen, so precipitous had been their flight. Tracy did his work thoroughly. Not only were the towns burned, but the stores of corn, except what the victors needed, were destroyed. Tracy at once returned with his command to Quebec, where he was received with the honors due

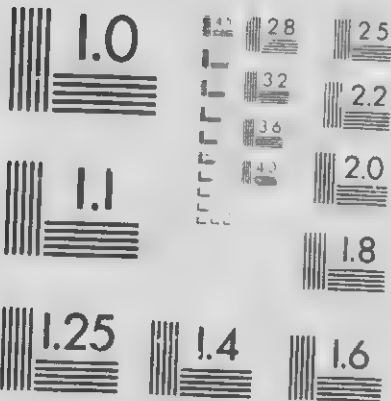
Tracy's
army of
1,300 men

A crushing
defeat
for the
Mohawks



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THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

such a notable exploit. Governor Nicholls of New York protested indeed against the expedition as an invasion of English territory, and as soon as it began he wrote the New England governors, urging them to join him in sending troops to destroy Tracy's army. But the New Englanders thought it best to mind their own business and refused.

The Iroquois brought to their knees

Early in the spring the good results of Tracy's campaign became manifest. Deputies even from the remote nations not attacked appeared at Quebec in March and from the Mohawks in April. It had been a terrible winter for this arrogant people, and their pride was humbled. Not pride but fear made them tardy in sending their envoys. Peace was readily secured, and it was a lasting peace, for it endured twenty years. Among the good fruits of the expedition was the welcoming of the Jesuits among the Iroquois. They went, backed by the only kind of argument that red or brown races can promptly understand, and their mission was a success—a meaning contrast to the foolish mission of Jogues, behind whom stood not muskets and balls, but a tenuous pact with no guaranty except the word of a lying people.

Tracy's name insufficiently honored

Tracy returned to France the next year, and was received with honors by the court. Considering the small amount of time he was in Canada, less than two years, he accomplished more for it than any other Frenchman had ever done before. Not only was the savage foe subdued, but there was peace within. Even Laval seems to have forgotten to fight. On the outer wall of the Parliament House at Quebec stands Tracy's name among the others who have been conspicuous in Canada's history.

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

In the old Church of St. Anne de Beaupré hangs a picture presented to it by Tracy in gratitude for his preservation from the sea during a storm while on his way to Quebec. It is an excellent picture, for almost alone among the paintings there it stands out fresh and clear, and not cracked and cheap. But, except in these two places, there is no reminder in Canada of the splendid and enduring work done by the great viceroy.

A NEW ERA UNDER TALON

AFTER Tracy's departure the colony devoted itself to the new task of government. Courcelles was governor, but he was overshadowed first by Tracy and then by Talon, the intendant. This new officer seems to have been devised as a sort of spy on the governor and the bishop. Officially, the intendant was the supreme court of the colony, but actually he was the personal representative of the king. He controlled the finances, the public works, and the courts. Colbert had especially enjoined upon the intendant that he must teach the clergy to keep their hands off civil power. Laval's triumphs, in the long run, cost him dear. Talon held this balance admirably. In fact his whole career was inspiring for New France. He put his shoulder to the wheel, and trade revived. He sent out expeditions to search for mines, to seek new passages to the West, and to open up trade with the West Indies. He built a ship, established a brewery, and encouraged agriculture. He kept memorializing the king and Colbert on the need of immigration, and he constantly urged the seizure of New York, in order that New France might have another outlet to the sea. Indeed, it would require

The intendant's position defined

Urges the seizure of New York

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

pages to tell the number of enterprises in which he was engaged for the upbuilding of New France. The Carignan Regiment was no longer needed against the savages, and he secured its disbandment, and some settled in Canada. To the soldiers large grants of land were made, and from this source some of the leading and most honored families of Canada sprang.

Bringing
over new
settlers

Total popu-
lation of
New
France

It must strike the most superficial observer that Canada with the epoch of Tracy and Talon entered upon a new era. Whoever it was that turned the vain and fickle but great king's fancy at that time toward Canada wrought for that struggling colony a great boon. Whenever Louis went into any enterprise he did it with his whole heart. When Laval assumed the spiritual oversight of New France its total European population was not more than two thousand five hundred, of which Quebec had eight hundred. When, ten years later, Tracy landed in Quebec it contained but seventy-seven houses. What Canada needed first in order to become worth considering was not more missionaries or, after Tracy's régime, more troops, but more actual inhabitants. That lack the king determined to supply. The impulse which sent with Tracy many settlers from France did not die out. Even before the time of Tracy and Talon the king had begun sending shiploads of immigrants. But when he saw how the colony was thriving after peace was secured with the Iroquois and a solid basis for government and society was made, he redoubled his efforts and opened his purse more widely. Most of the settlers came from Normandy, and in many cases they were given bonuses and land. While

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

the records are incomplete, it is evident that during the three years of greatest immigration activity the king sent out over one thousand settlers annually. At first these settlers were only men or men with families. Later shiploads of girls were sent over, and match-making was carried on in a systematic manner. The chroniclers describe with solemn details the scenes when the ship arrived at Quebec. The girls were taken into large halls, and visited there by the bachelors, who made their choice on the spot. Any girl could reject any offer, but usually all were paired off quickly, and in much the same manner as prevailed earlier in Jamestown. Few bad women were in the lot. With these abundant opportunities to embrace matrimony, celibacy was not only discouraged but was unpopular and penalized. Bachelors were not allowed to hunt, fish, or trade with the Indians. Bounties were offered for children, and larger ones for large families. With great satisfaction Talon informed the king one summer that most of the young women sent out in the preceding year were pregnant, and the next year that between six hundred and seven hundred children were born in the colony. Race suicide was not dreamt of in those halcyon days. It may be well to remember that at the same time child-bearing was encouraged at Plymouth and Boston, but by different methods. A Massachusetts widow was not only expected but almost ordered to marry again if she had a chance, the ministers and the ruling bodies laying on the injunction.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

THE SEIGNEURIAL TENURE

The seigneurial system

THE system of land-holding in New France was a survival of feudal days.¹ No one was really held to own the land except the king. He granted to certain of his favorites, chiefly noblemen, called "seigneurs," tracts of land as a reward for their services to him, and the only payment they made to the king was in military service when called upon. These holdings were divided by the "seigneur" into smaller tracts, whose occupants were called censitaires. Over these renters or censitaires the seigneur had much power, administering justice and fixing terms of work and pay for services of all sorts. Only when the crime was treason or murder did the general officers of the crown step in. In fact, the general character of the seigneurs of New France resembled in a startling manner the "trust magnates" and monopolists of the present day. A seigneur's censitaires were compelled to grind their grain at the seigneur's mill and pay him one-fourteenth of the grist. If one censitaire transferred his holding to another, the seigneur received one-twelfth of the amount paid. This system made of each seigneurie a sort of village, and as the St. Lawrence River was the only means of transportation, the result was that the censitaires lived on the river and as near each other and the seigneur as possible. This meant that the farms were very narrow, and we see these little ribbons of land extending along the St. Lawrence in Quebec Prov-

The farms on the St. Lawrence

¹ For a full and exhaustive treatment of this most intricate system, the best treatise is "The Seigniorial System of Canada," by Professor W. B. Munro.

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

ince to-day. There is a story about a farm so narrow that a tree on it shaded three farms! This system was productive of much gregariousness, but it did not tend to the stanch individualism of the Anglo-Saxon pioneers in their lonely homes in the woods or on the prairie. Yet it remained in effect in French Canada until 1854.

Throughout all this time we are struck with the sudden obscurity of Laval. Neither he nor the Church seem to play the conspicuous part they had enjoyed in civil affairs. This was exactly what Talon was ordered by Colbert to accomplish. At times Governor Courcelles would sputter out at some of the aggressions of the bishop or the Jesuits, but Talon was usually able to hold him in check and prevent explosions. Yet the king was liberal to generosity in maintaining the clergy. Out of the 36,360 francs which in one year he gave for the support of the colony, 28,000 francs were assigned to the church, chiefly for the support of the parish priests.

While these improvements and this growth were going on in that little stretch of water and land between Montreal and Tadoussac, it must not be supposed that the love for exploration and discovery which inflamed the blood of Cartier and Champlain was not in other Frenchmen of the latter part of the sixteenth century. True, by this time probably few men expected to find India by sailing west, but many yet hoped to find that great sea of which Indian tradition was full. We are thus introduced to a new line of pioneers in the names of Joliet, Marquette, and, greatest of all, La Salle.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

THE REVIVAL OF EXPLORATION

No immediate
successor to
Champlain

AFTER the death of Champlain no one stepped forward to take his place in exploration and discovery. Those who may have yearned to accomplish something were held back by fear of the bloodthirsty Iroquois and by the absorption of the colony in religious zeal. A complete paralysis came upon exploration through the murder of Brébeuf and his colleagues, and the annihilation of the Huron missions and people. For years New France, as we have seen, consisted of quaking, trembling traders and priests living in villages practically always surrounded by savage foes. The West, where the Huron missions had flourished, lay desolate and alone, save for occasional Iroquois excursions in search of game or of some poor remnant of the Hurons whom they might surprise and destroy. But gradually these expeditions ceased. Far north, about Lake Superior and in secluded places on Lakes Huron and Michigan, lived tribes of various nationalities. We have already traced the Hurons to Lake Superior; and near them dwelt Foxes, Illinois, Sioux, Pottawattamies, and many others. The intrepid Jesuits, traveling the Ottawa, found out these hiding places and established missions among them. The chief of these were Ste. Marie du Saut, at the outlet of Lake Superior, and St. Esprit, near the western extremity of the same lake, where the Hurons and other tribes lived. These tribes dwelt in fairly assured harmony until the Sioux broke the peace and drove out the Hurons and Ottawas so far that they ventured to return to the old Huron country, where, to their great surprise and thanksgiving,

Distant
missions
established

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

the Iroquois did not disturb them, being wasted by recent wars and having felt the iron hand of Tracy. It was among these that a Jesuit priest, Jacques, or James Marquette, was sent. We shall hear of him again.

Talon, the great intendant, had heard at Quebec of the work of the Jesuits in the Lake Superior and Huron regions, and eagerly sought from returned missionaries for some account of the character and value of the country. But they were so full of missionary zeal, and so few of them saw the economic or even physical side of the country that his inquiries were resultless. Then he determined himself to send an expedition to that country. In 1670 he despatched Daumont de Saint Lussion to search for copper, of which he had heard, and to take possession of the country in the name of Louis XIV. Talon searching for copper

Nicolas Perrot, as interpreter, and a few other men went along. Perrot had an acute case of *cacoethes scribendi*, and to it we are indebted for a fair account of this epoch-making journey. They proceeded to the Superior region, and by couriers and Perrot's enterprise they notified all the Indian tribes to meet the governor's envoy at Ste. Marie. Nicolas Perrot

The meeting took place on May 14, 1671, and was a solemn affair. Father Dablon and three other Jesuit priests were present. A large wooden cross was erected and blessed by Dablon. Then St. Lussion dramatically proclaimed the assumption of all this region by the king of France, and assured all the inhabitants of his protecting hand. Salutes were fired by the French, and the Indians yelled in response. Then Father Allouez addressed the redskins in one of the most flamboyant speeches ever Father Allouez

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recorded of the humble Jesuits. By boasting of the greatness of his king he meant, of course, so to impress the savages that they would always fear him and his subjects. He certainly drew the long bow; declared that Louis was the greatest king on earth; no other king dared wage war against him; he personally went into battle, and killed so many of his enemies that they could not be counted; his house was a mile and a half long and his army contained a million men—and more of the same stuff. Nothing further came of the expedition. No copper was found, and St. Lussou and Perrot soon returned to Quebec.

So far so good, said Talon, but we must find the Great River, of which even Cartier had heard and descriptions of which Indian chiefs had given to Talon in Quebec. So he commissioned Louis Joliet to go forth and find it. Meanwhile another expedition had already started in that direction. Let us retrace our steps and get its story and the story of its leader, La Salle.

LA SALLE

His early
history

His full name was René-Robert Cavelier, the Sieur de la Salle. He was born at Rouen in 1643, the son of a prosperous merchant. Like many of the men connected with the early history of Canada, he had been trained by Jesuits. Indeed he is said to have been a novice in the society. There is a story that he came to distrust and hate the order, and while in the seminary escaped and sailed for America. Probably it is untrue, although there are abundant evidences that throughout his life in America he disliked and distrusted the Jesuits. At any rate, in

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWI.

1666, at the age of twenty-three, he came to Canada, where lived an elder brother, Abbé Jean Cavelier, a Sulpitian priest. La Salle had only a small income, his connection with the Jesuits by law disinheriting him. The abbé lived with the other Sulpitians at Montreal, and there La Salle found a hearty welcome at the hands of Laval's ancient enemy, Queylus, now superior of the seminary. La Salle was the type of man they wanted to see established among them, and they made a grant of a tract of land to him at Lachine. He thus seemed destined to become merely a feudal lord of New France, beginning to cultivate the soil and arranging for fur trade with the Indians. But one winter a party of Senecas visited him and told him of a river called the Ohio because of its great charm, which was very long and flowed into the sea. Hears of the Ohio

From that moment farming and fur-trading seemed the veriest drudgery to La Salle. The passion for pioneering and discovery had got into his blood, and as soon as the winter was gone he descended the river to Quebec to seek aid and authorization from the colony's head for an expedition to find and descend the Ohio to its mouth. Talon and Courcelles were more than glad to give the latter, but they could not afford the former. Returning to Montreal, he proposed the rather audacious arrangement with the Sulpitians that they buy back the land they had donated to him. Otherwise his expedition was impossible. Without much hesitation Queylus consented. He then told La Salle that he had been preparing for an expedition into the Nipissing country, where they had heard of heathen savages. But when the priests went to Quebec to secure their His first expedition

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

outfit, Courcelles urged that they change their plans and join La Salle. The idea did not appeal to La Salle, but because of its obvious financial advantages he consented, and on July 6 they set out from La Chine. In the party were twenty-four men with seven canoes, besides the Senecas, who acted as guides. By the 1st of August they had reached Lake Ontario, and a few days later they were welcomed at Irondequoit Bay, on the south side of the lake, by some Senecas, who invited them to their town, a few miles away.

Senecas
object to
furnishing
a guide

The invitation was accepted, and the reception the French received could not be criticized on the score of cordiality, although the general conditions of filth and the dog meat the savages with great pride set before them did not tickle the palates of the epicures. It was only when the French spoke of going farther that this cordiality grew less pronounced—an Indian trait which we have seen exhibited in Cartier's day and many times since. The Senecas soon furnished them the entertainment of the torture of a prisoner, which greatly distressed the whites, but which they were powerless to prevent. The Senecas either would not or could not give them a guide. A month passed in this way, until at length an Indian from another Iroquois colony at the head of Lake Ontario offered to take them to his town, where they could be shown another route to the Ohio. They were glad to accept, and going along the south shore of the lake they soon reached the Indian village, hearing for the first time the roar of Niagara. Here they were warmly welcomed, and a guide was promised to take them to the Ohio within six weeks. All re-

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

joined, and the expedition had started when they heard that two Frenchmen had just arrived at a neighboring village. At once they hurried to see them, and there for the first time two men met whose names are yoked together in exploration annals. They were Joliet and La Salle. Joliet had been sent by Talon on another expedition, to search for a copper mine in the Lake Superior region, and was on his way home from an unsuccessful venture. He told all the La Salle party of his wanderings and of the general condition of the Indians in that neighborhood. He dwelt especially on the impious and heathenish state in which the Pottawattamies lived. The Sulpitians had burned with envy at the prodigious results of the Jesuits' labors, and they at once decided to abandon the simple exploration journey to the Ohio, and to seek and save the lost Pottawattamies. La Salle protested. The whole Superior region, he pointed out, was under the jurisdiction of the Jesuits, who would brook no competition. But they would not be persuaded against their thirst for glory, and pushed on. La Salle pleaded illness and remained behind.

We shall not follow these priests in detail, and we can not follow La Salle at all. La Salle's warning to the priests was prophetic. After many adventures and making the first recorded passage of the Strait of Detroit by white men, they reached Sault Ste. Marie. Two Jesuit priests, Dablon and Marquette, were there, and, while they were cordial, it was plain to be seen that as missionaries in that region the Sulpitians were not wanted. So, with a guide furnished by the Jesuits, they followed the old trail home to Montreal. I have said we can

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not follow La Salle. That is one of the numerous puzzles in history.

La Salle's
two years'
disappear-
ance

Not the
discoverer
of the
Mississippi

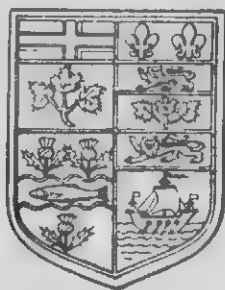
But it is of no consequence to us what occurred to La Salle during the two years of which all records are lost or are so confused as to defy intelligent identification. It is of no account, because nothing that he did then influenced him, so far as we can see, or influenced others of his time. If, as some chronicles allege and a recent romance of La Salle's life puts it, he actually made his way to the Mississippi during those years, he can yet in no proper sense be called the discoverer of the Mississippi. He may have seen it, but he did not uncover or dis-cover it to any one. We are pretty sure that over a century before him De Soto saw and his corpse was buried in the Mississippi, but because he left no definite facts about the river and his successors did not follow and improve upon his findings, we can not call De Soto that river's discoverer. In the same way we are right in declaring that Columbus did discover America, for although Ericson and a thousand other white men may have been in America before Columbus, nothing came of their work, while his proved the real un-covery of America.

We are pretty certain, on the whole, that La Salle after leaving the Sulpitians pursued his way to the Ohio, probably by means of the guides offered his party before Joliet was encountered, and that he descended to the rapids where Louisville now stands. That he went any farther is improbable, for if La Salle had discovered the Great River he was not so modest a man as to keep it to himself, especially since in a short time he was to hear the names of

TRACY'S VICTORY OVER THE MOHAWKS

the others, Marquette and Joliet, bruited about the world as the discoverers of that great river. Probably he returned to Montreal and prepared for his second journey, which we know he took in the following year, 1671. In that journey he visited Detroit, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan, and probably the Illinois. We are, therefore, fairly sure that La Salle discovered the Ohio and probably the Illinois, but we are not at all convinced that in those two years he ever saw the Mississippi. Certainly he did not discover it.

La Salle's
second
journey,
1671



CHAPTER X

MARQUETTE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Reason
why Jo-
liet was
selected

MEANWHILE the expedition which did discover the Mississippi to the world was under way. On Joliet's return to Quebec he was not reprimanded by Talon, but was told to prepare at once for a greater mission. Just why Talon selected Joliet it is difficult to see. Probably it was because of his vigorous physique, youth, and courage. Otherwise he had no especial fitness. In only one other way is his choice noteworthy; he was a native of Canada. Thus New France had gone along so far in her history as to be able to furnish a son to do something worth while—the first son who we know did achieve any big thing. Indeed so old was New France that its father, Champlain, had been dead ten years before Joliet first saw the light, for he was born in Quebec in 1645, and was thus only twenty-eight years of age when he started on this memorable journey. It was thought advisable to have a companion and a priest with him, and he accordingly selected Marquette, whom we have seen in his company at least once before. He found Marquette at the Point St. Ignace mission-house.

Joliet
born in
Quebec,
1645

MARQUETTE AND THE MISSISSIPPI

We have few facts concerning the early life of this priest, for whom immortality was dawning. There was nothing remarkable about his previous history in any way. He was born in France in 1638, and became a Jesuit at the age of seventeen. After eleven years' study he came to Canada, and in 1668 entered the field in which Joliet found him. At first he was in charge of the mission of St. Esprit, near the extreme western point of Lake Superior. There he heard of the Great River, as the Indians called it and as it is called in its original Indian form to-day. He longed to visit it, but he presumed it would be a journey of great length and terrible hardships. Yet by going less than twenty-five miles through the woods he could have reached the river St. Croix, and in one day could have floated down to the Mississippi, just below the Falls of St. Anthony. It is almost impossible to understand why Marquette did not know this, or, if knowing it, why he did not try to make the journey. Possibly the sudden and fierce attack upon the Hurons by the Sioux, the Iroquois of the West, explains his failure. It was the remnant of this band of Hurons that he had gathered at St. Ignace and over whom he was exercising spiritual oversight when Joliet arrived and proposed the new expedition.

Marquette was overjoyed at the prospect, for it gave him the opportunity he had long prayed for, to see the Great River and to bring the Word of God to the Illinois, who, when he was at St. Esprit, had begged that he come and preach to them. On May 17, 1673, they started in two birch canoes with only five other men, taking the southwestward route.

Marquette
born in
France,
1638

The start,
May 17,
1673

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The route
to the Wis-
consin

passing the Strait of Michilimackinac and coasting along the northwestern shores of Lake Michigan. At length they entered Green Bay on their way to the Jesuit mission at its head. Before proceeding farther they made a little trip to visit the Menominees at the north. These Indians received them cordially, but, on learning of their purpose, warned them, as usual, of the horrors and pitfalls beyond. Nothing daunted, the travelers continued on their way. Leaving Green Bay, they went up Fox River and around the rapids of that little but treacherous stream. Presently they came to a town of Miamis, Mascoutins, and Kickapoos. They were cordially greeted, because Fathers Dablon and Allouez had visited these tribes five years before and erected there a large wooden cross. This point was then the "Farthest West" station of France and Christianity. The Frenchmen asked for guides to reach the Mississippi. These were gladly furnished, and the party was given a hearty Godspeed in approved Indian fashion. It was not long before they came to the portage, and after going only a mile and a half through the woods and marsh they reached the Wisconsin, and all their preliminary journeys were at an end.

The
Mississippi
discovered

It was on the 17th of June, 1673, that Joliet and Marquette saw rolling swiftly southward at right angles with the Wisconsin a stream whose identity could not be mistaken. The little city of Prairie du Chien marks the place where the Mississippi was really discovered. It is a majestic river, the main artery of the largest and widest-reaching river system of the world, and those to-day who know the joy of passage on it by steamer or canoe or sail-

MARQUETTE AND THE MISSISSIPPI

boat can easily understand the thrill of delight which Marquette felt in gliding on its bosom. But none to-day can appreciate the impression of novelty and freshness which the view from those canoes afforded the travelers. In place of the tilled farms and hustling cities of to-day, they saw rich verdant fields and great forests. Most picturesque of all to them seemed the immense herds of buffalo that stared stupidly in utter amazement at the strange sight.

By day they floated or paddled down the stream, and by night, after supper on land, they anchored out in the stream until morning. This routine was followed for eight days without finding a trace of humankind. Then they found what Crusoe found—footprints in the mud. Following these cautiously, they came to a well-trodden path. Joliet and Marquette left their men and took up the trail. It led after a few miles to an Indian village. Were the reds friends or foes? The shouts of the whites produced a great sensation in the village, all the Indians pouring out to see the strange men. Then four chiefs came toward them, holding toward the sun two pipes of peace adorned with feathers. Their dignified, deliberate procession, themselves not uttering a word, followed by the whole village, wondering and silent, would have struck the two travelers as an extraordinary picture, even were they used to savage scenes; but they were very anxious as to the intentions of the savages, and the sight of the calumet (peace-pipe) did not wholly dissipate this anxiety, for it might be only a ruse. When the chiefs came nearer, however, it was plain that they wore cloth which must have been got from the French, and Marquette felt that he was among

A strange
Indian
tribe, the
Illinois

Their meet-
ing with
Marquette

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The pipe
of peace

Beautiful
imagery
of the
American
aborigines

friends. Knowing six Indian languages or dialects, he broke the silence to ask who they were. Great was his delight to hear that they were Illinois, the very tribe he wished to meet. They offered the pipe, and after it was smoked they all went to the village. There they were received and welcomed by the chief, standing stark naked, an especial act of honor. More smoking followed, and then they were bidden to a neighboring village to see the great chief of all the Illinois. Warriors, squaws, and children followed them as in the wake of a circus in modern times. The great chief, standing between two aged men, all three naked, welcomed them with dignity but cordiality. Marquette replied, announcing his divine authority and the power of France in the New and the Old World, and asked for information regarding the Mississippi and its peoples. The chief replied in a speech full of that beautiful imagery known best to the American aborigines. Because of their visit: "Never has the earth been so beautiful or the sun so bright as to-day. Never has our river been so calm. Never has our tobacco tasted so good or our corn seemed so fine." He proffered them a young slave and a calumet, invited them to a feast, and, of course, urged them not to go farther down the Mississippi. Then came more smoking. What would have happened to a Frenchman who couldn't smoke one can not imagine. The feast was to Indian taste a rich one. The *pièce de résistance* was, as with other tribes, boiled dog, and the Frenchmen were compelled to run the risk of offending their hosts by declining it. The feast ended, they spent the night in the town, and the next morning the

MARQUETTE AND THE MISSISSIPPI

chiefs and six hundred Illinois accompanied them to their canoes and bade them good by. This event took place in what is now the State of Iowa, not far from Burlington.

On they paddled, and as they passed the mouth of the Illinois they marked the peculiar rock formations afterward known as "The Ruined Castles." On one of the rocks was painted a horrible and lurid manitou in fantastic colors, which frightened them.¹ Soon afterward they suddenly came upon the mouth of the Missouri, which Marquette called the Pekitanou. From it poured, as to day, in an angry flood turbulent, roaring water, yellow with mud and bearing logs and trees in its mad rush from the mountains and clay banks of the northwest. The roaring current almost upset the canoes. Beyond the mouth of the Ohio, which they soon passed, they met another band of Indians on the east shore. They, too, were friendly, showing by their clothing and weapons that they knew the ways of white men. After giving the Frenchmen a delectable repast of bear's oil and buffalo meat, they sent them away with the comforting but unreliable assurance that the mouth of the Mississippi was but ten days distant.

The voyagers encountered no more human faces until they reached the Arkansas. There the Indians were at first hostile and rushed at them from the banks, throwing clubs and paying no attention to the calumet held aloft by Marquette. The elders,

¹ Parkman observes that when he visited the place in 1867 part of the rock had been quarried away and a huge advertisement of "Plantation Bitters" covered the spot of the demon. It is not now there.

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They
search the
Arkansas

however, came up and drove the headstrong youngsters back and welcomed the French kindly. At the second Arkansas village they were given an elaborate feast and filled almost to bursting. These savages, they found, had many of the customs of the northern Indians, but were not so keen or energetic. Like the other tribes, they pictured the lower Mississippi as infested with wild and murderous people and urged their guests not to advance farther. This time the advice was followed. The Frenchmen had gone far enough to know that the Mississippi flowed into the Mexican gulf, and this was the chief object of the expedition. Mishaps might occur to them if they invaded any farther the country of Spain. So on July 17, just one month after they found the river, they began their return.

They start
back,
July 17

THE RETURN

Ascend the
Illinois
to Lake
Michigan

THIS was naturally not so easy or rapid, and the time of year, the "dog days," was most unhealthful. Marquette contracted dysentery and was fatigued by the journey. By this time he had a sufficiently clear idea of the geography of the country to enable him to dare returning by another route. When they reached the mouth of the Illinois they boldly started to ascend it. A chief kindly offered them guidance to the Lake of the Illinois, now Lake Michigan, and they quickly reached it, then by following its western shore they came at last to Green Bay. It was now the last of September; they had been absent four months and had traveled over 2,500 miles in their birch canoes. It was an amazingly quiet and safe experience. It would be difficult for a party similarly equipped to-day to make the journey with-

MARQUETTE AND THE MISSISSIPPI

out mishaps, although now the perils are infinitesimal in comparison.

Leaving Marquette behind to recruit his strength, Joliet pressed on to report to the governor at Quebec. He had almost reached Montreal without mishap when his canoe capsized; two men were drowned and all his papers were lost. The irony of the situation was only too apparent to Joliet, and in his letter to the governor he speaks of the catastrophe in that vein. It was as if a man had gone through the plague to die with colic or had survived wars without a scratch and then broken his leg on his own doorstep. It was the loss of those papers which was Joliet's greatest misfortune, although he did not then realize it. The scribbler occasionally gets not only his due but vastly more. It was after the man who first wrote of the New World that it was named and not after the man who discovered it. And so it came to pass that it was not to Joliet, who was the nominal and official head of the expedition, that the chief credit for the discovery of the Mississippi is given, but to Marquette, who wrote of it, and whose writings were published. Joliet's canoe was overturned and fame for him sank with its contents.

Subsequent biographical data about him are very scant. We find him in 1675 married to the daughter of a wealthy Canadian merchant, and four years later he made a trip to Hudson Bay by way of the Saguenay. He returned to report three English forts there, and urged that France assert her rights and drive the English away. About the same time he received as a gift from the king the islands of Mignan, and later the great island of Anticosti fell

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to him. He lived there in affluence until 1690, when Sir William Phips, on his way from Boston to capture Quebec, burned Joliet's buildings and took prisoner his wife and her mother. This calamity swept away his fortune. A few years later he tried to reestablish himself in the whaling and fishing industries of Labrador, and later he held minor appointments from the governor of New France. But he died, in 1700, a poor man, and was buried on one of his islands of Mignan.

Dies in
1700

THE PASSING OF MARQUETTI

LET us now follow the fortunes of Father Marquette. It is not a long journey, and when we have taken it in its quiet way through the woods of the Mississippi Valley, we shall return to the world again—the world of conflict and passion and jealousy and strife as it was centred in the capital of New France. But for a little while we shall know nothing of these things: we shall dwell on the simple story of a simple priest of God, whose only ambition was to work and die for his Master. We left Marquette at the Green Bay mission recuperating after his Mississippi voyage. He had contracted dysentery and he was never again wholly free from it. When autumn came he gained strength and asked to continue his labors. One thing rested heavy on his soul. He had promised the Illinois when he and Joliet left them that he would return and again preach the word of God to them. The change in the route prevented the prompt redemption of that pledge and his illness still further postponed it. Now he pleaded to be allowed to go to them and his Superior consented.

Marquette's
promise
to the
Illinois



LOUIS DE BUADÉ, COMTE DE FRONTENAC
1663-1703

MARQUETTE AND THE MISSISSIPPI

He wished to found a mission among them to be called the "Immaculate Conception," a name he had already given to the Mississippi River, but which never obtained general acceptance. The dogma of the "Immaculate Conception" was very dear to him, although his Church was not formally to declare it for almost two centuries. His associates speak of his fondness for this dogma, how often in conversation and addresses he dwelt upon it. He now felt that probably he could not live many years, and that if he could establish this mission he would die in peace.

So in October, 1674, with two men, Pierre and Jacques, Marquette set out on his journey to the Illinois. Accompanying him from Green Bay were ten canoes of Pottawattamies and Illinois; it was fated that not many months later the same sort of escort was to attend his return to Green Bay. Marquette's journal tells the story of this winter in great detail. The party followed along the lake, going on shore often to seek relief from the storms and to rest. The lake was often very rough and boisterous, as indeed it is to-day (often giving a globe-trotter his worst case of "sea-sickness"). These hardships wore heavily upon Marquette, his disease returned, and travel became very difficult. At length the party reached what was probably the mouth of the Chicago River and started to ascend it. But Marquette's illness increased, and although he knew that the Illinois villages were only a short distance away, he could go no farther, and there they spent the winter. The escorting Indians returned to their homes, but Jacques and Pierre remained, building a rude hut and waiting upon him in every possible

Marquette's journal

They spend the winter near Chicago

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

way. The neighboring Indians came constantly from their camps and brought provisions, and Pierre Moreau, a famous *coureur de bois*, whom Marquette calls by his nickname, "La Taupine," called upon him, bringing his surgeon to prescribe for the priest. During the whole winter Marquette continued his holy offices with utmost fidelity. In the spring his health surprisingly improved and he urged his men to resume the journey. This they did on March 30. Here Marquette's journal abruptly ceases, and we must follow the story by means of the Jesuit "Relation" of Father Dablon, Superior of the mission. The men proceeded by portage to the Des Plaines River. After floating down that stream, they reached the Illinois River, and at last arrived at the Illinois village which he had so longed to see. Eleven days had been spent on this journey and Marquette was almost exhausted. But the reception he received compensated him by its warmth and depth for all his sufferings. He realized that his time was short, and he began at once his labors. After holding several conferences with the various chiefs, he called for a great council or meeting of all the people of the village.

Journey
resumed,
March 30

Marquette
preaching
to 5,000
savages

What a scene it was! Picture a broad meadow near the village covered with mats and skins. In the centre stands Marquette, pointing to four great pictures of the Virgin visible to every one. Sitting in a circle around him are all the chiefs, to the number of 500. Standing in another circle are the young men, 1,500 strong, and all the women and children, perhaps 3,000 more. Here he stands preaching of the passion and death of the Lord (for it was the eve of Good Friday) to 5,000 red

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men on the banks of the Illinois near the present village of Utica, Ill., 2,000 miles from the capital of New France, 5,000 miles from his home by the Rhone.²

After his discourse, in which he explained as well as he could the principles of his faith, he said mass. On Easter Sunday, three days later, he again said mass, and by these two masses he instituted the mission and gave it the name he so much loved, the "Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin." The mission of the "Immaculate Conception"

Now Marquette was ready to chant his *Nunc Dimittis*. The sands of his life were running out fast. He could tarry no longer. On Easter Monday he said good-by to his friends, and promising that he would return or some one of his society would be sent to continue the mission, he set out. So overjoyed were the Illinois to see and hear him that they furnished him a grand escort for, we are told, the extraordinary distance of one hundred miles, giving him by word and act every token of their love.

He proceeded as rapidly as his waning strength would permit to the shores of Lake Michigan. On this he and his two men embarked for Green Bay. It was an unknown journey by this route and very trying to him. All this time he was making preparation for the end, often repeating the blessed assurances of the Bible and reading from his holy books as long as his eyesight allowed. He gave

² The critical reader by consulting his map will observe that this village or city of the Illinois was about 100 miles north-east of the Illinois camps or villages in Iowa, which Marquette visited with Joliet. It is probable that the Illinois when he saw them in Iowa were engaged in a great hunting expedition.

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Gave in-
structions
for his own
funeral

minute instructions as to his burial and the service on that occasion. On a Thursday he told them that he would die on the morrow. This was a source of joy to him, for Friday was the day on which the Saviour died.

Father
Dablon's
account of
Mar-
quette's
death

This is the account of his death as given by Father Dablon in the Jesuit "Relations":³

"His dear companions having afterwar · rejoined him, all disconsolate, he comforted them, and inspired them with the confidence that God would take care of them after his death in these new and unknown countries. He gave them the last instructions, thanked them for all the charities which they had exercised in his behalf during the whole journey, and entreated pardon for the trouble that he had given them. He charged them to ask pardon for him also from all our fathers and brethren who live in the country of the Outaouacs [Ottawas]. Then he undertook to prepare them for the sacrament of penance, which he administered to them for the last time. He gave them also a paper on which he had written all his faults since his own last confession, that they might place it in the hands of the father superior, that the latter might be enabled to pray to God for him in a more special manner. Finally he promised not to forget them in paradise. And as he was very considerate, knowing that they were much fatigued with the hardships of the preceding days, he bade them go and take a little repose. He assured them that his hour was not yet so very near, and that he would awaken them when the time should come—as, in fact, two

In
Extremis

³ Republished by courtesy of Dr R G Thwaites and the Burrows Bros. Co

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or three hours afterward he did summon them, being ready to enter into the agony.

"They drew near to him, and he embraced them once again, while they burst into tears at his feet. Then he asked for holy water and his reliquary; and having himself removed his crucifix, which he carried always suspended round his neck, he placed it in the hands of one of his companions, begging him to hold it before his eyes. Then, feeling that he had but a short time to live, he made a last effort, clasped his hands, and, with a steady and fond look upon his crucifix, he uttered aloud his profession of faith, and gave thanks to the divine majesty for the great favor which he had accorded him of dying in the society, of dying in it as a missionary of Jesus Christ; and, above all, of dying in it, as he had always prayed, in a wretched cabin in the midst of the forests and bereft of all human succor.

"After that he was silent, communing within himself with God. Nevertheless, he let escape from time to time these words: 'Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus;' or these, 'Mater Dei, memento mei'—which were the last words that he uttered before entering his agony, which was, however, very mild and peaceful.

"He had prayed his companions to put him in mind when they should see him about to expire, to repeat frequently the name of Jesus and Mary if he could not himself do so. They did as they were bidden; and when they believed him to be near his end, one of them called aloud: 'Jesus, Mary!' The dying man repeated the words distinctly several times; and as if, at these sacred names, something presented itself to him, he suddenly raised his

His last
words

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eyes above his crucifix, holding them riveted on that object, which he appeared to regard with pleasure. And so, with a countenance beaming and all aglow, he expired without any struggle, and so gently that it might have been regarded as a pleasant sleep.

"His two poor companions, shedding many tears over him, composed his body in the manner which he had prescribed to them. Then they carried him devoutly to burial, ringing the while the little bell as he had bidden them; and planted a large cross near to his grave, as a sign to passers-by."

Thus died Father James Marquette on the shores of Lake Michigan in what is now the State of Michigan. We can not but rejoice at the holiness and utter humility and devotion of this priest. Truly he belonged among the saints of earth. How sweet and trustworthy he appeared to all who met him! He must have been one of those very rare and choice characters who disarm rancor and draw all men toward them. Wherever he went he was greeted with affection, which grew with the acquaintance. While there is in man's superficial aspect that which attracts or repels, there must have been something deeper in Marquette which brought his associates in the Society of Jesus, the peasants who lived with him, the French soldiers, and the rude savages, to feel the utmost confidence in him, joy at his coming, and happiness in his presence.

His character

His many
memorials

It is plain that he was the real leader of the expedition, and he deservedly shares with Joliet the honor of the discovery. To-day his name is found over the entire Northwest, and especially in Wisconsin and Michigan. Little could this lowly and

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pious priest have dreamed that his name should be attached to a city in the iron or copper regions, to a diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to a great office building in the city of Chicago, in which beautiful tablets tell the story of his voyages, discovery, and death. Least of all could he conceive that in Statuary Hall in Washington a great State should place his statue as one of the two men in all its history whom it regarded as most worthy of honor. It would have puzzled him greatly to learn that opposition to this recognition was based on the fact that he was a Roman Catholic. No one to-day pretends that Marquette was a great man. Compared with La Salle, Talon, Frontenac, and others of his time, he was insignificant. But the world at times likes to turn from the blare of the trumpet and the roar of the gun. In such times it is apt to give its laurels to a good man. And James Marquette was, in the highest and noblest sense of the phrase, a good man.

So loved in life it was certain that he would not be forgotten in death. It was impossible for Marquette's companions either to bear his body to the mission or afterward to return to the place and bring back the bones. That honor was reserved to savages. A band of Kiskakons (Ottawas), who had been under Marquette's teaching at St. Esprit, heard of his death, and the next spring, returning from their winter's hunting, they went to the spot of the burial. They found the grave, opened it, and easily identified the body. According to their custom, they dissected the body, cleaning the bones and drying them in the sun, and laid them in a box of birch bark.

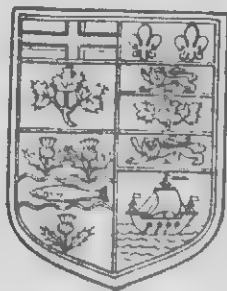
His bones
preserved
by the
Indians

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A pageant
funeral

Then began the funeral procession, than which none was ever more stately. Nearly thirty canoes, Dablon's "Relation" tells us, formed in a strictly kept line, and proceeded up the lake toward Michilimackinac and the mission of St. Ignace. A procession of Indians in canoes had started with him on this journey: a similar procession brought him back. Even the bloodthirsty Iroquois, humbled by the good man's life, asked to join in this procession. On their drawing near the little settlement at Michilimackinac the father superior came out of the mission and asked the usual questions to make sure of the body's identity. Then the priests intoned the *De Profundis* while the thirty canoes of Indians in the water and the people on the shores joined in the triumphant Amen. The remains were then brought into the church, and after the usual ceremonies on June 9, 1677, they were lowered into a small vault under the church. The spot was marked and became a sanctuary, where the savages came to worship and pray. The mission-house was burned a few years later, but in 1877 human bones were found on the supposed site of the house. Probably they were Marquette's.

Even the
Iroquois
join



CHAPTER XI

FRONTENAC

IT was a quiet, simple life which we have been following for a long time. Now, with a sigh, we must return to the world with all its intrigues and miserable scandals, promising the reader that, after a period as brief as possible in that heated atmosphere, we will again plunge into the woods. When we began to follow La Salle au 'arquette, Courcelles was governor and Talon was intendant of New France. When we return both are gone. Indeed Courcelles had resigned before Joliet started out on his Mississippi discovery, and it was the new governor, Count Frontenac, who, at Talon's request, had signed his commission. Courcelles had tired of his comparative obscurity, being placed in the background at first by Tracy in military affairs and later in the civil rule by Talon, and he resigned. Talon waited until he had met the new governor, and wisely decided that two such masterful figures could not rule New France in harmony. So he too resigned, and Duchesnau was sent in his stead.

The new governor, Louis de Buade, Count Frontenac, was a man of great renown in France, and is decidedly the most noted of all the governors of New France. He came of an ancient noble family of Basque ancestry, and he early took to the

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His career
in war

profession of arms. He served in various campaigns before he was twenty, attaining at the remarkably youthful age of twenty-six the rank of *maréchal de camp*, equivalent to brigadier-general in a modern army. Soon afterward he married the daughter of *Sieur de Neuville*, a young girl aged sixteen. The marriage was unfortunate, and after the birth of a son they lived apart. He spent a good many years in court life from this time onward. In 1669 Frontenac was chosen to lead a French and Venetian army in defending Candia against the attacks of the Turks. He acquitted himself with distinction, although Candia fell. Three years later, 1672, he was appointed governor of New France. Financially he was at that time ruined, and undoubtedly he left France in order that he might recoup his fortunes. But he was fully alive to the responsibilities of his office, and he exulted in this command. Like many thousands since, the site of Quebec excited his enthusiasm. He wrote home: "I never saw anything more superb than the position of this town. It could not be better situated as the future capital of a great empire."

Appointed
governor,
1672

Enthusias-
tic over
Quebec

MASTER FROM THE BEGINNING

Deter-
mined to
inspire
respect

The first step taken by Frontenac was to summon the council and require its members to take the oath of allegiance. Then he bade all the people of Quebec do the same. Next he determined to make a trip through the upper settlements in force sufficient to inspire the Indians with respect. He had no royal authority and no funds for such an expedition, but this did not deter such a masterful man. He called upon the inhabitants to furnish him with

FRONTENAC

canoes and a sufficient amount of armed men. He also bade the ex-army officers who had become farmers to join the expedition. It was a bold step, and there was much grumbling at the various settlements, but the order was in the end obeyed. It was a large party which set out from Quebec on June 3, 1673. When Frontenac arrived at Montreal it became known that he was preparing to meet the Iroquois. He chose La Salle as the messenger to make known his desire to the savages and to arrange for the meeting. He had met La Salle some months previous and had become impressed with one of the latter's pet schemes, the building of a fort on Lake Ontario. This idea really had its inception with Courcelles, and was designed to intercept the fur trade which the Dutch and English were carrying on with the Indians north of the St. Lawrence in the old Huron country, and to divert it to French control. Frontenac undoubtedly saw a chance to fill his empty purse by getting hold of this trade. At any rate he determined at all hazards to erect the fort, and the large force which he took with him was designed to accomplish that result, as well as make a demonstration of strength for the benefit of the Iroquois. The latter were directed to join Frontenac at the mouth of the river Cataraqui, where Kingston now stands. Thither Frontenac took his way after a ten days' stay at Montreal. It was a hazardous journey through the rapids of the St. Lawrence, but the expedition finally arrived safely at the rendezvous and found the Iroquois already there. These were times of peace, and their presence was easily secured. Frontenac had arranged his company in military formation,

The
Iroquois
impressed

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painted his canoes in garish colors, and used all the ornament and gold lace he could find for his men. Himself an impressive figure, his party's appearance as they approached struck the Iroquois almost dumb with admiration.

He wins
the Iro-
quois

A council was opened at once, and, in his address, Frontenac called the Iroquois "children," as a sign of his paternal authority. He threatened them on the one hand and cajoled them on the other, and between petting and scolding he became their master. Beginning with Montmagny, they had called all the governors of Canada "Onontio." Here was Onontio after their own heart. While the councils were being held, the engineers were drawing plans for the fort, and the work of construction began at once. He did not tell them that this was to be a fort, but he called it a storehouse, where they could buy goods and come into closer relations with the French. He completely won them over, and they were even induced to send some of their children, both boys and girls, to Quebec to be educated. A grand council closed the meetings, and, laden with presents and loudly praising his name, the Iroquois returned to their cantons, while the governor, seeing that the fort was well under way and provisioned, returned to Quebec in triumph about the middle of August, 1673.

Returns to
Quebec,
August,
1673

CHAPTER XII

LA SALLE'S FIRST GREAT EXPEDITION

FROM this time La Salle was the firm friend of Frontenac and supported him in his inevitable quarrels with the intendant and the clergy. Frontenac, in turn, lent the full force of his official and personal influence to advance La Salle and aid him in his vast schemes. The year after the erection of "Fort Frontenac," as it was called, La Salle returned to France to secure royal endorsement for his position and plans. His own family name, his explorations, and the letters of endorsement given him by Frontenac afforded him an entrée to the highest circles. He made propositions to the king which were fully granted, and he returned to Canada a nobleman, though untitled, and seigneur of Fort Frontenac and the lands and islands adjacent. In return he pledged himself to repay the ten thousand francs which the expedition of Frontenac and the building of the fort had cost the king and to maintain a colony in addition to the garrison at the fort. His family advanced him the ten thousand francs and promised him support as he might need it. It did not appear that he was likely to need it, for with this large seigniory and the possession of a fort and storehouse, where it was sure to be patronized by the Indians, he ought to have become

Seigneur
of "Fort
Frontenac"

Cost of
the Fort

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wealthy. But La Salle had grander ideas than huckstering. The same spirit which inflamed the soul of Champlain was in him also. He yearned to complete his own and the explorations of Marquette. After three years spent in the solitude of Fort Frontenac, rebuilding the fort with stone, constructing boats and ships for service in the fur trade, opening a mission, with Récollets in charge, and, as we should say to-day, "building up a business" that netted him about five thousand dollars a year, he made another journey to Europe filled with the spirit of exploration and armed with coherent data and plans.

La Salle's
imperial
plans

These plans embraced the possession by France of the whole Mississippi Valley. This was the real spring of his ambition. To fortify his purpose and secure the king's countenance he presented to him a memorial in which he set forth the natural richness and wealth of the region, its fitness for colonies, and the advantage it enjoyed in climate and fertility as compared with Canada. To enable him to explore and colonize this country he asked the permission of the king to erect forts and authority to hold seigniorial rights over all discovered and colonized land. The king was prompt in his reply and generally acquiesced in La Salle's demands, except that he guaranteed no colonists, not wishing to lose any settlers from Canada. Having the king's support, La Salle was able to borrow large sums of money from his own family and from other friends. Among those he met in France at this time were Henri de Tonty, an Italian officer and relative of the Prince de Conti, and La Motte de Lussière. These two men accompanied La Salle to

Endorsed
by the king

LA SALLE'S FIRST GREAT EXPEDITION

Canada and were to have important parts in his history.

FATHER HENNEPIN

THE start on this great mission of discovery and empire-founding was made in November of that year, 1678. A party of fifteen men was sent ahead as an advance-guard to trade with the Indians of Lake Michigan and Illinois and collect provisions for La Salle and his men. Soon after, on November 18, La Motte set sail for Niagara to build there a fort. He was accompanied by a Récollet priest, Father Louis Hennepin, whose name figures much in the story of the opening of the West. Hennepin had chronic *wanderlust* not quite consistent with his sacred calling, and he had already traveled largely in Europe and in the New World, his most notable feat being a winter's journey among the Iroquois of New York State, which, while it held many perils, advantaged nothing to the Church. With La Salle his relations were not the most amicable, but the great Frenchman was willing to let him go, especially since he was not a Jesuit, and some priest was thought necessary to the success of the expedition. After a tempestuous voyage the little vessel carrying La Motte and Hennepin crossed the lake and entered the mouth of the Niagara River, where dwelt a small band of Senecas. After a brief rest there Hennepin went on up the river in a canoe. At Lewiston Heights he abandoned this, and climbing the ascent and pushing on through the forests, he came upon the falls of Niagara. Probably white men had never before seen Niagara. Its fame was abroad as early as the

The fort at
Niagara

The first
story of
Niagara
falls

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days of Champlain, but Hennepin's description is the first written, and on that account valuable. It is valuable on account of its accuracy also, which we shall soon see was not a peculiar or distinguishing mark of this Récollet father.

Attempt to
placate the
Senecas

Having seen so much, Hennepin returned to the mouth of the river, and fort-building began promptly. The Senecas plainly did not welcome this enterprise. Already Fort Frontenac was diverting part of the fur trade to Quebec, and this new fort would prevent trade of the western Indians from reaching the Dutch and English traders through the Iroquois. To placate the Senecas, La Motte and Hennepin made a visit to their capital. They were not cordially received, and while the savages accepted La Motte's gifts and listened to his harangue, they would not give their endorsement to the Niagara scheme. So the delegation returned much crestfallen and disturbed. By this time, however, La Salle and Tonty had come to join the advance party at the mouth of the Niagara. In some way La Salle must have learned of the recent mission, and he proceeded to the Seneca village, arriving there just after the others had gone. He soon gained the Senecas' good-will, and at length they agreed to his plan. On returning to the Niagara he found that by a blunder or the deviltry of his pilot his vessel had been wrecked. This blocked the whole expedition, and for some months nothing was accomplished except a huge mass of gossip, jealousy, and scandal, heaped up by the heterogeneous band. This was the beginning of the long story of dissensions and mutiny which cursed La Salle's career in America and ended in

The vessel
wrecked



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La Salle
returns to
Montreal

the tragedy of the southwest. La Salle soon saw through Hennepin, and heartily wished he had even a Jesuit in his place. The glare of the snow in the sun soon caused an inflammation of La Salle's eyes, and he returned to Montreal for medical treatment, leaving Tonty in charge.

The
"Griffin"
launched

Meanwhile work began on the vessel with which La Salle meant to navigate Lake Erie and proceed to the country of the Illinois. This ship was built above the cataract, at a place near Cayuga Creek, on the east, now the American, side of the river. Throughout the winter the work went on in spite of a mutinous spirit among the men, which manifested itself in various ugly quarrels. But at last the ship was completed and launched, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the Frenchmen and the yells of the savages, who gathered on the banks. Meanwhile where was La Salle? After his trip to Montreal for surgical aid he had returned to direct the work of building the ship and to mark out the two new blockhouses on the Niagara. In February he had set out from Niagara on foot for Fort Frontenac to secure building and other materials which had been lost in his vessel. He was expected back at Niagara in the spring, but it was midsummer before he appeared. Trouble in huge quantities had descended upon him. On his arrival at Fort Frontenac he had found that he was no longer its master. Because he had not paid promptly the debts incurred in his great enterprise his enemies had seized all his property in Canada and he was thus a ruined man. But La Salle did not stop to dicker with them. He simply left them gloating over his ruin, and, trusting to the future to see justice done,

His
enemies
seize his
property

LA SALLE'S FIRST GREAT EXPEDITION

he returned to the little company on the Niagara River.

The "Griffin," named after Frontenac's armorial bearings, was now ready for its work. It was towed up the river and on August 7, started on its fateful mission on Lake Erie, the first sailing vessel of European build known to its waters. Westward they took their way and in three days reached St. Clair. Thence they sailed northward until Lake Huron was reached, and at length, after a storm, the "Griffin" reached the Point of St. Ignace or Michilimackinac. The Jesuit mission stood here in the midst of a large settlement. Traders, Indians, and priests gave the party a loud welcome, and cheered the cannon salutes of the "Griffin." Here La Salle found four of the fifteen men sent in canoes as an advance party the year before. They had played him false and sold his goods. At the falls of Ste. Marie he found two more. This defection troubled La Salle greatly, and he pushed onward to learn what had become of the others. The "Griffin" entered Lake Michigan and at Green Bay he found, to his great relief, several of his men who had been true, and had in exchange for his provisions collected a large quantity of furs. With these La Salle thought he saw an opportunity to pay off some of his debts, and he determined to send them back to the Niagara River on the "Griffin." He intended putting Tonty in charge of the ship, but Tonty was at Ste. Marie looking after the traitors. La Salle resembled Champlain in many respects, and like him he at times displayed astonishingly bad judgment. To send back the "Griffin" in the hands of the pilot who had lost his other vessel, and who

The
journey
begun

The
"Griffin"
sent back
to Niagara

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was, he feared, a traitor if not a bungler, was an act of optimism bordering on folly. On September 18, however, she set forth from Green Bay, and La Salle with his men resumed their way south along the western shores of Lake Michigan.

Discontent
among the
men

The story of the succeeding months as told in La Salle's journal, and in Hennepin's story, is a wretched one. Storms beset them and no food was to be had. All sorts of accidents occurred, and the spirits of the men drooped, and mutterings arose. When they reached a certain place on the lake shore where Tonty was to have joined them, he was not there, and La Salle compelled them to await him. This period of inaction increased their discontent. When Tonty came it was nearly December, and the days and nights were very cold, and the lake was often lashed with fury by the storms. His men urged him to go on to find the Illinois tribe, and spend the winter with them. But he hesitated. What was his reason? The "Griffin." She ought ere this to have made her way to the Niagara River and returned. On her hung the fate of his expedition. After a long delay he decided to send two trusted men to Michilimackinac to find any possible news of the "Griffin," while he with his men would push on to the Illinois. It was December 3 when La Salle started up the St. Joseph, by no means the most direct route to the Illinois. Indeed it was going east, while the Illinois lay southwest. But he thought to find a stream which flowed to the Illinois, and this after many hardships they did in the headsprings of the Kankakee. It was a two-mile portage, a most toil-some, desolate experience, and one of its incidents

No news
of the
"Griffin"

LA SALLE'S FIRST GREAT EXPEDITION

was the attempt by one of the men to shoot La Salle.

THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY REACHED

BUT at length the Illinois River was reached, and presently an Illinois town loomed up in the distance ^{A deserted town} like a veritable fairy city to the half-starved and discouraged Frenchmen. But when they reached the town they found not a soul; all had gone on a great winter's hunt. La Salle could not stand on etiquette, but proceeded at once to rifle the town's supplies of corn, and thus fed his famished men. It was now New Year's Day, 1680, and after a mass they went on down the river. A few days later they came upon an Illinois camp. All there was excitement, for the Indians had heard of La Salle's coming and had been told that he was their enemy. He presented a menacing front, arranging his men in hostile groups, with gun in hand, as if ready for a fight. The redskins hastened to offer peace and presented the calumet. La Salle responded with a calumet, and peace was assured. Then came the usual feast and gifts. La Salle told them that he was their friend and would protect them against the Iroquois, and that he wished to go on down the river to the Mississippi, and he asked their help. This was freely promised, and a gala day followed.

AN INDIAN PLOT FOILED

The dramatic element in this scene is already ^{Enemies in camp} prominent enough, but we have just begun to see it. That very night a Mascoutin chief, Monso, secretly reached the camp and asked the ear of the chiefs.

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This audience granted, he told them that La Salle was a spy of the Iroquois and was going to incite the western tribes against the Illinois so that they should be destroyed. He urged them to stop La Salle and thus save their lives. Then he left the camp as secretly as he had come.

The chiefs sat and smoked and talked over this turn of affairs most of the night. And when morning came La Salle at once saw that some one had been whispering lies against him. But such secret councils can not long remain secret, and one chief, to whom he had been especially lavish with gifts, told him what had taken place. That afternoon another chief invited the Frenchmen to a feast, and when all were seated he urged them not to go further, and pictured the terrible dangers of the Mississippi, the great demons and fierce savages of its waters and shores. Most of La Salle's party, not knowing of the plot, were greatly disturbed by this speech, but La Salle was ready. He boldly accused Monso, and demanded that he come forward and make his charges in public instead of running away in the dark. It was a telling blow and the Indians seemed satisfied.

That night, fearing fresh foes, La Salle set a guard over his tents, but in the morning six of his men, including two carpenters, were found to have deserted. Here appears plainly the result of La Salle's policy of aloofness. That policy, or manner, was yet to cost him more dearly. Had he on receiving the news of Monso's visit told his men of it and prepared them for the sort of "scare" the Indians would attempt, this fright and desertion might have been avoided. But La Salle kept his

La Salle's
aloofness

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own counsel and was never popular with his men. Attempt to poison La Salle
This desertion was followed by an attempt to poison him. These incidents greatly depressed him and induced him to change his plans. There was nothing to gain by going on that winter, as without a large boat he was utterly unprepared for any campaign, and he must hear from the "Griffin" before he proceeded farther. So he determined to build a fort apart from the Indians, and leaving his men there start back himself to learn the fate of the "Griffin." The fort was at once built Port Crevecoeur built a mile or so down the river, and named, most fitly, "Crèvecoeur" (broken heart). Reassured by some visiting Indians from the Arkansas and Osage region that a friendly welcome would await them, the French soon plucked up courage and began to build a large vessel for the expedition down the Mississippi. Within six weeks the hull was half finished. Then La Salle determined to begin his trip to the east. But first he detailed Hennepin to explore the Illinois to its mouth. Whether he really expected to derive any benefit from Hennepin's voyage, or merely wished the men to be rid of his presence during his own absence, it is difficult to know. Hennepin's courage oozed out at the thought, but he at length consented to go, and on February 28, with two habitants, he started on this memorable voyage. Hennepin begins his voyage
The very next day La Salle began his wonderful journey back to Frontenac. A Mohegan hunter, who had been indispensable to him in finding the Illinois, and four Frenchmen, accompanied him.

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THE TRAMP OF A THOUSAND MILES

A desperate experience It was a desperate journey on which he set out—desperate in purpose and in experience. He felt that the "Griffin" certainly was lost, and if so, he must replace the stores and equipment which were on her in order to secure any possible basis for his grand scheme. It was desperate in experience, for it was almost more difficult than if taken in mid-winter. The streams froze at night and thawed by day, and the mud—betokening the fertile soil of Illinois—was of that sort which no native of the Mississippi valley can ever forget, or find an equal to. Canoes, rafts, snow-shoes, and any other possible means of locomotion were used. On passing through the still deserted capital of the Illinois La Salle noted a huge cliff of yellow sandstone now called "Starved Rock," an obvious stronghold, and by some Frenchmen, whom he met a few days later on Lake Michigan, he sent a note back to Tonty ordering him to examine it for possible refuge. To order Tonty to leave his men, for even a moment, seems to us at this distance so palpable a blunder that we wonder at the act. By the eighteenth of March La Salle had reached a point near the present city of Joliet, where the river was completely frozen over. Here they gave up canoe locomotion, and, hiding their barks on an island, set out on foot for Lake Michigan. Wading through marshes and bogs, drenched by cold rains, almost frozen by the chill nights, covered with mud, and almost starved, they at last reached the lake on the 24th, and that night came to the fort at the mouth of the St Joseph, which had been built in

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the previous autumn. There La Salle actually found two faithful souls, men who were at a rendezvous which he had appointed for them. These were the men he had sent in search of the "Griffin." From them he received his first definite news that the boat was lost. They had made a circuit of the lakes and found no trace of the vessel. Nor has any one else since. Whether the pilot and crew hypothecated the skins and sank the ship, or through incompetency all went down in one of those furious lake storms which engulf stancher craft to-day, or whether the Jesuits connived at her disappearance, as some stories hold, nobody knows. It is but one of the many unsolved mysteries of history.

In the face of this terrible shock La Salle lost no time in lamentation, but, ordering these two men to rejoin Tonty, he pressed on through a terrible rain-storm eastward toward his goal. Hunting for game to supply his table, his party betrayed their presence to hostile Indians, whom they had to frighten away. Some of the men grew sick, and the heavy rains made their journey increasingly difficult. In spite of all these misfortunes and handicaps, they managed to make a canoe, and, floating on a little river which Parkman thinks was the Huron, they traveled a while very pleasantly. But soon they were stopped by fallen trees, and instead of going around this barricade, for some reason they pressed through the forest until they reached the Detroit. Here the party separated, La Salle sending two men to Michilimackinac. With the three others he crossed the Detroit and through the woods reached Lake Erie, near what is now Point Pelee. Here two

The loss
of the
"Griffin"
known

Impedi-
ments on
every hand

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of his men fell ill, and he and the remaining one, with as much skill as indomitable courage, built another canoe, put the sick men into it, and paddled on across the broad bosom of beautiful Lake Erie toward Niagara. This journey was uneventful, and La Salle's journal, which I have been following pretty closely, dismisses it briefly. Possibly he was too tired and sick at heart to see anything or to write of it.

Another
crushing
disaster

But something worse than physical distress met him when on Easter Monday he reached the launching place of the "Griffin." Here some of his men had remained, and they confirmed the news of the loss of the "Griffin," but added that a ship from France, laden with his goods, had been wrecked near the island of Anticosti and that some of his men had been turned back by the news of his death. This was an almost crushing blow. But it seems only to have inspired him to more vigorous efforts. His three men were exhausted, but he sprang up as alert as ever, and, taking three others, he resumed his journey, and on May 6 reached Fort Frontenac—the end of an adventure which exhausts all our language's superlatives to express its spirit of courage and physical strength. It might be called his "tramp of a thousand miles." One could better use the word "wade" than tramp. Certainly it was "the most arduous journey ever made by Frenchmen in America." It lacked but one element to make it matchless in all heroic annals—there was no peril from man. Aside from the little fright he gave the Indians while hunting in Michigan, he saw no hostile face. Had the Iroquois been on his trail, La Salle's escape would have

Reaches
Fort Fron-
tenac, May 6

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been miraculous. As it was, it was marvelous, but it was destined in dramatic and perilous features to be eclipsed by his own experiences within a few years.

At Fort Frontenac he found little to cheer him. Rebellion in Illinois The fort was in possession of his enemies, and he discovered more evidence of fraud by his agents. He went at once to Montreal, where he had been given up for dead. There, in spite of his ruined condition and the Quixotic aspect of his plans, he promptly secured enough credit and supplies to enable him to return to Illinois. But when he reached Fort Frontenac jubilant, he found there two men with dire news from Tonty. His men at Fort Crèvecoeur, whom he had risked his life to succor, had turned out to be traitors and villains. During Tonty's absence, inspecting the spot to which La Salle ordered him, his cowardly countrymen, released from all discipline, destroyed the fort, plundered the magazine, carried away some of the stores, and burned the rest. Later La Salle heard from some inhabitants belonging to the fort, who had just returned from a fishing trip on the lake, that these devils followed La Salle's trail to the La Salle's life threatened St. Joseph Fort, which they ruined, pressed on to Michilimackinac, where they seized some furs, then arrived at Niagara, where they plundered the magazine. Eight of them went on to Albany, which was for many years a sort of Robbers' Roost or Cut-throats' Snug Harbor—a fact of which Anglo-Saxons are not effusively proud. The remaining dozen of this merry gang of scoundrels left Niagara with the pleasant announcement that they meant to kill La Salle. But La Salle pulled the

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trigger first. He took out a party to meet them and surprised them on their way to execute their benevolent purpose. All but two of them were captured in short order. These two resisted arrest, pointed their guns at La Salle's party, and were shot. Because of this affair La Salle's enemies charged him with murder.

August 10
starts to
rescue
Tonty

It was now midsummer, and La Salle bent every effort toward the relief of Tonty. So rapid were his preparations that on August 10 he embarked on the mission with twenty-five men. This time he took a more direct route, one of the first journeys by way of the Humber River and Lake Simcoe. When he reached Michilimackinac he found a most unfriendly feeling, for which he could not help holding the Jesuits in part responsible. But he bought some supplies of the Indians there, and, leaving half his men under his partner La Forest to follow as soon as possible, he rushed on. Time was passing indeed, for winter was drawing near. It was November 4 when he saw the ruins of his fort at the mouth of the St. Joseph River. Losing no time, he followed the old route, and was soon on the Illinois. Swiftly they paddled down its current, shooting buffalo and enjoying the early winter scenes and that exhilarating crispness of air which that season in the northern Mississippi Valley brings, but meeting no human being, not even a *coureur de bois*. The men thought nothing of this, but to La Salle it meant foreboding of some great disaster. The nearer he approached the spot where he expected to find Tonty the more overpowering became this feeling—as if the very quiet and peace of stream and woods held a profound

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and horrible mystery. They passed the rock of sandstone whereon Tonty had been ordered to build his stronghold. Of course no one was there, and yet La Salle had hoped that there might be. Below he must find the key to this terrible secret. And so he did.

On the great meadow where the chief town of the Illinois had stood he saw nothing but ashes and skulls and mangled corpses. One word could explain all this horror, and it flashed at once upon La Salle—the Iroquois! The capital of the Illinois had been wiped out, and, while few fresh corpses were seen, the graveyard had been rifled, every sacred relic torn from its last resting-place, and the bones strewn over the fair plain. The caches had, of course, been opened and their contents destroyed or pillaged. La Salle and his men cried out with horror at the scene. All day long they searched among the ghastly remains for some sign of Tonty, but nothing appeared. Night came on, and, with the banishment of the scene from their sight, they hoped for rest and relief. They got neither. For with the night came the wolves, and their terrible howls, heard by these Frenchmen a thousand miles from home, produced that freezing horror which no one can ever forget. There was no danger to them, however, and with the coming of dawn La Salle and four men pressed on, leaving three behind. They passed deserted camps of the Illinois and of their foes; Fort Crèvecoeur deserted, of course, and demolished; the hull of the vessel on the stocks unharmed, but marked with a French inscription, "Nous sommes tous sauvages ce 15, 1680;" here and there the half-burnt bodies of

A ghastly
scene

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La Salle
reaches the
Mississippi

The vain
search for
Tonty

women and other revolting sights; and yet he found no signs of the Frenchmen nor evidences as to the present abodes of the Illinois. At length La Salle came to the Mississippi, the goal he had so long hoped to reach; now alas! attained under such depressing circumstances. Seeing it meant to him simply that he could no farther go in search of Tonty or the Illinois. So, with a heavy heart, he returned to the little band he had left, and the eight men, near Christmas time, began the trip back. By January 6 they reached the junction of the Kankakee with the northern branch of the Illinois River, and there La Salle saw a piece of wood that had been cut with a saw. Tonty or some other white man had passed that way. Enheartened they went on, and at length reached Fort Miami, on the St. Joseph, where La Forest awaited him, but with no news of Tonty. At this fort La Salle decided to abide for the remainder of the winter, planning a new campaign.

THE ADVENTURES OF TONTY

The fort
destroyed

BUT what of Tonty and Hennepin? The latter's story is perhaps more interesting, but, as we have seen that Tonty must have been in danger or worse than that, we hasten on to his story, making no apologies to the friar for allowing any one to precede him in our plans. Tonty soon found, if he had not before known it, that he had with him a dissolute and untrustworthy lot. By some couriers they got hold of the news that La Salle's creditors had seized Fort Frontenac, and that he was ruined. So when Tonty, in obedience to La Salle's orders, went to examine what we now know was the Rock

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of St. Louis, the villains destroyed the fort and deserted, taking with them furs, provisions, and other things, as we have already seen. Four men were sent by Tonty to carry the news to La Salle, and with him remained three men and two Récollet friars. Tonty at once moved his headquarters into the heart of the Illinois village, making a shrewd pretense that he had confidence in them. The only problem before him now, so far as he could see, was to keep the Illinois at peace with his band until La Salle could return, a return in which Tonty had implicit faith. But, as we have seen, fate had something much more difficult in store for him.

It was on the 10th of September, about a month after La Salle had set out to the relief of Tonty, that the news of the approach of the Iroquois reached the village of the Illinois. The motive of the coming of the Iroquois was easily enough divined. Shut out of wars with the Indians of Canada by the peace with the French, and needing both game and furs, they were driven to seek them in a new country. They could not invade it on a peace mission, and so a resolution for war, which was always in order at an Iroquois meeting, was carried, and the march began. A Shawanoe bore the news to the Illinois camp. Tumult ensued, amid which all eyes were turned upon the French. Were not the Iroquois in league with the French, and, if so, were the French not involved in this plot? Tonty and his men were, as a result, handled pretty roughly, and their forge and tools were thrown into the river. Then the warriors prepared for the Iroquois, greasing their bodies, painting their faces, dancing, singing, and otherwise behaving in true

An Indian
plot

The
dilemma of
the French

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The
coming
of the
Iroquois

Tonty
stabbed

Peace
parleys

Indian fashion. The next day the Iroquois arrived, and a weird sort of battle began. In the midst of it Tonty essayed the part of the peacemaker, and, as is proverbial, was almost killed for his pains. He saw that a battle of this sort would end as Iroquois battles usually did, in the annihilation of their foes, and it was largely, if not almost wholly, due to his heroic action and keen sagacity that the issue was not the usual one. He advanced toward the Iroquois alone, holding out the wampum belt. At first they thought, because of his dress and dark features, that he was an Illinois, and one Iroquois stabbed him, cutting a gash in his side. But, just in time to save his life, some one shouted that he was French, and he was led carefully away and eager efforts were made to stop the bleeding. But the fighting continued, and soon it was bruited about that the Illinois were winning and that Frenchmen were fighting with them. This made it very uncomfortable for Tonty, and one savage actually had his knife raised and his hand under Tonty's hair, preparing to scalp him. Tonty did not plead for mercy, but lied lustily about the great force of Illinois and French at hand, and succeeded in frightening the foe. So they sent him back with a flag of truce. A cessation of fighting followed for a while. Then the Illinois withdrew across the river, but, as the Iroquois followed, the Illinois retreated down stream to an island where the women and old men were. Meanwhile Tonty and the French remained in their little quarters, hoping for the best. More peace parleys followed, and Tonty was sent as ambassador from one side or the other. At length a sort of treaty of friendship was signed, but the Iroquois,

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having found out that Tonty had deceived them as to the strength of the Illinois, told him and the French to clear out. This was a mild course for the Iroquois to pursue, but they had a wholesome fear of the vengeance of Montio at Quebec. Tracy's tour was not yet forgotten. Tonty saw that by staying he would be jeopardizing his own and his party's lives, and so, unable to do more for the Illinois, he set out for the north. With him went the two friars, Membré and Ribourde, and three Frenchmen. On the way they stopped for a rest one day, and Father Ribourde wandered off for a quiet hour in the woods. He never returned, being murdered by some wandering Kickapoos eager for renown but afraid to attack the party openly. After weeks of suffering and toil the party finally reached Green Bay, where they found in the Pottawattamies kind and hospitable friends.

Meanwhile an odd campaign went on in the Illinois country. The Iroquois, cheated of their living prey, took vengeance, as we know, on the dead. Then they followed the Illinois down the river. They overtook some of the women and tortured and butchered them, but they did not engage the warriors in battle. For some reason they were afraid of them, possibly still crediting Tonty's yarn of their great numbers. At last having chased the Illinois to the Mississippi, and captured many women and children they turned back. It was a new end to an Iroquois raid. True, they had made of the Illinois capital a blackened plain, but they had not really vanquished their foe and had almost no scalps to carry home in triumph to the lodges beside

Iroquois
chase
Tonty
away

They reach
Green Bay

An Iro-
quois
failure

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the Susquehanna. For the Iroquois it was almost
equivalent to a failure.

HENNEPIN ON THE MISSISSIPPI

La Salle,
Accau, and
Du Gay,
Feb. 29,
1680

Hennepin's
claim false

THE reader will now turn to the third object of our divided attention, the journeys of Father Hennepin. It will be recalled that, rather to Hennepin's disgust, La Salle sent him on an expedition to explore the lower Illinois and the Mississippi. Two men were with him, Accau and Du Gay, and they set out in a canoe laden with presents for the Indians on February 29, 1680. It is impossible to trace this journey with any sort of intelligence, because the explorer was so untrustworthy. It is very doubtful if he went down the Mississippi at all. His first journal contains almost nothing about the early part of his journey. It was not until after La Salle's death that he "revised" it, so as to claim that he anticipated La Salle's journey to the mouth of the Great River by years. Both the external and the internal evidences of deceit in this claim are so patent that we need not dwell any longer on it, but confine our attention to his story of the upper Mississippi, where, on April 12, we find the party encamped at about the mouth of the Wisconsin. They had been on their way about forty-two days, and the merest glance at the map will show that all this time could have been employed in the journey in drifting down the Illinois and in rowing up the Mississippi, a distance of about five hundred miles in all. What possible advantage could have accrued to La Salle from an expedition up the Mississippi. Hennepin in his "Memoirs" does not attempt to show. What La Salle wanted to know was the

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nature of the country and tribes from the mouth of the Illinois down the Mississippi to its mouth, where La Salle hoped to plant a French colony, and by that act claim sovereignty of the country in the name of the king. Knowing Hennepin to have undertaken the journey reluctantly, we must assume that his courage had left him and that he chose the northern trip rather than the southern because of its lesser danger. As it was it is not sure that he chose wisely. At any rate he had enough perils to satisfy any man hungry for hazards.

On the evening of this 12th of April, as they were resting at the mouth of the Wisconsin, repairing their canoes, a large party of Sioux warriors came dashing down the river. On seeing the whites, the whole party of one hundred and twenty braves began that terrible—Prisoners in a Sioux village—an Indian war song. In a few seconds they had surrounded the trio with the apparent intention of making them immediate victims of their war fury. In vain Hennepin held up the peace-pipe: one of them snatched it from him. Then they continued to convey to Hennepin the fact that they sought the Miamis, and when told that the Miamis had gone across the Mississippi they wept copiously. Many other amusing incidents occurred, and some The Sioux amuse themselves that to the French were not at all amusing. At length, however, the Sioux made it very plain that they would give up their war expedition and return home, but the whites must return with them. This journey homeward was anything but a happy one to the aliens. All sorts of indignities were offered them and they were never certain any night that it might not be their last.

At length the canoeing was over; the warriors

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They land
near St.
Paul

landed where St. Paul now is, and started overland for their villages near Lake Buade, now called Mille Lac. This trip was even more distressing to their guests. Hennepin had to swim creeks and rivers, and keep up a walking pace which, if one may credit his story, would have worn out any track champion of the present day. His companions were not at all equal to such a life, and had to be carried. When they reached the villages, Hennepin saw stakes and bundles of straw, which he thought were prepared for French funeral pyres. But, while other omens were as inauspicious, the prisoners were not harmed.

The great
Du Lhut

It is unnecessary to follow the various happenings to these Frenchmen while in the Sioux villages. Several months passed, and when Hennepin saw that their lives were not menaced, he began to plan to escape. He invented a story that he was to meet a band of Frenchmen at the place where he had been captured, and was given permission to return thither. Du Gay went with him, but Accau, who never had liked the friar, preferred Indian life. Their purpose of going to this spot was for several reasons never realized, and the most important event of this campaign was falling in with a hunting party of Sioux, and through them meeting Du Lhut and four other Frenchmen, whom they came across near the Falls of St. Anthony.

Du Lhut was commonly known as the leader of the *coureurs de bois*. He was, indeed, a remarkable figure in the life of New France in the latter part of the seventeenth century. After him, by a curious transposition of letters, the city of Duluth was named. He was a cousin of Tonty, and was

LA SALLE'S FIRST GREAT EXPEDITION

undoubtedly connected with Frontenac's enterprises, especially in the fur trade, in which, if we believe the governor's enemies, they were reaping a tremendous revenue. Du Lhut roamed constantly through the forests of the whole Northwest, and was known by every Indian tribe as a powerful and brave man. His reputation made him valuable to the French in cultivating friendly relations between themselves and the Indians. On this trip he had been two years away from Quebec. He gave Hennepin a cordial greeting, and all returned to the villages near Mille Lac, where a feast was given in Du Lhut's honor. Then the eight white men began their journey down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Wisconsin. This they ascended, and Hennepin and his companions spent the winter at Michilimackinac. The following spring Hennepin returned to Quebec, where he was received with great rejoicing by his fellow Récollets, and with honors from Frontenac. This is the last mention of him we find in the chronicles of New France. He soon returned to Europe, and, although his stories were popular for a time, he never secured the confidence of his associates, and he died without distinction. His was a peculiar character, yet one need not go beyond one's own village or ward to see men very like him—men of good enough disposition and intentions, but so full of vanity and a passion for renown that they spend all their energy in vaunting themselves. Such men eventually reach their level, but are never satisfied with the world's verdict. It was singularly appropriate that the projectors of an impracticable waterway in Illinois should have called it "The Hennepin Canal."

Du Lhut
a powerful
and brave
man

The last of
Hennepin

CHAPTER XIII

LA SALLE'S VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

La Salle
passes the
winter of
1681 at
Fort Miami

A league
against the
Iroquois

MEANWHILE what of La Salle? The author and architect of this wonderful drama of the Mississippi Valley was compelled to pass the winter of 1681 waiting at Fort Miami, near the southwestern shores of Lake Michigan. It was the last period of rest of which we find any record in this man's wandering life. Yet he was by no means idle. With a vision of startling keenness and an energy so vast that it seems superhuman, he set about forming a league against the Iroquois. In such a league the French soldier and priest would be the central figure, but its necessary elements must be all the Indians living in that whole vast region into which the Iroquois had just carried horror and death. So La Salle proceeded to the camps of Indians near Fort Miami and urged upon them the peril of the Iroquois, and that the only possible means of resistance lay in an alliance with the French and the Illinois. The Miamis, who had recently quarreled with the Illinois, were visited and urged to forget their petty troubles in the face of this vast danger. He made a winter's journey back to the Illinois country to get their consent to the pact with the Miamis. That gained, he was apparently wholly successful in his negotiations with

LA SALLE'S VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

the Miami's, and the prospects of the league against the Iroquois seemed very bright.

He must first return to Fort Frontenac to ^{Tonty} straighten out the financial snarl in which he had ^{found at} become involved, and secure means and equipment ^{last} for the long purposed journey to the mouth of the Mississippi. He went this time by the lakes, and when he reached Michilimackinac, he found Tonty and the Jesuit priest Membéré. After joyful greetings and exchanging narrations of their tales of hardships and calamities, they proceeded together by boat to Fort Frontenac. With indomitable purpose and optimistic presence he faced his angry creditors and succeeded in mollifying them. Moreover, by Frontenac's assistance, he secured a loan which not only paid off part of his debts, but gave him capital for his great journey. After a visit to Montreal he set out in October with a new force of men from Fort Frontenac. By November he had reached Fort Miami and begun his final preparations for the journey down the Illinois, which turned out to be a journey down the Mississippi.

The expedition consisted of 18 Indians (Abe- ^{The expe-} nakis and Mohegans) and their squaws, together ^{dition starts} with 23 Frenchmen, making 54 in all. The start ^{down the} was made Christmas week, 1681, and the route was ^{Mississippi,} what seems to us, wise in the wisdom of modern ¹⁶⁸¹ maps, the most obvious one. They no longer went east from Fort Miami seeking a feeder to the Illinois, but went straight across Lake Michigan to the Chicago River in their canoes. From the Chicago River to the north branch of the Illinois they had to make a portage. They found the Illinois River frozen from bank to bank. At length

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

La Salle
arrives
at the
Mississippi

they reached the great Illinois village, still deserted. A little below it they found what we call Lake Peoria and open water. It was not very far now to the Mississippi and by February 6, only a little over a month after starting from Miami, they had reached it, filled with floating ice and dark with storms. La Salle has told in his "*Relation de la Découverte de l'Embouchure*" the story of this journey in detail in diary form. We are not concerned with it to that extent, but its main events are most interesting. The first landing was made on February 24, on the Third Chickasaw Bluffs. There a fort was built, named after Pierre Prudhomme, who, with a few others, was left in charge.

Sun-wor-
shippers

The first human beings encountered were in a village of Arkansas Indians, on March 13, near the mouth of the Arkansas River. There they were most hospitably greeted and entertained with dances and various ceremonies. La Salle raised the banner of France, planted a cross and took possession of the country in the name of his king. After visiting other towns, they went on their way down the river, past the site of Vicksburg, for three hundred miles, when they stopped in order to visit the chief city of the Taensas Indians, which the Arkansas guides who had accompanied them declared was within a few miles of that place. Tonty and the Jesuit Membré were sent ahead. From Tonty's account of this visit we learn what a remarkable tribe and cult he saw there—large, square houses, built of mud and straw, with a high roof of cane, and surrounding a large open court or area. The two largest structures were the lodge of the chief and the temple. In his lodge, awaiting the Frenchmen,

LA SALLE'S VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI



THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IN LA SALLE'S TIME

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Court
ceremonies
in the
wilderness

sat the chief, flanked by three wives who howled in applause at his every utterance, and attended by his councilors, who deferred with utmost obsequience to him. The chief bade them welcome, and promised to visit La Salle. After this audience Tonty and Membre went into the temple. There was evidence of the worship of the sun. Before a kind of altar burned a perpetual fire kept going by two old men who were honored with this pious duty. Back of this was a dark gallery which led to the tribe's strong box, in which were kept jewels and gold, which they probably got from the Spaniards, perhaps through the Aztecs whom they in a degree resembled. Their chief visited La Salle in great state, and formalities more fitting a court than the wilderness were observed.

The next day La Salle resumed his way and ran into a band of Indians. Tonty gave chase only to find warriors with drawn bows suddenly appear on the banks ready to shoot. He beat a retreat, but later went forward with the calumet, and the two parties had a love feast in which La Salle was conspicuous. This tribe was found to be allied to the Taensas, and the French proceeded to visit their chief town, the site of Natchez, the name the tribe bore. There they found many rites and ceremonies like those of the Taensas. In this city La Salle planted a cross and took possession of the country with the usual ceremonies.

The delta
of the
Mississippi

Other villages were visited, and soon they came to the delta of the Mississippi. By its various arms they proceeded onward until they at last reached the Gulf. La Salle reconnoitred the shore and at length assembled his men on a dry island, and there

LA SALLE'S VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

a column was erected, and with elaborate ceremonies and religious rites, La Salle took possession of all Louisiana, from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, in a resounding proclamation which he has handed down to us. On the column was inscribed: "Louis le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, regne; le neuvieme Avril, 1682." A cross was planted near the column and acclaimed. The entire territory included in this proclamation is a region stretching from Lake Erie west and north to the Rocky Mountains and the Canadian Northwest, south from Lake Erie to the gulf, about where Alabama is now, and west to the Rio Grande. It was a magnificent tract, the richest agricultural section of the world, and had France possessed the wisdom and courage to back and fortify La Salle in this supreme act, the whole course of the history of America, and perhaps of Europe, might be vastly different to-day.

Of course La Salle could do nothing then to hold it. He could leave no men there so far from his new base—a most uncertain one—in the country of the Illinois. His instant duty was to return at all speed, report his action to the king and urge upon him the fulfilment of the great scheme thus unfolded and begun. So the return began. Like so many backward journeys, it was marked by a severe relapse. The party was badly crippled by lack of food, and they found the natives not as friendly as they had been. They were attacked at night by one tribe, unvisited on the way down, but were not harmed. Then La Salle fell ill and had to be left at Fort Prudhomme, on the Chicksaw Bluffs. Tonty was sent on to Michilimackinac,

Proclaimed
the country
French

The dismal
return trip

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

and to report the news to Quebec. La Salle was not able to reach Fort Miami until August, and Michilimackinac until September. He ought to have gone to Quebec and France himself to carry to the highest authorities the full details of his labors, and obtain for them the endorsement and support which only personal effort and presentation could obtain. But he was too ill to undertake the journey, and he had heard that the Iroquois purposed another invasion of Illinois. That would mean the ruin of all his plans, and he hastened preparations to warn the French and Illinois settlement before the red savages from New York could pounce upon their prey. Near the great city of the Illinois, and overlooking the river, stood the cliff, afterward called "Starved Rock," on which in December La Salle and Tonty began to build their fort, St. Louis, and storehouses. Their coming and the erection of these buildings were the substantial token which the Indians sought. Therefore they flocked from all directions around this rock. The old Illinois city took on new life, the warriors and their families returned, and with them came several other tribes with whom La Salle had been treating and settled in the neighborhood of the Illinois. So that when La Salle reported to the French Minister of Marine what he had done he could truthfully boast of 4,000 warriors surrounding his rock of defense.

Fort St.
Louis built

CHAPTER XIV

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

IT has been a satire of history that when a great leader is bending all his efforts to uphold his cause and save his people, the it is that a blinding blow falls upon him from an unexpected quarter. It was so with La Salle. Holding the rock and all Louisiana against the English and the Iroquois, he needed, if ever a man needed it, the hearty support of his king. This he soon came to know he had lost. How? Because his mediator had played him false. Not Frontenac, but Frontenac's successor. While La Salle, lonely on that rock, saw stretched before him the great empire which his genius had given to France, and was writing letters to Frontenac regarding his great project, these letters were going to the new governor, La Barre, who was back-
capping him in every possible way before the king, La Barre traduces La Salle using those very letters to accuse La Salle of egotism and utter wildness and impracticableness. Of the causes of the recall of Frontenac we shall know more fully somewhat later. Go Frontenac did, and La Barre at once played into the hands of Frontenac's enemies. The easiest way to gain favor in La Barre's sight was to abuse his predecessor. La Salle, as Frontenac's protégé and illustrious friend, came in for the heaviest portion of the new gov-

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

La Salle
sails for
France

ernor's enmity. When La Salle heard of the change he did not know how complete it was, and proceeded on the assumption that La Barre was friendly to him. When he learned the truth, his duty became clear. In peril though the little colony on the Illinois was, his position before the king was in greater peril. In its restoration or correction lay the only means of salvation for the whole gigantic enterprise. Hastily bidding Tonty and his friends farewell, he left the prairie and, with scarcely a pause at Fort Frontenac, now in the hands of his enemies by La Barre's order, or at Quebec, he set sail for France. In two circles La Salle was eminent and conspicuously successful—in the court and in the camp, before the king and among the savages. With the middle classes of men he was not so easily the master. His success at court, therefore, could be easily anticipated.

Wins favor
in Paris

The time and the man were most happily in favor with the king. For the man had definite, specific propositions—and where is the king or head of any great enterprise who does not welcome the man who has a definite, clearly wrought-out scheme backed with facts and illuminated with information?—and the time was most opportune for their execution. The very propositions are evidence of the fertility of La Salle's mind. Probably they had not been conceived by him on his expedition down the Mississippi, but now at court he quickly saw what the king desired, and he made his plans to meet those desires. War with Spain was on. Spain had not touched elbows with France in America for a century, but in La Salle's discoveries lay a future of much intercourse in peace and an opportunity for attacks in time of war. Spain

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

had held Mexico since Cortés's time, and continued to work the mines and maintain a small military force there. Here was a chance to strike her in a weak spot in her armor. So La Salle made proposals to the king to take a colony from France to the mouth of the Mississippi via the Gulf of Mexico and establish the colony there for a double purpose; first, to seize and maintain the hold his explorations gave France on this vast empire of Louisiana; second, to make that colony and settlement the base for an attack upon the Spanish forces in Mexico which he assumed, erroneously of course, lay west of the mouth of the Mississippi, and was attainable by following the river Seignelay, named after the Minister of Foreign Affairs in succession to Colbert, which we identify with the Red River.

However wild and visionary the scheme had been An impossible vision up to this point, it now exceeds all bounds. He asked only two hundred men from France and a vessel armed with cannon, and to this force he would add the four thousand Indians on the Illinois at St. Louis, and with these he could easily conquer the Spaniards. It is impossible for us to-day to know whether La Salle really regarded this madcap scheme as workable. His enemies and the turn of fortune's wheel had dealt harshly with him, and he was really in a desperate situation. To give up his scheme of extending French power from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico and of thus winning an empire for France, would mean not only his own personal ruin, but would in the years to come show France to have been most short-sighted and inappreciative of magnificent opportunities. Here was a glittering prize worth striving for, a great stake to play for; and

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Other
utopias
have be-
come facts

to win it one must not be overnice about means and weapons. And, even granting that he broached this scheme to conquer Mexico merely to protect and assure the success of his grand colonization scheme, the history of the world is not barren of almost as utopian fancies becoming permanent fact. La Salle might point to the brilliant campaign of Cortés in that same region. We know how different were the circumstances and the equipment of the two expeditions, but as little hope for success at the outset seemed to attend the one as the other. It was a desperate chance, and on it La Salle threw his whole fate. We shall see how he fared.

The king
fascinated

Louis and his minister were fascinated by the picture La Salle drew. They accepted almost at once his propositions, and even went beyond his demands in their response. The first step was taken in regard to Fort St. Louis. When La Salle left that post to lay his schemes before the king, he gave over the reins to La Forest. Him La Barre summarily deposed a few weeks later and sent back to France, and with his own forces, sent from Quebec, took command of Starved Rock. Soon afterward, we are informed by a most meagre record, the Iroquois made another bloody incursion into the country of the Illinois, and besieged the rock and the inhabitants of the town who took shelter there. It was a desperate contest, and for a long time Fort St. Louis was in peril and its defenders in danger of massacre or starvation. But at last the Iroquois, bailed or fearing the return of La Salle, withdrew. To this the king now sent back La Forest to take command in the name of La Salle and the king. At the same time a letter of rebuke was sent to La

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DOMINION PARLIAMENT BUILDING, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA



LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

Barre, which foreshadowed his recall a short time later.

THE EXPEDITION

THEN began the preparations for one of the most remarkable expeditions that ever set sail outside the domain of fiction and golden legend. Four vessels were given to La Salle, under the command of Beaujeu, captain in the navy, who was, however, to be subordinate to La Salle in control of the expedition as a whole. One hundred soldiers were enrolled, as well as mechanics and laborers. Thirty gentlemen of rank and fortune volunteered, and a score of girls who sought matrimony in the New World. Of course there were priests—three Sulpitians, including La Salle's brother, the Abbé Jean Cavelier, and three Récollets, including Membré, who had accompanied La Salle on his journeys into Illinois. At the outset the policy of a divided command, followed by France everywhere with the same dismal failure, caused friction. La Salle had asked for supreme command, and Beaujeu's authority, small as it was, distressed and annoyed him. Beaujeu, accustomed to rule vessels and expeditions without a master, chafed under La Salle's premiership, especially as it was accompanied by reserve, hauteur, and evident suspicion. Even before they set sail, Beaujeu began to bombard Seignelay with complaints and appeals for larger powers, but got no satisfaction. At length a division of powers was specifically agreed to, and a document incorporating the provisions therefor was drawn up and signed by both. But even this did not stop the bickering, and the letters of the captain, which have fortunately

The preparations

A divided command

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

been preserved, reveal a decidedly interesting condition of constant quarreling on board the "Joly," the main vessel of the expedition, during the time she lay at Rochelle awaiting the start.

Was
La Salle's
mind un-
clouded?

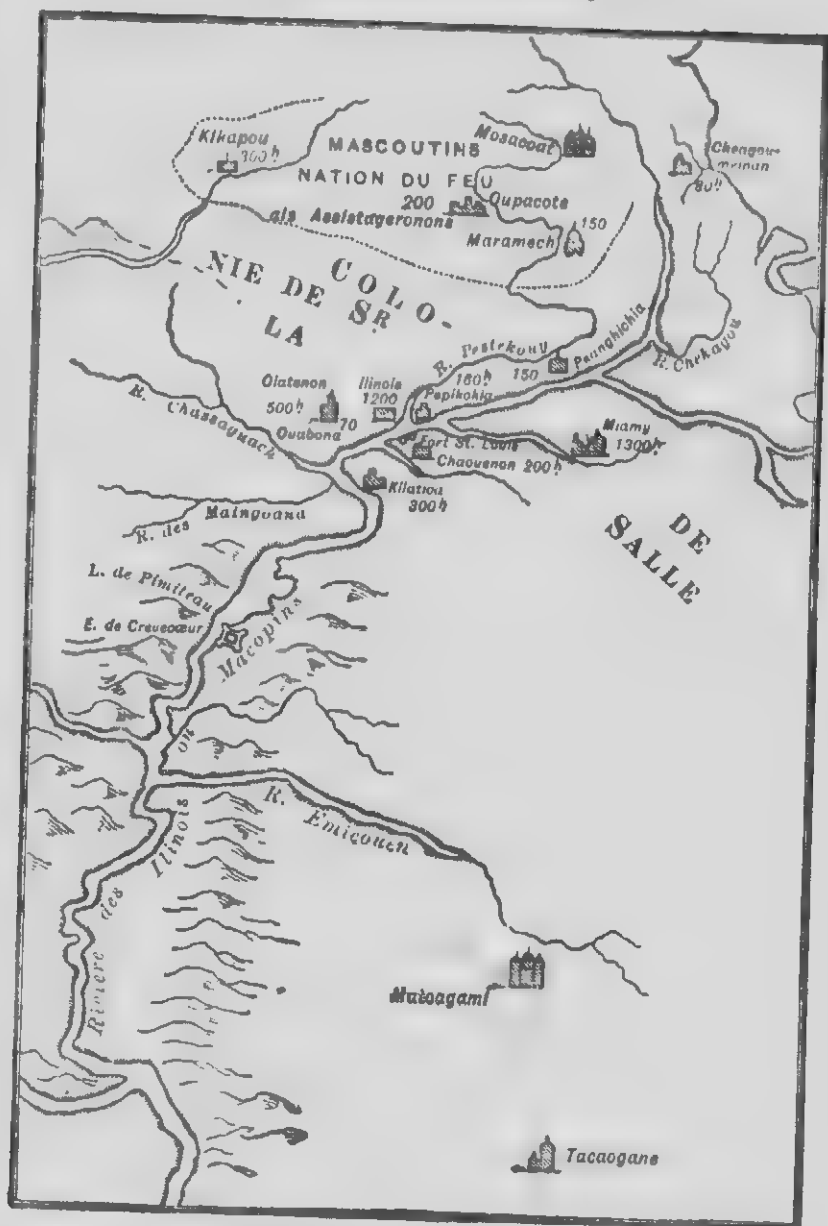
In one of those letters Beaujeu voices a suspicion which was current, and to which Parkman and other historians seem to give some credence; namely, that La Salle's mind was turned. Certainly this whole scheme was most fantastic and impossible, but that it may have been devised by the soundest of minds has been already shown. And it was in petty matters that La Salle showed infirmity of purpose and morbid suspicions. After weighing all these accusations and following his succeeding conduct, I fail to see any evidence of unsound mind. He was agitated and irritable and volatile and suspicious, and undoubtedly fearful of the failure of the expedition, and physically not well, but his mind was clear. At length the various members and the vast impedimenta of the expedition were ready, and on July 24, 1684, the four ships left Rochelle.

Sailed
July 24, 1684

To tell the story of that voyage in detail would be merely to repeat a wearisome journal of daily disputes and wrangling. All the leaders of the expedition, including the priests, soldiers, and women, were on board the "Joly." The sailors took Beaujeu's part and the soldiers took La Salle's. The quarrels kept the atmosphere of the ship in a constantly disturbed condition. It took two months to reach St. Domingo, then a French colony. A quarrel arose on the landing there, La Salle wishing to stop at one port and Beaujeu landing at another. In this Beaujeu was clearly in the wrong, for the

Arrived
at St.
Domingo

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT



LA SALLE'S COLONY ON THE ILLINOIS

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Pirates
capture the
tool ship

landing at Petit Goave and not at Port de Paix resulted in giving pirates a chance to capture a ship. They took the "St. Francis," on which were provisions and tools. That loss of itself doomed the expedition. Then La Salle fell ill, and it was November before he was well enough to resume his journey. Meanwhile the whole party was demoralized, so many men deserting that it was necessary to confine the remainder on the ships. Those going ashore proved again Watts's proverb that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, for they brawled and drank, and, worse yet, fell a prey to the vices of the island, contracting loathsome diseases, from which they were afterward to rot on the tropical shores of the Gulf.

Missed the
Missis-
sippi's
mouth

Only three ships now sailed, and La Salle and his brother were on board the "Aimable," because he distrusted Aigron, her captain. Beaujeu had his own way now on the "Joly," and the frigate "Belle" kept up as well as she could. The voyage from this time on was uneventful. They touched at the Isle of Pines, and were delayed at Cape St. Antoine by bad weather. Finally, in December, they entered the Gulf of Mexico, and steered northwest. There was no pilot aboard who had ever sailed the gulf, and while La Salle had taken the latitude of the mouth of the Mississippi, he could only guess at its longitude—and he guessed badly. Land was sighted on December 28, and on January 1 they anchored off shore. La Salle felt sure that the land he saw was the delta of the Mississippi. Instead it is plain that they had sailed too far west, and probably they were near Galveston Bay! But at this point the ships were separated by fogs and mists, and it took

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

several days of waiting and cruising to get them together. After much bickering and quarreling, in which La Salle asked Beaujeu to go back and look for the mouth of the river, which he now felt sure he had passed, a party of soldiers was landed to explore the coast northward. They at length discovered what they declared was the mouth of a river, but which was, it is thought, Matagorda Bay, not the Delta

THE WRETCHED COLONY IN TEXAS

HERE La Salle landed and announced that the place was a mouth of the Mississippi, and ordered the "Aimable" to come in and anchor. It is a bad harbor, shallow and shifting, and difficult for pilots. The "Aimable" ran aground just at the moment that La Salle's attention on shore was occupied by the task of releasing some of his men whom neighboring Indians had captured. This accomplished, he hastened back to the shore, to see the "Aimable" fast going to pieces. It was only with the greatest difficulty that some of the provisions and other supplies on board were saved. The ship itself was soon pounded to pieces by the surf. La Salle and others believed that Captain Aigron deliberately ran her aground. It was another crushing blow to the expedition, and only a veritable Stout Heart like La Salle could bear it with equanimity. Troubles kept on heaping up. The Indians were plainly hostile and made several attacks upon this shivering little band. Then Beaujeu asked permission to return to France. It looked very like desertion, but he fortified his request by declaring that he had done what he had been directed to do, landed his passengers at the mouth of the Mississippi, and rather than continue

The "Aimable" runs aground

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

to run the risk of losing his vessel in the winter storms off the coast, he thought he had best weigh anchor and return. To this suggestion La Salle seems to have interposed no strenuous objection. He did not even take advantage of Beaujeu's proposal that he take the "Joly" back only to Martinique, and, getting help there, return to La Salle. At length, on March 12, Beaujeu sailed, and with him went several of the colonists, including Minet, the engineer, whose aid was greatly to be missed, but who had quarreled with La Salle. Only the frigate "Belle" remained to him of the four proud vessels which left Rochelle the summer before.

Beaujeu
returns to
France

Building
a fort

La Salle
learns the
truth

A rude fort was built at the landing-place, and while the colonists who were to drive Spain from America were settling down to the new life, La Salle made various exploring expeditions, to find out exactly where he was. It did not take him long to learn that he was not on or near the Mississippi. The agony of mind which he suffered when he came to know this awful truth can only be imagined, for he has left us no record of this expedition as he did of his earlier ones. But he did not despair; he never despaired. He faced the duty first at hand, and began to make provision for the colony, which was now exposed to the Spaniards from sea and land, as well as to the savages daily growing more dangerous. La Salle found a more favorable site on the river La Voche, now the Lavaca, which flows into Matagorda Bay. To that place at length the whole colony was removed, and a fort built, called, as usual, Fort St. Louis. The building of this fort under the hot Texas sun was a terribly exhausting work, and few of the men had skill enough to do

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

such work when at their best. But La Salle, who ^{wretched} was a hard task-master, kept them at it, and soon ^{condition} other buildings were erected, and the place had the ^{of the} appearance of strength and thrift. But it was only ^{colonists} the appearance. Actually the colonists' condition was wretched. Their supplies soon began to fail, and they were unable to raise much in their gardens and fields. To add to the colony's misery, new illnesses. The usual diseases of new countries, ^{which} those so near the tropics, attacked them. Few ^{of the} men recovered, but those men who ^{survived} with them to Texas the diseases contracted in Louisiana died miserable deaths, as they deserved.

Why should we follow these wretches through the miserable, lonesome days and months that came and passed? It is too painful a story to tell in such detail. Its end was the only end possible—utter ruin. But La Salle we must follow, for in him moved the spirit of colonizing France in America, and his herculean efforts to rescue the colony and reconstruct the broken fabric of his plans challenge our absorption and admiration. No sooner had he seen the fort and houses built than he began his journey to the Mississippi. But the first attempt was fruitless, and he had to return to his base, only to get the crushing tidings that the "Belle" had been ^{The last} lost, and all hope of succor and return was gone. ^{chance for} This ship was the gift of the king to La Salle, and ^{succor} he treasured her highly. It is impossible to see how ^{rule} he could have borne up under this terrible blow. But he did bear up. Only in his increased severity of disposition could his men see working the grief of his soul. It was unfortunate that he could not have become more gentle and suave and tolerant in

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

such bitter times. Such an attitude would have greatly helped and cheered the colonists, but for him that was impossible. If he had relaxed in the slightest degree, he might have gone mad. It was only by hiding his sorrow and preserving a stern temper that he was able to keep up and not lose his hold on himself and his overwhelming task. So he tried again to reach the Mississippi, but his party, after wretched weeks, were again forced to return. Then La Salle fell ill, and it was not until spring that he recovered enough to plan his next journey. He decided not only to make his way to the Mississippi, but to ascend it and thus reach Canada again, and there secure help and send news to France of the colony's awful plight. On April 22, 1686, the party set out for a long journey. With La Salle went his brother Jean, the priest; Moranget, his nephew; Anastase Douay, a friar, and about twenty others. This is another story of disaster and despair. They had troubles with some of the Indians, but were well treated by the Cenis, and remained with them for several weeks. Then La Salle again fell ill, and for two months lay prostrated while some of his men deserted, the supplies and ammunition ran low with no hope of replacing them. So again did La Salle turn back.

Attempts to
reach the
Mississippi

THE FINAL TRAGEDY

By this time it was winter and a more pleasant season, but the colony had suffered terribly from the hand of Fate. Of the 180 colonists, but 45 remained. The annihilation of this proud expedition was close at hand, although scarcely a hostile hand had been raised against it, and the Spaniards,

But, left
out of 180

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

whom it came to destroy, did not even know of its presence in Texas. The return of La Salle convinced all but himself that the doom of the colony was sealed and that its last day was nigh. He again fell ill, but by Twelfth Night he was able to start on another expedition for Canada and France. About twenty men, women, and children, including the friar Membré, were left at Fort St. Louis, while the strong arms went with La Salle. These were Joutel, the priest Jean Cavelier, and the friar Douay, Moranget and the boy Cavelier (La Salle's nephews), Duhaut, Liotot, the surgeon; Hiens (a German, once a buccaneer), and others, to the total number of seventeen. Joutel, Cavelier, and Douay are the historians of this party, and while they do not always agree, modern archivists construct a fairly accurate tale from their somewhat rambling narratives. They tell of the day's doings, of the steady progress northeast through both friendly and unfriendly territory, through vast buffalo herds, and across swamps and rivers. The Brazos was soon forded and the Trinity reached. Here they were detained by rainy weather, and while waiting for the cold, wet days to pass, the barometer of the party's hopes noticeably and menacingly fell. La Salle grew even more reserved and distant, and a conspiracy against him soon began to take form. Of the party, Duhaut and Liotot were plainly malcontents. At the beginning, in France, they had invested heavily in the expedition, and were now angry at its failure and their loss. They had no confidence in La Salle, and each thought himself a better leader. Joutel had had trouble at the fort with Duhaut, who harshly resented Joutel's reprimand. Moranget had quar-

The last party sets out, January, 1687

A mutinous spirit rising

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

**The leaders
quarrel** reled with both Duhaut and Liotot, and denounced them roundly. At times like these all such bad blood comes to a head, and there grew a spirit of treason and anarchy in this little group of broken men wandering in the vast prairies and deep woods of the Southwest.

Crossing the Trinity when the weather cleared, they soon came near a spot where La Salle had hidden some vegetables. La Salle sent Duhaut, Liotot, Hiens, Teissier, L'Archeveque, Nika, and Saget, La Salle's servant, to open this cache and bring its contents into camp. When they opened it they found the vegetables spoiled and worthless. On their way back Nika shot a buffalo, and while they were dressing the meat they sent Saget, the servant, for horses to bring the meat to La Salle's camp. La Salle sent back his nephew Moranget, and De Marle with the horses. When they arrived Moranget became involved with the others in a dispute over the manner of preparing the meat, and angrily seized all of it, including the parts reserved by Duhaut and the others for themselves. It was now too late to reach La Salle's camp before dark, so, after more argument, they decided to remain on that spot for the night. **The foolish
fury of
Moranget** The fury of the foolish young Moranget, the curses he heaped upon Duhaut and the others, and his inexcusable action in seizing the meat so embittered the men that they determined on vengeance. **The plot** A plot, which they had probably half outlined many times before, now assumed definite shape in the darkness of the woods. Moranget must die, and with him Saget and Nika. These three were given the first watches, and after each had relieved the other and lay asleep, every

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

other man in camp arose, and then began the con-summation of the plot whose consequences were to be far weightier than they dreamed. To Liotot, the surgeon, was given the honor of the murder. One after another he struck with an ax. All was over in a few moments, and scarcely a sound broke the silence of the deep, peaceful forest.

Only six miles away slept La Salle and his friends. He had expected the return of the men that night. When another day passed, and another night, he grew alarmed, and insisted on starting out to seek them. Meanwhile the villains were lost in perplexity. The murder of his nephew, Moranget, would bring upon them the wrath of La Salle, and this meant that their own lives must pay the penalty. The only way to save themselves lay in killing La Salle. Only one of them, Hiens, seems to have hesitated at this alternative, for he had been treated well by his chief; but at length he was won over, and, knowing that the crisis must soon come, they sat and waited.

It was a scene and a circumstance quite unlike anything else in all history. The continent of North America then was peopled with straggling settlements along the Atlantic Coast, the St. Lawrence, and the Great Lakes, while in the woods of the Upper Mississippi and Ohio Valleys roamed a few *coureurs de bois*. But aside from these, and the little band dying at Fort St. Louis, on the Gulf, these men in the woods of Texas, in camps six miles apart, were the only white men in all North America—the only Caucasians between the Spaniards in the mines of Mexico, and the little band on Starved Rock of the Illinois, almost two thou-

Moranget,
Saget, and
Nika
murdered

La Salle
must die

The scene
and the
lonely
actors

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

sand miles away. And these men, who had sailed from France in great spirits and high state a year before to drive the Spaniards out of North America, after enduring the perils of sea and plains, now stood in hostile camps, the one awaiting the approach of the leader of them all, to slay him! The loneliness, the misery, the irony of the picture!

La Salle
shot
through
the brain,
Mar. 18, 1687

Led by an Indian guide, and accompanied only by Douay, the friar, La Salle set out that morning. Douay records that his chief's conversation was all the way on holy themes, and that in it was prominent a spirit of thanksgiving to God that his life had been spared through so many perils. The walk did not take long, and indeed the conspirators, hearing his gun fired, advanced to meet him. When he came in sight, however, they were all hidden in the undergrowth, except L'Archeveque, the decoy. La Salle asked him where Moranget was. The fellow replied in a surly manner that he was somewhere near. Angered at the man's insolence, La Salle rushed forward to chastise him, a procedure that, we fear, was only too often resorted to by La Salle in enforcing order and obedience. A shot rang out from the bush, then another, and La Salle fell dead, shot through the brain.

THE CAREER OF LA SALLE

WHAT an end to such a career! It often baffles us to account for the wisdom and justice of Providence when we see man brought down by an animal, a horse, or dog, or other brute. All the more should we lament that it is possible for a great, heroic, and noble figure to be slain by another man, so low in the scale, and so despicable, as not fit to be classed with men.

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

That a few villains should be able, with a single rifle shot, to take out of this world the one man with an empire in his brain, on whom hung the chances and hopes of French dominion in the New World, seems to us inexplicable. Yet it was part, undoubtedly, of its great destiny that this America should not be under the rule of the Gallic race. We shall see more clearly later why great genuses like Champlain, and Frontenac, and La Salle, and Talon, and Montcalm could not lift their people up to mastery and leadership in America, but that the task should come to that race which is better fitted for pioneering because in its average and not in its heights it is great.

It is hardly necessary for me to sketch the character of La Salle in this place. The reader has drawn it himself, as he has gone through these pages with me. I can hardly recall any man in all history who in the forty-three years of his life underwent so many hardships in pursuit of great enterprises. True, these projects were visionary, impracticable with the means he had in hand. He had not learned that soundest of business maxims of the twentieth century: "Enter no undertaking without reserves." La Salle was never content to sit and wait for his equipment to become adequate to the task; he never had even enough for a start. Undoubtedly he believed that the only way to make any headway in his grand schemes was to take the initiative, and to trust that the world and his king would soon see from the progress that he made, the vitality of his projects, and the necessity that they be supported with all the kingdom's treasure and men. But he never gained anything tangible, and

The hope of
French
dominion

Weakness
of his
training

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

he could never point to one of his promises fulfilled. It is not a sufficient defense to cite his "bad luck," the loss of the "Griffin," the Iroquois attack on the Illinois, etc., etc. All these were probable, and were within his fears. It was only when he broached the wildest, most absurd scheme of all that any royal support was given him, and then it was, compared with the project, ridiculously inadequate. And through this, more than through any of the others, we see evidences of bad judgment. Hence we can see how his proudest expectation should have ended in the greatest calamity. But his chief lack was his lack of tact. The man who can not rule men can not build an empire. La Salle tried in America to drive men as he might have driven them in the narrow, limited areas of France. But on the broad fields of America, and far away from the hold of king and soldier, men would not be driven, chastised, and beaten. They drew back and struck, and La Salle was their victim.

La Salle's
inability to
rule men

Yet what a great hero and splendid figure he was! No pioneer of the New World was greater than he. And to him English-speaking America owes a deep debt of gratitude. He could not draw France into the great, boundless fields of the Mississippi Valley, but the story of his expeditions, told in every corner of America, found in almost every Anglo-Saxon heart a spring which responded, awoke a love for exploration, a passion for the frontier, a determination to go into and possess the lands for whose conquest this great hero of France wrought and died. Undoubtedly his story was a powerful influence in stimulating the impulse toward frontier settlement, among the people

Americans
owe him
much

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

of the Atlantic seaboard, so that by the end of the next century American colonists were working with ax and shovel and gun, in those vast regions, for the upbuilding of an Anglo-Saxon nation, whose heart should be as it is to-day, in those then dense woods and great prairies of the Mississippi Valley.

Thus Americans and Canadians owe La Salle a debt of gratitude which ought to have a tangible, material sign. A call for a testimonial Aside from a Chicago street and a county in Illinois, there is almost nothing to remind the coming generations of his great name and great deeds. Others far less deserving have been accorded noble memorials. Why is he neglected? Let us erect, somewhere in Montreal, or Quebec, at Fort Frontenac, or in the great West, in Chicago, in St. Louis, or at the delta of the Mississippi where he planted the column and cross—let us erect some symbol or statue that shall speak his name and fame to all men who pass along.

THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS

WHEN La Salle fell, his murderers leaped forward with cries of exultation, and heaped insults upon his body, tearing off the clothes and dragging it into the bushes. The poor friar, aghast at the awful deed, stood silent until Duhaut assured him that he would not be harmed. Then he turned away, and at first walking slowly, then more rapidly, and at last running, he rushed into the camp with such telltale face that Cavelier exclaimed, "My poor brother is dead!" Fast following him were the conspirators. All the innocent expected to be killed, but mercy prevailed, and all were spared. Duhaut "My poor brother is dead!"

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

thus became La Salle's successor as leader of the expedition.

A confused
and head-
less party

But an expedition whither? That was the uppermost question now. After the first shock of the assassination, Cavelier warned them that in killing La Salle they had killed themselves, for he only could get them out of the country. Joutel was appalled at the situation, but held his peace. Duhaut at length decided to go to the village of the Ceniz Indians, who had befriended La Salle on his former expedition. After a long journey they reached it, and were cordially welcomed. Here were found two Frenchmen, Router and Grollet, who had deserted La Salle on a previous expedition, and had already become savages.

The headless party remained there for several weeks. In the mean while Joutel and his friends were devising all sorts of means for escaping from the companionship of the desperadoes. They tried to secure Duhaut's consent to allow them to leave and make their way to Canada alone. He did agree to it at first, but afterward changed his mind, and declared that all should go to Canada together. Hiens was then away from the camp, but heard of Duhaut's new scheme, and returned at once in high dudgeon, accompanied by the two French outlaws, Router and Grollet. No sooner had they reached the camp than Hiens became involved in a quarrel with Duhaut over the distribution of La Salle's effects. Suddenly Hiens drew his revolver, and shouting: "You are a scoundrel! You killed my master," shot Duhaut dead. At the same moment Router killed Liotot; and thus the two chief conspirators met with retribution only a few weeks

Retribution
SWIFT
JAN 25 1885

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

after their horrible deed. The knaves fell out, with the usual result. Joutel caught up his gun to defend himself, but Hiens told him not to be frightened, for they were only avenging La Salle's death—a neat way for him to make amends for a crime which, while he did not actively assist in committing, he could have prevented by a resolute stand. Joutel tells how the Indians, who saw this affray, were amazed at it and marveled that white men should seek the woods of a strange land in order to settle their mortal quarrels. The *Cenis* were long in seeing another white party: probably it was almost a century before the curiosity of the descendants of these Indians was satisfied.

Hiens, while determined not to run the risk himself of returning to Canada, consented to allow the others to go, stipulating only that he receive from Cavelier, the priest, a written statement that he had had no hand in the slaying of La Salle. The priest did not hesitate, but gave him at once a clean bill of conduct. Then Hiens bade them an effusive good-by, after presenting to them many of La Salle's effects, and they started on that long trip to Starved Rock and civilization.

It was now June, and, by the aid of the Indians, they pushed forward rapidly. At times they were embarrassed by the attentions they received from the aborigines. Particularly was this so in the case of Cavelier, who, as La Salle's brother, they regarded as the leader of the expedition, and wives were urged upon him in a way that shocked the timid priest. On one occasion all the Frenchmen had their faces washed in warm water by an old chief, as a token of respect, and were placed on a

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

rude cane rostrum and there compelled to listen for four mortal hours to speeches of welcome in a tongue that was wholly foreign to them. After two months' wandering, they came to the Arkansas just before it flows into the Mississippi, and saw an Indian town on the opposite bank. In it, to their great joy, they discovered a wooden cross, adjacent to which was plainly a white man's house. Their shouts brought out two white men, who at once sent canoes across the river for them. These two men were Couture and De Launay. They were from Starved Rock, and had been left there by Tonty on an expedition which he sent out to join La Salle and rescue his party. After being reinstated at Fort St. Louis by order of the king, Tonty had heard of La Salle's new project, and later there came the baneful tidings brought to France by Beaujeu, the captain of the "Joly," of the sad beginnings of the colony. At once Tonty set out to find that colony. He went first to the delta of the Mississippi, and searched a hundred miles or more along the coast east and west of the delta. At length compelled to return, he left with singular foresight six men on the Arkansas, to succor any of the colonists who might come that way.

Two of
Tonty's
men found

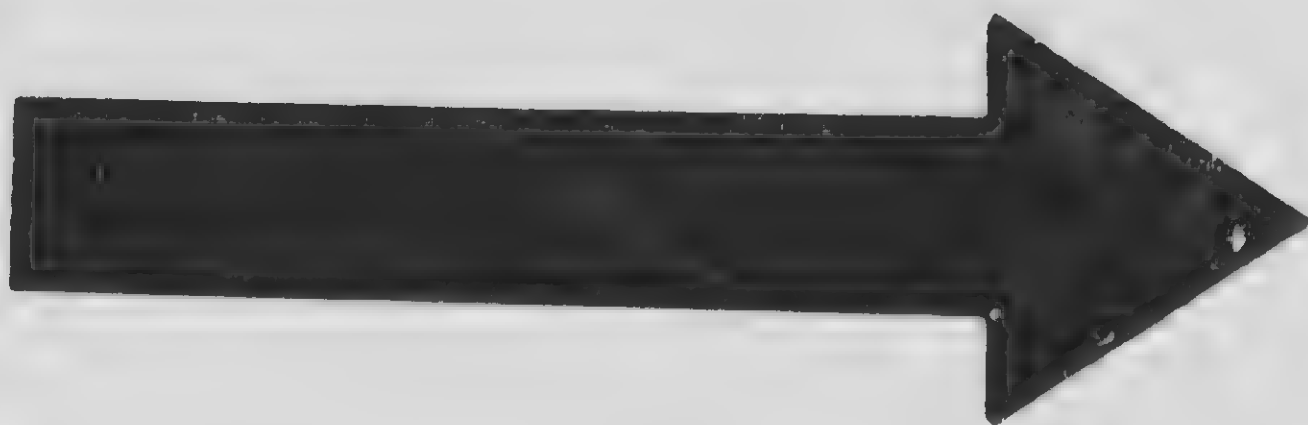
This was the company the wandering Frenchmen found. To them the story of La Salle's death was told, but not to the Indians who in La Salle's name welcomed them with a feast, a dance, and other joyful ceremonies most tiresome to them because of their interminable length and enigmatical significance. At length, refreshed in body and mind, Joutel and his party left the town on August 1, and soon reached the Mississippi. They make no reference in

The
Mississippi
reached,
August 1

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

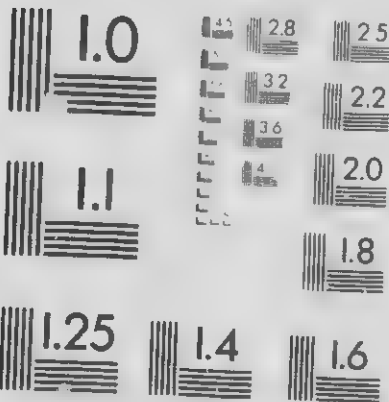
their journals to Fort Prudhomme, which La Salle ^{The Illinois} built on the Chickasaw Bluffs, so it is likely that this ^{reached at} little rescue home had been torn down or at least ^{last} abandoned. On September 1 they passed the mouth of the Missouri, and on the 14th of that month they at last saw, to their overwhelming delight, Fort St. Louis on the Illinois. They were saluted by gunfire from the fort, and a cordial welcome awaited them. Tonty was absent, fighting the Iroquois, but his associates made them at home and bade them tell the story of their wanderings.

Here occurred a thing inexplicable as an act of La Salle's honest men. Cavalier had been "thinking it over" ^{death} on that long journey from the Arkansas to the Illinois, and had devised a scheme of falsification, ^{concealed} concealing from all he might meet the news of his brother's death and asserting that he would come late in the fall. Tonty on his return ought to have seen through this scheme and unmasked the conspirators, but he probably did not dream that La Salle's brother, a priest, would be guilty of such deception. The reason for this lie may be seen in Cavalier's demand in La Salle's name on Tonty for a large quantity of furs, a canoe, and other goods, and they were given him. Why Joutel should have assisted in this lie can not be understood. He appears to have received no financial benefit from it, and must have deferred to Cavalier's judgment out of respect to his dead friend's brother. At any rate the deception was not discovered by any one at Fort St. Louis, and after spending the winter with Tonty the whole party started for Canada in March by way of Michilimackinac, reaching Montreal on ^{Quebec and} July 17. After refitting there they went to Quebec, ^{France}



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THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

and thence in August sailed for France. Arrived there, they told the true story, which horrified Europe, and Canada still more when late that fall the news was brought back.

THE RUIN OF THE TEXAS COLONY

Tonty's
loyal
attempt
at rescue

TONTY had, however, earned the truth almost as soon as France, for in September Couture came up to the Illinois from the Arkansas. At once Tonty's mind was excited by the prospect of rescuing the miserable colonists left starving and sick in Texas. While he was preparing for this expedition he received a letter from the governor informing him that France had declared war against Spain. This gave him a new idea, that of combining his rescue expedition with an attack upon the Spaniards in Mexico. In the latter project Couture assured him he could receive help from the Indians of the Southwest, who had a long-standing grudge against the Spaniards. So he set out in December with five Frenchmen and three Indians. He reached the Arkansas in March, and was preparing to go onward when his men refused to advance farther. Lack of confidence in a leader, it will be observed, seemed to be characteristic of Frenchmen. The only good feature of this trait is that sometimes the leader or his project is not worth following. Such lack of confidence, curiously enough, is in the same people apparently not at all inconsistent with hero worship and idolatry when some sweeping, dashing figure like Napoleon arises. Tonty's scheme was, without doubt, quixotic, and his men were justified in refusing to go on; but we can only lament that we may not read to-day a story of the march of French and

Tonty's
men balk

LA SALLE'S GRAND PROJECT

Indians into the land of the Mexicans, and a fierce battle about the temples of the Aztecs. But Tonty pushed on, nevertheless, as he heard that Hiens was near with some Indians. On reaching their village he could secure no information as to the buccaneer, but the wailing of the squaws when his name was mentioned told as plainly as words that the braves had put him to death. Thus perished ignobly another of the band that murdered La Salle. Tonty was now compelled to return, and the glorious expedition of rescue and conquest thus failed.

Meanwhile King Louis had refused to send a relief expedition to Texas, and even the Spanish warships, hearing of the settlement, were unable to find it to destroy after a diligent search along the coast, so far inland was it. At last, in 1689, an order came from the Spanish viceroy, Galve, to find and destroy the colony, and a force under Alonzo de Leon set out from Coahuila, across the Rio Grande, for Fort St. Louis. It was only three hundred miles distant. When they reached it they found nothing but desolation and confusion. Three bodies, one a woman's, lay on the prairie near by. The Indians who came to the spot would tell them nothing, but L'Archeveque, the decoy to La Salle, and Grollet, who were with the Indians, at length told the Spaniards how the Indians had suddenly attacked the fort and butchered the inhabitants. These two Frenchmen were promised immunity if they would tell what they knew, but the promise was broken, and they were taken back to Spain and thrown into prison. Some of the colony captured by the Indians were given up. One was imprisoned at Vera Cruz. Pierre and Jean Talon, two brothers, were com-

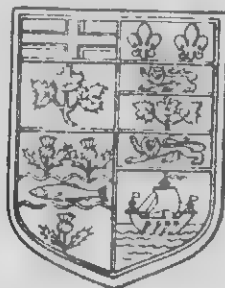
Hiens
meets a
just fate

The
Spaniards
too late

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

What
became
of the
survivors

pelled to join the Spanish navy, but the warship they were on was captured by the French, and they at last got their liberty and returned to La Belle France. What became of the others is not surely known. It is marvelous and a tribute to the indefatigable labors of French historians, the most patient and tireless in the world, that we have been able to trace this story out to these extreme details. I have gone into it thus fully, bewitched by its fascination to give it more space than, perhaps, its importance justifies, but hoping that the reader will have been caught with the same spell and will have followed the recital as eagerly to its close.



CHAPTER XV

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC AND HIS RECALL

WE shall now once again leave the frontier and the woods with all the charm such a life and such a story imply, and return to the court region of Canada—the court so envied by the mere citizens of New France, but which was indeed the unhappiest spot in the whole country. In following La Salle's history we have seen how he was aided and encouraged by Count Frontenac, the new governor.

We have seen how the latter got a grip on the Indians and so secured their respect and inspired their fear that his administration was a guaranty of peace. It was on his return from his famous visit to the Iroquois, preceding the erection of Fort Frontenac, that the first serious quarrel of his Canadian career began. It is a petty incident, yet it must be known to appreciate the many quarrels that followed.

Frontenac found at Montreal as governor one Perrot, a relative of Talon by marriage. Perrot was a forehanded fellow, and well understood the game of graft, which seems to be not as modern as pessimists of to-day think. He thought the governor at Quebec was making too much money out of the fur trade, and determined to dam the stream that flowed past Montreal to Quebec. This he did

The un-
happiest
spot in
Canada

Perrot,
governor of
Montreal

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A rich idea by building a storehouse near Montreal and placing one of his own men in charge. The scheme was a success. The Indians were glad to save themselves the long journey to Quebec, and so Perrot waxed rich. Of course, in that day of official debauchery, when so great a man as Frontenac did not consider it beneath the governor to profit by trade alliances, Perrot did nothing very unusual or degrading. But he soon introduced into the conduct of business some of the methods of later-day American land-offices. He advised his own soldiers to desert and escape to the woods, there as *courcurs de bois* to trade with the Indians in their own country, and share their gains with him. Naturally these fellows, being under the wing of the governor of Montreal, felt very free in their movements and actions, and committed sundry outrages on the inhabitants. When the judge of Montreal and prominent residents came to Perrot and complained of these *courcurs de bois*, Perrot abused the citizens and clapped the judge into prison. These things at length came to Frontenac's ear, and a long contest began. Perrot defied Frontenac's authority, and arrested his representatives sent to Montreal to capture the offending *courcurs de bois*. All Montreal was excited, and among those who took Perrot's part was an Abbé Fénelon of Montreal, half-brother of the famous author. He stormed against Frontenac in the pulpit and accompanied Perrot to Quebec to present his case to Frontenac. The latter, amazed by Perrot's impudence, promptly put him in jail and sent La Nouguère to take command at Montreal. The new governor proceeded with vigor. He captured the two ruffians who had caused the

Graft
in the
seven-
teenth
century

Perrot and
Frontenac
quarrel

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

complaints and sent them to Quebec, where one was publicly hanged. The rest of the *coureurs de bois*, who were regarded in French law as outlaws, and whose arrest was ordered by the king, were soon driven out of Montreal. The quarrels between Perrot and Fénelon on the one hand and Frontenac on the other continued until the two former were at length ordered to return to France and were never allowed again in Canada.

All such contests, as any politician knows, are expensive. Frontenac won, but it cost him heavily in the loss of the king's favor. The letters sent to Frontenac by the king and by Colbert were usually in approval of his conduct, but there were often warnings in them which he would have been wise to heed. Colbert at length flatly and specifically ordered him not to trade in furs, but to attend strictly to the administration of the colony. He also placed the power of appointing the colonial council in the hands of the king, and thus took away a large source of Frontenac's strength. But, most serious of all, he revived the office of intendant, and Duchesneau was ordered to Canada to fill it. This clearly cut Frontenac's authority in two. Undoubtedly Frontenac would continue the dominant personality, but the office of intendant gave an ambitious and able man a chance to rival the governor or even efface him, as Talon did Courcelles. All sorts of wrangling ensued soon after Duchesneau's arrival, mainly over petty questions of precedence. In these and other little disputes, Laval, who had been pretty quiet for some years, joined with Duchesneau against the governor, and this alliance, although Colbert warned the intendant against it, became a

Perrot and
Frontenac
banished
from
Canada

The
intendant
and the
governor

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Frontenac
in a rage

regular feature of court life in Quebec. There were wranglings at the council meetings that lasted for days, in which Frontenac flew into a rage and foamed at the mouth. Personal encounters were not infrequent. The result of all this was that king and minister were swamped with letters from governor and intendant until they cried for peace. They exhorted and warned both Frontenac and Duchesneau, and those worthies replied by heaping up charges against each other. Most of these charges refer to the fur trade, in which both seem equally involved. In 1681 Seignelay, Colbert's son, took charge of the Department of the Colonies, and thus had to bear his father's burden. He did it for a year, when, the stream of criminations not diminishing and even increasing in volume, he determined to recall both men. So in the spring of 1682 Frontenac and Duchesneau returned to France. Of the latter we shall hear no more.

Both
recalled

CANADA UNDER BARRE AND DENONVILLE

A lawyer
who would
be a general

THE king appointed as Frontenac's successor La Felve de la Barre, a queer old fellow without abilities of a high order, but possessed as we shall see, of an enormous amount of egotism and bombast. He had been a lawyer most of his life, hence he was especially proud of his record as soldier, and insisted upon being called Monsieur le général instead of Monsieur le gouverneur. He had led in a successful campaign against the English in the West Indies, and was supposed to be especially well qualified for the post in Canada. When he and the intendant Meules landed at Quebec they found a most calamitous condition of affairs, for the great

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

fire of 1682 had laid waste the city, consuming more The great
fire of 1682 property in value than was left in all Canada.

The first problem which presented itself to La Barre was the old one of the Iroquois. He undertook several expeditions against them, but all ended in total failure. All this time, of course, the nominal peace first established by Tracy and confirmed by Frontenac was not broken, but there were dozens of *casus belli*, and it was desired to bring all these sources of quarrel to a clearing-house, clean them up, and start all over again. One conference with the Iroquois was held, but the treaty then made gave them everything, and also abandoned to their rapacity the Illinois, to whom La Salle had guaranteed protection. It is unnecessary to follow La Barre into all his record of bombast. Pretending to be pious, and asking for a high salary since he, unlike the governors that preceded him, must live on his pay, he began at once to form trading alliances, and secured in his brief stay a quite neat reward of graft. He and the intendant, of course, La Barre is
recalled quarreled, and after they had served but two years they were recalled.

It was during the stormy times in Canada that Laval
retires and
Saint-
Vallier
becomes
bishop the episcopate of Laval came to an end. He resigned in 1685, partly because of ill health and partly because of friction with Rome over Jansenism and with the king over civil affairs. His successor was Saint-Vallier, who was selected by him, but with whom he quarreled over the control of the seminary at Quebec and on other subjects. Laval was in France when he resigned, and was forbidden by the king to return to Canada because of the dissensions he would stir up. Three years later, how-

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Laval, the
great
bishop

ever, he was allowed to return, and he remained in Canada until his death in 1708, for he lived to a great old age, longer indeed in retirement in Canada than as bishop. Saint-Vallier was a man in temper like Laval, but not nearly so great. On a voyage from Canada bound to France in 1700 he was captured by the English and was compelled to remain a prisoner in England until 1710. During those ten years Canada seemed somehow to get along without a bishop. Laval is still to-day regarded as the great bishop of Canada's history, and the pious guide at the Quebec Seminary shows with pride the coffin in which he was buried. A fair estimate on his career and character is difficult, but of his ability, energy, and devotion to New France and the Church there is no doubt.

Denonville
succeeds
La Barre

The Marquis de Denonville, who succeeded La Barre, was a decided improvement. He really made some headway in the inevitable and unending manœuvring with the Iroquois. He had been a colonel of dragoons, and was reputed to be as pious as his predecessor. Had he possessed some of the guile of Frontenac, the colony would have fared much better. He was energetic, and had he not failed at a supreme crisis he might have left a good record. The task before him was a frightful one. The Iroquois, human devils that they were, could not be satisfied merely with trade and hunting and even rum, with which they were abundantly supplied by English and French alike. They thirsted for blood. They wanted dominion, and only by war could they get it. Without war they would fight among themselves. They were also conniving, with the aid of the English, to get control of the Hurons about

The
Iroquois
like gadflies

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

Michilimackinac. The insolence of this attempt, Effort to control the Hurons which of course carried with it the transfer of the trade of these Hurons to the English, was astounding. Here was a frontier post which the French had founded, and defended and kept alive—a plant that literally they had watered with their blood—this post was asked to desert its savior in favor of his enemy. And there is abundant evidence, growing stronger, as later we shall see, that many of these Hurons were really ready to go, preferring English goods.

The head and front of the English offending and conspiracies was Governor Dongan of New York. Denonville and the English governor This wily ruler kept up a busy intrigue with the Iroquois, and while perhaps not inciting them to war, stopped just short of it. Denonville knew of these things through scouts and stray bands of Indians, but chiefly through Father Lamberville, who conducted the Jesuit mission among them. From the very first Denonville saw the proper remedy—troops—and for them he asked the King again and again. Only by force and a display of force could these miscreants and murderers be kept in check. It was not until Tracy marched with a great force of soldiers into their country that the Iroquois were dominated, and when they again became restive it was Frontenac's display of force that brought them to terms. But Denonville pleaded in vain. Only eight hundred men were sent over from France.

Meanwhile Denonville had correspondence with Dongan, which to-day is rich reading. A lively correspondence These two governors made battledore and shuttlecock of the Iroquois issue back and forth for years. The English governor was at first all courtesy, deference—

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

and mendacity. It was then that he wrote in French. But later, when he got angry, he wrote in bad but expressive English. Denonville had hoped to be able to live on good terms with him, because he also was a Catholic, but the English governor's religion did not apparently weaken his loyalty to Albion. It became evident that the only way by which the French could hold the commerce of the upper lakes was to keep out the English traders. One such expedition, under a Dutchman named Rooseboom, went up there in 1685 and did a thriving business with the savages, who cordially urged him to come again and often. "They like," wrote Denonville to the king, "our manners better, but they like still better the cheap English goods." A second expedition was to set out the next year under Rooseboom, and Denonville made up his mind to stop it. He sent Du Lhut, with *coureurs de bois* from Michilimackinac, to take a stand and erect fortifications at Detroit, and prevent the party from proceeding farther. But to make assurance doubly sure he determined to fall upon the Senecas, with whom the English trading party was spending the winter, and strike them a blow which should never be forgotten.

To stop
the English
traders

Denonville's
treacherous
act at Fort
Frontenac

The expedition was secretly planned. Pretending that he wished to hold a conference with the Iroquois at Fort Frontenac, Denonville led to this conference 800 regulars and 1,200 French militia, leaving the other 800 regulars, who had just arrived from France at Montreal to guard the settlements. But before they all arrived he had executed as neat a piece of strategy as ever Spain could boast of in Cuba. His officers at Fort Frontenac extended its

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

courtesies to all the Iroquois living or fishing nearby. Some of them, to the number of fifty-one, accepted. They really belonged to neutral villages, the Sulpitians had a mission among them, and they hunted and fished for the garrison. Once inside the fort, these unsuspecting Indians were seized and detained. So far so good. It was perfectly justifiable to hold these Iroquois and prevent them from sending word to their brethren of the coming of the great French force. It was a sort of concentration camp, and, unfortunately, it was like the Spanish concentration camps of Cuba in 1897. Indeed, it was even worse, for Weyler merely let the people so captured starve, while these French and their Christian savages employed their leisure in torturing those poor wretches who had been friends to them. Each one was tied to a stake and tortured by the delicate French and their allies. It is impossible in this age to understand such barbarous cruelty. One of the Iroquois leaped from a window of the fort, escaped, and took the news to the Senecas. Meanwhile the Jesuit Lamberville was as innocent as a babe not only of this cruelty but of the whole campaign. When this news reached the camp where he was ministering, he was in despair and expected instant death, but so fine a fame for holiness and truthfulness had he achieved among them that they unhesitatingly believed him when he denied all knowledge of the campaign. Yet it was unsafe for him to remain, the chiefs told him, after the young men's fighting blood was up, so he was urged to leave the camp at once. He did so, and joined the French at Fort Frontenac to Denonville's great relief. All the signs were auspicious for the French. Denonville

Indians
seized and
tortured

One was
and had
the news

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

had there two thousand fighters—regulars, militia, and Indians, and help was coming from an unexpected source.

Tonty
again
appears

The previous autumn he had ordered Tonty on the Illinois to join him with as many men as he could get. Tonty went to work with a will, and assembled sixteen Frenchmen and two hundred Indians. These he brought early in the summer to Detroit. Thither he found that La Durantaya, the commander at Michilimackinac, had also brought a great number of French and Indians, who had been got together by the united labors of Jesuits, soldiers, and *coureurs de bois*, working over a vast region. The Indians were most uncertain in mood, quite as ready to fight for English as for French. While all were waiting at Detroit, and the warwhoops of the various nations were resounding through the still air, just at the moment when something was needed to turn the fickle warriors to one side or the other, that something happened in favor of the French. Rooseboom appeared, bound for Michilimackinac with his goods. He had left the Seneca camp before the news of Denonville's march reached it. At once the French sallied out to meet him, and, in the face of overwhelming numbers, all the Dutchman could do was to surrender gracefully. Thus an enormous amount of supplies came into the hands of the French just when they needed them, an enemy was removed from their path, and the loyalty of the Indians was confirmed. From that time there was no trouble in getting the Indians to go on to Niagara. Indians, as we have often seen, like a great many Anglo-Saxons, dearly love a fighting man, and also like to be with the win-

A happy
stroke
for the
French

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

ning side. So they went gladly and madly with Du Lhut. On the way to Niagara, as good luck would have it, they ran across another English trading expedition led by one McGregor, and gobbled up him and his goods and prisoners. It was a rich haul.

Another
English
party
captured

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE IROQUOIS

WHEN they arrived at Niagara they were told to rendezvous at Irondequoit Bay, Lake Ontario, at the mouth of what is now the Genesee River. Denonville had already preceded them. What a polyglot and motley collection of humanity it was that gathered about and on the shores of that lake! French regulars, Canadian militia, *courcours de bois*, Christian Indians, pagan Indians, and camp-followers of every sort. They spoke divers tongues, and they held one another in mutual disdain. Almost any army without a battle soon degenerates into a mob. This army was a mob all the time. The Senecas were not long in ignorance of their presence and intentions, and although the braves of the Senecas were absent on a hunting expedition, the remnant acted with great wisdom and caution. They took the radical step of burning their chief town after they had hidden their best goods, and had hurried the women and children off farther into the forest. They had not long to wait for Denonville. On he came that hot July day, leading his men and marching in his shirt. The various nations with him were incapable of surprising any enemy unless he were blind and deaf, for they took no pains to conceal themselves, and whooped in every savage tongue as they marched along.

An army
that was
a mob

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The French
ambushed

Of course there was the usual ambush (near the present village of Victor, N. Y.), and at first the Senecas had all the advantage, while the French and their allies were thrown into utter confusion, and many of them tried to get away. But Denonville acted with great coolness and restored order in a few minutes. The columns were re-formed, the other troops came up, and in a short time the Senecas, overwhelmed by numbers, fled in dismay. And that was the only conflict the French had with them. Denonville, like many another general, did not pursue the enemy, as he ought to have done. Undoubtedly he was acting through experience and discretion in dreading a chase of the nimble Senecas into their own fastnesses, but his failure to annihilate them cost him dear at a later time, just as did his treachery at Fort Frontenac. Five or six of his men were killed and twenty wounded. The Seneca loss was much heavier.

A fiasco
and a
boomerang

Imagine Denonville's chagrin when the next day he came to the Seneca town and found it in ashes. There was no enemy to fight, no buildings to destroy. The French did find some hogs and large quantities of growing and stored corn, and three small Indian villages gave their appetites for plunder something upon which to feast. After ten days they withdrew, on July 24, to Irondequoit Bay, and there built a fort. At Niagara they built another fort. It was not long before Denonville started back to Montreal and Quebec, and began his despatches to France, telling of the glorious result of his campaign. In reality it was almost a failure. The Senecas were not seriously damaged, but their hatred was increased, and the affair seemed to

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

infuriate the other tribes of the Confederation. It was one of those incomplete jobs whose completion distinguishes the statesman or soldier from the amateur and neophyte. Dongan, the governor of New York, was appropriately enraged at the invasion of a friendly country in time of peace; he wrote countless letters to Denonville in bad English and worse orthography, and, what was more important, he summoned the Iroquois to council. There he scolded them for ever having any intercourse with the French, and told them never to do so again. He promised them help if they would always be hostile to the French, and then, having incited them to bloody deeds, the good man retired to New York in righteous satisfaction.

In his letters to Denonville, Dongan demanded the return of Rooseboom's and McGregory's parties, and defended himself against the too easily proved charge that he had the year before supplied the Iroquois with arms and ammunition. Denonville soon lost his defiant mood and was only too glad to sue for peace. In spite of his victorious campaign, he found the colonies harassed by the Iroquois more than ever before, and the fur trade with the upper lakes checked almost entirely. He got a momentary relief in hearing from France that Dongan had been recalled, and he hoped that his successor would be less aggressive. His hope was vain. Dongan was recalled but promoted as a reward for his militant prowess, and Sir Edmund Andros became his successor, and a sort of viceroy of the English New World. Andros did not abandon the aggressive ways of Dongan, but pressed them even more energetically. He de-

Dongan
scolds the
Iroquois

Denonville
thoroughly
cowed

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Humilia-
tion for
Denonville

manded the return of the English prisoners captured by the French during Denonville's expedition against the Senecas, and after many letters the French governor was compelled to accede. It was a bitter pill, but the condition of the French had been growing steadily more and more desperate. The Iroquois were now bound by no treaty, and lay in wait for all French settlers so that up the river from Montreal safety lay only within the stockades. Denonville had 1,400 French regulars, and ought to have made this force effective. But, frightened by the Iroquois and beset by the English, he constantly asked his superiors for more troops. It was an impolitic thing for him to do at that time. The king was just then practising economy; furthermore he was becoming bored by Canada. He had spent far too much money there already. It was time Canada did something to show what the king's money had been spent for.

"The Rat"
diplomat

Let to rely upon his own resources, Denonville decided, since he could not use force, to try diplomacy. So he got a few friendly Iroquois to begin negotiations with their brethren to bring about an understanding. Things were progressing pretty well toward a meeting of Iroquois and Denonville—indeed Big Mouth, one of their chieftains, had already signed a declaration of neutrality and was arranging for the meeting—when there stepped into the game a little Huron chief called "the Rat," whose real name was Kondiaonk. He was as bloodthirsty as any Iroquois, and loved a fight as dearly as an Irishman. So when that summer he came down from Michilimackinac for the innocent purpose of exterminating as

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

many Iroquois as he could find, his feelings were hurt on learning at Fort Frontenac that a peace conference was brewing. Peace was clearly not in his line, and he made up his mind that this peace conference should be for a long time overdue. So he cleverly lay in wait for the envoys from the Iroquois. These he did not really find, but he attacked the advance guard of the envoys, well-known chiefs and warriors. One of these chiefs was killed, others were wounded and captured. But the captives wailed: "We are envoys of peace." "Impossible!" cried the Rat; "why, Onontio told me that an Iroquois war party was to pass this way, and I acted on his suggestion and lay in wait for it. What a perfidious wretch!" On and on he stormed, amazement changing into indignation, indignation to sorrow. At last in heart-broken tones he exclaimed: "Go home to your people. I am so shocked by this treachery of Onontio that I shall never rest until you take vengeance upon him!" A cleverer bit of acting was never performed in the woods of North America, where dissimulation and part-taking were carried into real life far beyond the possible limits of moderns who have been driven by a frank ancestry to say what they mean, and who lie very badly. The Rat was satisfied that he had done a good job, and remarked complacently: "I have killed the peace." He had. One Iroquois who escaped went to Fort Frontenac and told the true story, and was given an escort to return to the capital of the Senecas, Onondaga. The braves there seemed to believe him, and Denonville thought the affair had blown over. But these Iroquois were like Bourbons—they never for-

"The Rat"
abhors
peace

"I have
killed the
peace"

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Iroquois
bide their
time

got or forgave an injury. The plain, bold treachery of Denonville at Fort Frontenac the year before rendered them very prone to believe any tale of evil conduct by him that they might hear. Meanwhile they kept him on the ragged edge, neither going into conference with him nor refusing to do so. At length in August, 1689, almost exactly two years after Denonville's attack upon the Senecas, his long suspense was over. The Iroquois threw aside the mask and showed their horrid faces.

THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE

Two
hundred
massacred

THERE is a little village on the St. Lawrence, just above Montreal, called Lachine. It was there that La Salle had his seigniory and it got its name from the old belief that just beyond it lay China. In 1689 it was a thriving, pleasant place, as it is to-day. So close to Montreal and having three forts with a camp of regulars not far away, the inhabitants of the town did not dream of the calamity that was to blast it. On the night of a furious hail-storm, such as that region often sees even to-day, about 1,500 Iroquois braves crept noiselessly into the sleeping town, butchered its people and burned their homes. Two hundred perished. It was the most horrible massacre in all Canadian history.

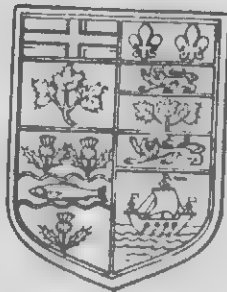
As luck would have it, Subercase, commander of the regulars, was visiting Denonville, who had just arrived at Montreal. Although the troops were aroused at four o'clock by shots from the fort, it was nearly noon before Subercase returned from Montreal and took command. He was about to set out in pursuit of the red devils when the usual fool appeared. In this case it was the Chevalier de

THE QUARRELS OF FRONTENAC

Vaudreuil, who came with orders from Denonville to run no risks. This name Vaudreuil we shall unpleasantly hear only too often in subsequent years. Savages have only contempt for a foe who will not avenge an attack. Denonville knew this, but in the agony and excitement of the moment he lost his head. And so the troops were compelled to remain idle when an attack at that moment by them on the savages, besotted with liquor, would have wiped out the entire band. The next day they had sobered up, and cut off a small detachment of eighty soldiers on the way to join Vaudreuil. They kept up the bloody work all about Montreal for months, while the town was paralyzed with fear. Having sated their thirst for blood, the warriors in October took their leave, carrying over one hundred captives. On leaving they had the audacity to file in canoes past the forts of Montreal in plain view of the town, shouting: "You deceived us, Ononio, and now we have deceived you." Thus Fort Frontenac's horror was avenged.

Caution
that cost
much

Impudence
incarnate



CHAPTER XVI

THE RETURN OF FRONTENAC

Frontenac,
Denonville's
successor

IF all his other blunders had not condemned him in the sight of the king, the massacre of Lachine would have proved the undoing of Denonville. But the king had already had enough of him, and just about the time the Iroquois were mocking him at Montreal, Denonville's successor arrived at Quebec in 1680. Who was he? None other than the wise, valiant, and headstrong Frontenac. Things had been going on badly for New France ever since his recall, and the king summoned him on his own volition, and told him that he was satisfied that his conduct in Canada had been misrepresented to him and he was willing to trust him again. Frontenac had been in France all the time since his recall, seven years, and while his age, seventy, made this post at Quebec a heavy task, he was glad to become active again, to patch up mistakes, to exult in achievements.

How
Denonville
was recalled

The first problem before him was an item of unfinished business left by Denonville's régime. Callières, governor of Montreal, was a warm partizan of Denonville's, and he had gone to France in the fall of 1688 to beg for more troops. The king pondered over the matter all winter, but could reach no decision. The more Callières dilated upon the

THE RETURN OF FRONTENAC

desperate condition of Canada's affairs the more thoughtful grew the king. At length he announced that, since matters had grown so bad, it was apparent that a new governor was the thing most needed, a man who could take a masterly grip on affairs. It was then that he sent for Frontenac. But Callières, in hunting for means to fortify his own position and Denonville's, had at length come to see that his plea for more troops was of no avail, and now he hit upon another scheme, one of those grand, spectacular projects which so appealed to the French imagination. And this only remained in the king's mind of all that Callières had urged upon him. The scheme was in brief merely—to capture New York and Albany. There were only about one hundred soldiers at Albany and four hundred at New York. With the aid of the troops in Canada, two men-of-war operating in New York Harbor could take the city and province in a very short time. How the French were ever to hold this country was a detail the king failed to fill in. At any rate the scheme was approved, and Frontenac was directed to carry it into effect. What that sagacious old brain thought of it we can well imagine, but he entered into it as well as he could. We shall not follow all the details of this scheme. It was magnificent, but it was not war; and, what was luckier for the French, it was not really tested. There was delay in sending out the ships and delay in every other detail. So that by the time Frontenac reached Quebec it was October, and the impossibility of carrying out the scheme that winter was apparent to all. It is only necessary to show that the king's plan for subduing the English

A French
scheme to
capture
New York

Delay and
abandon-
ment

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Inhuman
plan of the
French
king

people was inhuman and unworthy of a civilized power. All lands except those of Catholics were to be confiscated and given to French soldiers. After enough English laborers and mechanics had been put in prison in order to have them available for needed work, the remainder of the English settlers were to be distributed about in New England, Pennsylvania, and other colonies.

TRYING TO SAVE NEW FRANCE

Quebec
honors
Frontenac

THE coming of Frontenac to New France was "like a sovereign cordial to the dying." As I have said before and shall say again, New France was no coherent unit, independent and stanch. It was dependent upon individuals. It needed leadership. There could be no general movement of the masses; they must cling to some one above them for progress and strength. Only a great figure like Frontenac could save New France. When he came, it leaped from utter despair to highest hope. The people of Quebec received him with a torchlight procession, and even the Jesuits told him how glad they were to see him back. He remained there only a day or so; then went at once to Montreal, where Denonville, impotent, awaited him. He then learned what tried his temper, not too even, to the utmost. Denonville had ordered Fort Frontenac to be destroyed, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Iroquois. That was one of the useless and frantic things Denonville did after the massacre of Lachine, which we must remember had taken place while Frontenac was on the sea bound for America.

Frontenac's first task obviously was to treat with

THE RETURN OF FRONTENAC

the Iroquois, win them from their friendship with the English, and at least make them neutral if not amicable. It was practically an impossible thing to do. Denonville had spoiled all that. But Frontenac came to know a Cayuga chief, Ourehaoué, who had been taken prisoner and carried off to France, and under Denonville's pledge was being brought back to Canada on the same ship with Frontenac. He won the chief's good will, and he promised to aid in restoring peaceful relations. He did send a message to Onondaga, telling the Senecas that they were foolish and ought to become Onontio's friends. This message resulted in a grave council, but also in a complete defeat of Frontenac's scheme. Worse than this, it acted as a boomerang. This came in the appeal of the tribes of the Upper Lakes for a coalition with the English and the Iroquois. The same Indians who had been dragooned into serving with the French in the attack upon the Senecas were now so disgusted with the French because of the Lachine massacre that they sought an alliance with their enemies. And it was there concluded.

This was a stinging blow to French prestige and pride. The lake region had been discovered and explored by the French, there the priests had established their missions and suffered countless torments in endeavoring to Christianize the savages. Over that region the French exercised a sort of overlordship, and to see it all taken out of their hands by hated Albion was most grievous and agonizing. At the close of the conference a note was sent to Frontenac, answering his own message respectfully, but promising nothing and declaring

Frontenac
tries diplo
macy and
fails

The Huron
country
in danger

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

that the Iroquois were themselves in league with the Lake tribes. Frontenac sent another embassy to them, accompanied by a French officer, but the latter narrowly escaped with his life, and his Indian escorts were compelled to endure painful treatment and torture. It was evident to Frontenac that if he was to save the Upper Lake region he must strike, and strike at once. News of the most disquieting nature had come from Michilimackinac, and the next spring he sent an expedition, led by the famous voyageur, Nicolas Perrot, to suppress any mutiny, and hold, if possible, this region loyal to France. Perrot happened to come across a party of Iroquois hunters on his way and captured them handily. He was thus girt about with the prestige of victory when he arrived at Michilimackinac. It was undoubtedly that brave stand which saved the Northwest again to France. At any rate the Indians there were satisfied with the French for the time at least, and after a council in which presents were exchanged, and powwows held, Perrot was able to send word to Frontenac of the success of his mission.

Perrot
captures
an Iroquois
party

It was good news, and it came at a time when Frontenac needed encouragement, for he was deep in plans for much larger and more important expeditions. These were three, and were aimed at the English settlements about Albany, those of New Hampshire, and those of Maine. Frontenac now, as always, meant business. What he contemplated was in our eyes and in the light of civilization a fiendish thing, but he believed with all his heart in these bloody measures, and there is nothing to show that he regretted the murders of innocent people

Then
Frontenac
tries war

THE RETURN OF FRONTENAC

involved in punitive expeditions. We shall soon see how the effect of his infamous acts reacted on himself and his followers.

The first party, consisting of Indian converts and *coursers de bois*, in all 210 men, left Montreal in the middle of winter and struck out south over the frozen Richelieu and Lake Champlain. It was a desperate march. A thaw set in and they were compelled to drag themselves through mud and slush and snow often knee-deep. They reached the Hudson and pointed their way toward Schenectady. Within a few miles of that place a furious storm arose, and they were almost dead with the cold and exposure by the time they reached the Mohawk River. Desperately crossing it on the ice, they stood before the palisades of Schenectady at eleven o'clock on the night of February 4, 1690. The town was absolutely unguarded and was more than usually quiet that night, because of a festival to which all the village had gone. Led by Iberville, the suffering band from the north, quite as ready to surrender as to attack, rushed into the village and with wild yells burst in the doors of the dwellings and began the work of slaughter. No quarter was given. Women and children were hacked to pieces without compunction. Even the minister, whose life Iberville had ordered spared, was butchered with the rest. Sixty were killed outright and about eighty taken prisoners. Thirty Mohawks who lived in the town were not molested, the Indian converts in the attacking party insisting that not they but the English were the enemy of Onontio. A prominent man named Glen was also spared, because he had saved French lives and ministered to French

Schenectady was taken Feb. 4, 1690.

Women and children slaughtered.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Too many
relatives

prisoners among the Mohawks. Glen was even allowed to choose from the prisoners his relatives who would thus be saved. He was generous in his recognitions until the Indians grumbled at the size of his family. Then the town was burned, and the victors and vanquished started on the long, bitter journey to Canada. Although some who had survived this massacre, by managing to escape in the first moments of inky-black confusion, reached Albany, and there gave the alarm, such a terror had spread over the settlements that the invaders had little else than Nature to oppose their retreat to Montreal, which they reached in triumph. The first expedition of Frontenac was a complete success. The westernmost post of English dominion in New York had been wiped out, and the name of Louis and Onontio exalted in the eyes of the Iroquois.

FIRST EXPEDITIONS AGAINST NEW ENGLAND

Salmon
Falls
burned

THE second party rendezvoused at Three Rivers, and consisted of only about fifty persons, almost equally French and Indian, under François Hertel. They started on January 28, and it was nearly three months before they had reached the frontier village of Salmon Falls, on the border to-day of New Hampshire and Maine. The settlers of that region had received abundant warnings and sufficient proofs of the French menace. Indeed, for several years they had been victims of the Abenaki Indians spurred on by the French authorities. But a lull meant false security, and so it was that Salmon Falls was as little prepared as Schenectady had been. The entire village and the farmhouses about

THE RETURN OF FRONTENAC

it were burned, and about thirty persons killed. With about fifty prisoners Hertel rapidly retreated to the north, but was compelled to make a stand at Wooster River against a pursuing party from Portsmouth. He delayed them long enough to enable him to make a safe retreat to the Abenakis on the Kennebec. Here he heard that Frontenac's third party bound from Quebec to Casco Bay had recently passed down. So with thirty of his party he hastened to join its leader, Portneuf, who commanded the one hundred odd French and Indians. They were soon joined by a large body of Indian warriors, chiefly Abenakis, who were delighted to have help and leadership in their long war against the English.

Hertel
hears of a
third party

Thus with the Indian reenforcement, and with Hertel's band, Portneuf had a very large war party, and he moved confidently toward Casco Bay, where stood the forts which he was to attack. The chief of these was Fort Loyal, commanded by Capt. Sylvanus Davis. The location of this fort has been ascertained to be on India Street, in the present city of Portland. The French and Indians began a regular siege of the fort and conducted it with great skill. After a day of fighting, when it became evident that the attacking party must win, the English asked for a parley. It was granted and a capitulation was arranged, it being stipulated that quarter should be shown to all in the town, and that they should be allowed to take refuge in a neighboring town. It seems odd that the English, acquainted as they were with French and Indian trickery, could have believed that such terms would be honestly offered. It was beyond the possibility

French
treachery
at Portland

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

of the mercy of the white savages of that time that they should allow their victims to escape unharmed to another English camp. But the English were deceived, and, all unsuspecting and guileless, they laid down their arms and marched out of the fort. No sooner had they done so than the Indians pounced upon them like devils that they were, butchered them, and carried them away into captivity. Another triumphal expedition started for Canada, after the fort had been burned and the neighboring farmhouses destroyed, and the bodies of the slain left out in the fields as a proud evidence of the valor of the French. Captain Davis was carried off to Quebec and there was well treated by Frontenac, who affected to disapprove of this treachery to the flag of truce, but who in his pagan heart probably secretly exulted in it. For it was a gala time for Louis de Buade. He had proved that his vision was as unerring and his arm as mighty as ever. And the whole of North America stood in awe at the prowess which his men had shown. The loyalty of the Northwest was assured, and in the woods of New York the Iroquois chiefs whispered to each other of the greatness of Onontio, and the need of winning his favor.

Frontenac's
days of
triumph

THE WRATH OF MASSACHUSETTS

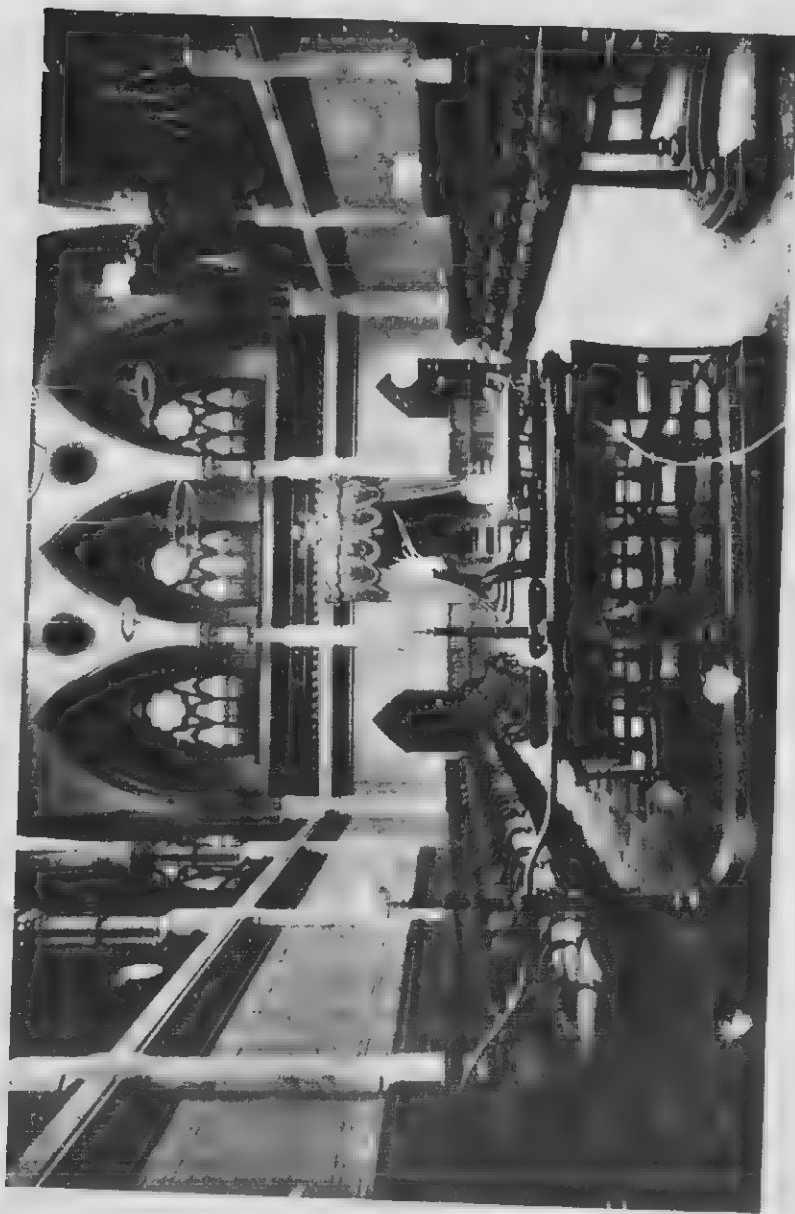
BUT such triumphs are not without their boomerang attachments. Onontio could strike dumb the Indians, and for a moment paralyze the Dutch, but in the English heart there burned a flame which such deeds of diabolism could only fan. Within a few months the settlers of New England and New York determined that a bloody lesson should be

A Congress
of English
meets in
New York,
1690

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INTERIOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, OTTAWA, ONTARIO
Photograph by J. J. J.

THE RETURN OF FRONTENAC

requited in kind, and in May, 1690, a congress of ^{Massachusetts especially aroused} them met in New York and determined on an expedition against Quebec. There was a scheme on foot for a joint land attack by Indians and the New York militia, but as this was a complete failure we need not look at it. Let us rather turn to rugged Massachusetts, which in pioneer days was slow to act, but was as serious as she had been slow. Massachusetts had very little money, but it was plain that if she allowed such buccaneers as Frontenac's men to come down upon peaceful villages, and if she allowed French warships to attack her shipping on the high seas, she would have still less. So she borrowed money and went sternly and seriously after the French "devils." These French cruisers which had preyed upon Massachusetts boats had made Port Royal a base of supplies, and to the Massachusetts men it seemed the proper thing to destroy that base. An expedition was fitted out and Sir William Phips was given command.

This man Phips was what New England people ^{Phips "a character"} have always called "a character." Yet he belonged there, for it is one of the odd, yet ever recurring, incidents of New England and especially Boston life that an "Outlander," a foreigner, shall occasionally come to rule over the people. Like many Boston leaders to-day, Phips hailed from Maine. He was of "poor white trash," and his mother had twenty-five other children. Tired of herding sheep, he went to Boston to seek his fortune, and found it in a widow with some property whom he married. Meantime he had acquired the trade of ship-carpenter, and, learning to read from his wife, he became ambitious to sail

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

the seas. He had heard (as who has not?) the tales of the buried booty of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main, and he made up his mind that he could discover some of it. So he went to England with his project, and actually got the British Admiralty to endorse it and loan him a frigate. He sallied forth and accumulated nothing but a mutiny, which he subdued with his good right arm and fist. This valorous achievement so impressed the British Admiralty that they gave him another ship and crew. And, *mirabile dictu!* he actually found a treasure amounting, in gold, silver, and jewels, to about £300,000. His worthy crew now demanded their share, and he had to promise it them. So that when he got back to England and divided the spoils his share was only £16,000, but he was knighted and reached Boston in great splendor. The "real Bostonians" who had sniffed at him, and called him an "upstart" and "boaster," were astonished at his prowess and had to confess that somehow he had "amounted to something." Anxious to show their appreciation, they made him commander of the Port Royal expedition.

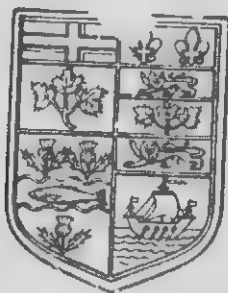
Phips
actually
finds
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treasure

Took
Port Royal,
1690

He sailed for Port Royal in April, 1690, and by the middle of May Port Royal had surrendered. There was really nothing else for it to do, for it was in the usual condition of French fortresses in America. The English marched into the place, and they, too, disregarded the articles of capitulation. True, they did not butcher the inhabitants, but they plundered the merchants, imprisoned the troops, and smashed the idols in the church with Calvinistic zeal. Phips also sent expeditions along the south coast of Acadia, and in a short time had the whole

THE RETURN OF FRONTENAC

island in his grasp. Then he sailed for home in Roman triumph style. With him he took Meneval, the governor of Port Royal, and two priests. They were thrown into prison on their arrival in Boston, but after considerable discussion they were released. The records of that time are filled with amusing details of the charges that Phips had plundered the governor and his household of various articles of personal adornment, including "three new wigs," "four pairs of silk garters," "four night-caps with lace edgings," etc. Not a creditable achievement, was this.



CHAPTER XVII

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

Massa-
chusetts
plans
retaliation

BUT more stirring and important things than quarrels over garters and wigs soon began to agitate Boston. Port Royal was good, but Port Royal was not enough. The chickens of Frontenac were coming home to roost. Massachusetts burned to avenge the massacres of Salmon Falls and Casco Bay. Only by seizing the rock of Quebec and its hated dictator could vengeance and reparation be obtained. Massachusetts was beggarly poor, but no matter. Funds could be got some way, and anyhow the booty of Quebec would go far toward paying all the bills—so forehanded and calculating was the New England conscience of 1690. England was appealed to, but she was subduing the Irish and having her hands full, so she could not help. Funds were raised by extra taxes, and men by conscription. Thirty-two vessels of all sorts, the largest of which was the "Six Friends," carrying forty-four guns, were gathered for the expedition, and Phips, who by this time had been elected governor, was placed in command. The fleet sailed from Nantasket on August 9. On the ships were 2,200 men with provisions for four months. Verily New England was in dead earnest.

Fleet sails,
August 9,
1692

Meantime all was going well with Frontenac.

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

He had his quarrels with his council and the priests, but in general things were much to his liking. He was especially delighted with the attitude of the tribes from the Huron country. Without warning 500 Indians from the upper lakes came down to Montreal with furs in abundance, all eager to trade with the French and show their loyalty to Onontio. This was the result of Frontenac's bloody raids upon the English settlements, and showed how true his divination was. These Indians performed all sorts of incantations and held war feasts without number in which perpetual alliance and fealty were solemnly vowed. It was on October 10, while he was at Montreal, that Frontenac first heard of the Phips expedition which had then reached Tadousac. The governor hurried back to Quebec and landed amid great enthusiasm. He sent word to all outlying settlements to forward men to Quebec, inspected the fortifications, and directed the work of preparation and defense. On the morning of October 16 the fleet slowly came into view of the watchers on the rock, and Quebec became an excited, chattering camp.

Indians
how to
Frontenac

FRONTENAC'S DEFIANCE

Phips was rudely surprised by the reception which awaited him. He supposed that a mere show of force would bring the French to their knees. He had heard that Quebec was poorly fortified and carelessly guarded. This was true when it was told him, but by dilly-dallying for days, and even weeks, on the way, and especially after entering the St. Lawrence, he had given his enemies such abundant warning of his coming that they were

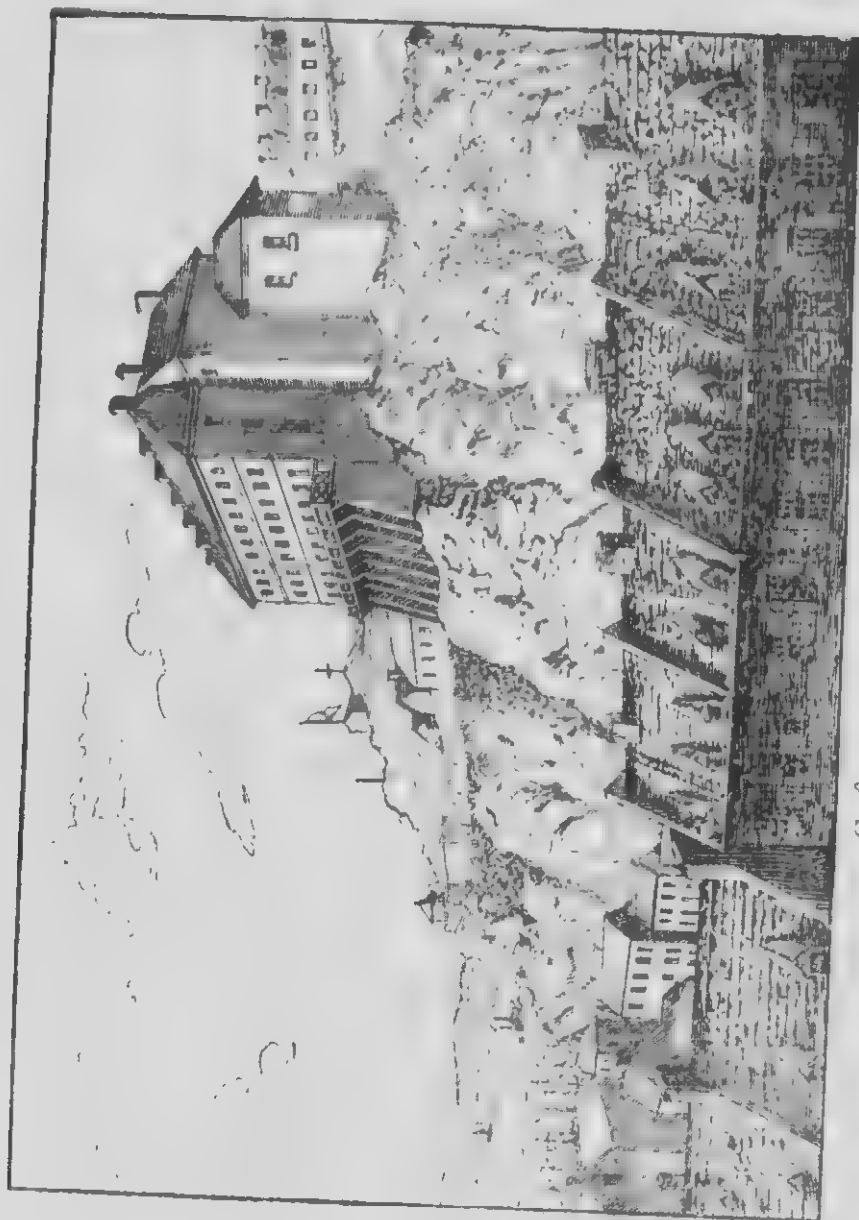
Phips
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E TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

alert. Quebec had become fairly well protected, its troops were well drilled and ready for action. Phips's first taste of the Canadian quality was anything but pleasant. A boat-load of his men tried in vain to land at one point and were repulsed by the villagers along the shore, led by the *curé*, and several men were killed. Similar things happened all along the river. Still Phips did not lose faith in his star, and so sent a messenger with a flag of truce to Québec. The messenger, after landing, was blindfolded to confuse him, he was led over barricades and through divers intricate passages, and when the handkerchief was removed from his eyes he found himself in the great Council Hall in the Château St. Louis, in the midst of a brilliant, gaily dressed company of courtiers and soldiers. Standing before him was "a tall, thin old man of commanding presence, with a nose like an eagle's beak, who looked at him sternly out of a pair of fierce gray eyes, deep set under great tufted brows—a weatherbeaten, age-lined face, which better than the upright figure and the easy grace of manner bespoke years of campaigning on the field. It was Frontenac." To him the envoy delivered Phips's cool demand for surrender, giving Frontenac one hour in which to return his decision. Frontenac answered that he would not ask so much but would reply at once with cannon shot. He went on to excoriate Phips and his king, the Prince of Orange, whom Catholic France did not recognize as the rightful monarch of England, and he had the audacity to rebuke Phips as a breaker of the capitulation agreements at Port Royal—this from the director of the infamous Casco Bay campaign!

The
blindfolded
messenger

Phips's
demand for
surrender



CHÂTEAU ST. LOUIS, QUÉBEC

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The messenger was again blindfolded and sent back to Phips.

No help
from
New York

By this time the Yankee swashbuckler had begun to appreciate the magnitude of the task he had to perform. This was no child's play, but real battle. Besides, what had become of his Iroquois and English adjuncts who were to march down Lake Champlain, the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence? Evidently they had failed to reach that neighborhood. It is not certain that he knew until he returned home the utter failure of that land expedition. But bluff having won him all his victories thus far, must be relied upon now. He kept up a brave front, held a council of war and decided upon a plan of campaign. It was designed to land a party under Major Walley at Beauport just below Quebec, advance to the St. Charles, which divided Beauport from Quebec, cross it and then press on to the right by way of the Côte Ste. Geneviève until the rear of the city was reached. To help this force, some of Phips's boats were to go up the St. Charles and by their fire protect the militia's advance. Meantime the heavier ships were to be pounding the city's walls and dividing the attention of the enemy. It was a good scheme and might have succeeded under competent direction. Another scheme was suggested to Phips by one of his prisoners; this was to ascend the rock above the city. Phips did not try it. In the middle of the following century James Wolfe did.

Phips plans
an attack

Montreal
saves
Quebec

But Phips let one golden day go by, and by that night Callières arrived from Montreal with seven hundred men; Quebec was now safe. The old town exulted in its reinforcements and it was gay with lights and loud with laughter and song. Nothing

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

was done the next day, which was stormy, but on the next, which was Wednesday, Phips began to move. Thirteen hundred men under Major Walley landed at Beauport. They were attacked by sharpshooters, and on their advance a lively skirmish occurred. Its upshot was that Walley lost four men killed and sixty wounded, and the French loss was heavier. Walley had now advanced to a point near the St. Charles, and naturally expected the supporting boats from the warships. But they did not come. Phips had got excited at this fighting and rushed into battle himself. Instead, however, of going to the aid of Walley, he took his ships up the St. Lawrence, anchored them opposite the town and opened fire on it. Nothing is more natural than for a naval commander to want to "take a crack at" a well-defended city, and nothing is less dangerous to the city. Phips should not be blamed for this temptation. Even in the recent war with Spain, American naval officers bombarded and battered Santiago de Cuba with many shells and shot, costing many thousands of dollars, without doing any very great damage to the town. Phips opened fire on the walls, and Frontenac responded with avidity and good, hard shots. The balls from Phips's guns seldom reached Quebec's walls, and when they did made no impression. The next day Frontenac renewed the attack on the ships with even greater precision than before. It was not long before two of them were in a desperate condition. Their cabins were pierced and, seeming ready to sink, they retired from range. The other ships did the same, and Phips was roundly beaten, after wasting nearly all his ammunition in his foolish attack.

Walley
advances
up the St.
Charles

A useless
bombard-
ment

Phips's
ships
riddled

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A plucky
attack by
the English

Meanwhile Walley and his men waited for the help that never came. While Phips was thundering impotently against Quebec's rock, he did not know of the petty quarrel between the commanders of the small boats which prevented the consummation of the plan of campaign. Most of these commanders owned their boats and were afraid they would be in danger in thus ascending the St. Charles. On Friday morning Walley left his camp, where cold and famine and smallpox made all wretched, and went to see Phips to learn the cause of his desertion. While he was away, his men advanced toward the ford of the St. Charles and found a large force opposing them. A brisk fight ensued; the Massachusetts men lost heavily but held their ground.

Phips
beaten and
retreats

The French commander, Lemoyne de Ste. Hélène, was killed, and his men withdrew. On the next day, when it had been decided by Walley to bring his men back to the fleet, they made a parting reconnaissance of the neighboring thickets, and another little fight occurred in which the Americans had rather the advantage and were the objects of the admiration of the French. By Sunday morning, one week from the arrival of the expedition, the men were back on ship again and ready to go home. On Tuesday the decision to return was reached, and the fleet retired behind the Isle of Orleans, there to be repaired. After a day so spent, Phips finally weighed anchor and disappeared, the leader of an expedition that failed.

Meanwhile the city of Quebec had not been without its anxieties. The Lower Town had been abandoned, and the inhabitants flocked to the cellars of the convents and the Seminary. Scares were fre-

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PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

quent. On the first day of Walley, the Beauport villagers rushed into Quebec, shouting that the English were attacking the French headlong and would soon be on the city and this created a great stampede. After Phips had sailed away, all sorts of sacred jubilees were indulged in, and a grand bonfire, in honor of Frontenac, closed the day. Later the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires was built in honor of this event, and still stands with its memorial windows. A famous church built

HEROIC EXPLOITS

THAT ended for a time the war between Massachusetts and Quebec but it by no means ended the war between Frenchmen and Englishmen. English warships kept up such a close watch in the Gulf of St. Lawrence that almost no ships from France could get in with supplies and none from Canada could reach France with the furs. So the Canadians were in the doldrums again soon after their joy over Phips's defeat. Then there were the Iroquois, who were always seeking their scalps. Their war parties, reluctant when they had a chance to fight in the open with Phips, resumed their prowling tactics, and cut off many a family and a party just outside the settlements. One Iroquois party, betrayed into carelessness by their successes, was surprised by Vaudreuil near Repentigny and exterminated. The heaviest French loss in this attack was the brave but rash François de Bienville, son of Charles Le Moyne. Only one Iroquois escaped. Three of them were turned over to settlements that had suffered from their outrages, and were by these Christian, but vengeful, communities burned alive. The Iro- Bienville killed

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Very
desperate
fighting

quois got tired after that of fighting alone, and a force of English, under Major Peter Schuyler, accompanied by Iroquois, 266 all told, was organized the next year to ravage Canada. Several encounters occurred, and at length Valrenne, with 160 troops and Canadians, together with a body of Christian Hurons and Iroquois and some Algonquins, was sent to Chambly to cut off the retreat of Schuyler. A most desperate fight took place; it was largely hand to hand, and the slaughter was great. Frontenac, in his report to the king, declares the fighting was the hottest and most stubborn ever known in Canada. The English claimed a victory, in that Schuyler did break through the French lines and bring the bulk of his force to his canoes on the Richelieu, and thus escaped back to Albany; but it was a bitter victory, for he left forty dead on the field and carried many wounded away. The French loss is not stated, but it was heavy. It was really a drawn battle.

A winter's
surprise

Raids of all sorts continued. Frontenac sent a party in February, 1692, to the Ottawa, to surprise the Iroquois, who were hunting and passing the winter there, waiting for spring to come, so they might pounce upon the Hurons on their way to Montreal with peltries, and destroy them. This expedition was led by Beaucour, a mere boy, but an officer of French regulars. Only by his eloquence and zeal could his men be induced to bear the awful hardships of a march through the woods in a Quebec winter. But when they found the Iroquois they set upon them and killed or captured nearly all. Some of the captives were burned by the Christian Indians and the Christian French. They said it

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

operated to deter the Iroquois from similar outrages upon their captives. But this is doubtful.

Madeleine
de
Verchères.
heroine

It makes one's blood tingle to read of the heroic deeds of those days. That is the great, immediate recompense of pioneer existence. Were it not for the perils and the excitement of contest and combat, pioneering would be dreary enough with its hardships, its struggle for existence, its crushing blows from nature and man and its very monotony. But the history of Canadian development is full of heroic deeds and sacrifices. Some of them have been told in this volume, others will be told, but none of them surpasses the story of Madeleine de Verchères. Only fourteen years of age when this wonderful act was done, she was the daughter of the seignior of Verchères, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, twenty miles below Montreal. There stood a fort, leading from which was a covered way to the blockhouse, the usual arrangement. One day in October, 1692, while she stood near the landing-place with an employee named Laviolette, they were startled by shots from the fields. Laviolette called to her to run, for the Iroquois were coming. Sure enough, only a few hundred feet away a half-hundred were seen racing toward the fort and screeching like madmen. She ran in the same direction, and they fired upon her, but missed. She rushed into the fort, calling "To arms"—to deaf ears. Only two soldiers were there, and they were so frightened that they had hidden away. She hurriedly looked over the fort and found several palisades fallen down. She ordered her two brothers, aged ten and twelve, and an old man, the only males about the place, to set them up again, and helped

The attack
on the fort

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Cowards
attempt to
blow up
the fort

them to do it. Meantime she closed the gate, and for the time they were safe. But in a few moments she saw a light in a dark corner of the fort, and found the two soldiers, one half dead with fear, the other with a lighted match in his hand near a keg of powder, preparing to blow up the place. She dashed it from his hand, and after more scolding and urging they came out and became men, ready to fight. Until then she had worn her sunbonnet. Now she threw it off and, putting on a hat, took up a gun. Her courage fired her two brothers with enthusiasm and bravery, and they began firing out of the loopholes upon the puzzled Iroquois. Fearing such a courageous front and suspecting that the fort held a strong force, the Iroquois proceeded cautiously. Their caution was increased by the firing of the cannon of the fort, which the girl ordered. It was a brave bluff. Presently she saw a canoe, with a settler and his family, approaching the landing-place. Unless they were helped, they would be murdered before they could reach the fort. No one would go to help them until Madeleine herself marched boldly out and conducted them within, the savages gazing with open-mouthed wonder and feeling sure that a trick lay behind this apparent courage. That is just what she expected them to do. The game succeeded perfectly, and not a shot was fired. It was now night, and another stratagem was devised. She stationed the men and boys at blockhouse and fort, and all night long cries of "All's well" passed back and forth, indicating to the listening Iroquois that the place swarmed with soldiers. It was a night horrible with anxiety and fear, but with the dawn came confidence and hope.

An anxious
night

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

For twenty-four hours this fourteen-year-old heroine neither ate nor slept, all the while keeping a smiling face and leading her people to believe that all would be well. For a week they dwelt in perpetual terror. At last a lieutenant with forty men arrived from Montreal, and the siege was over. When the lieutenant entered the fort she saluted and said: "Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you." He replied: "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands."

Acting on the defensive all the time was most repugnant to Frontenac, and he determined to vary the course of events by organizing an expedition against the Mohawks. This was done especially to widen the breach between the savage and the Christian Mohawks. Of the latter there were many about Montreal, and the savages were constantly trying to induce the Christians to return. In order to make the enmity eternal between these two, the expedition included a large body of Christian Mohawks and other Iroquois, who pledged themselves to kill any captured Mohawks. In fact this delectable task was set aside for them as a sugar plum for good children. The expedition left Chambly in January, 1693, and in a fortnight arrived before the two lower Mohawk towns. Unfortunately the alarm had been given, and, while the towns were taken and burned, practically no captives were seized. The third town, however, afforded a rich haul. There was a bloody fight, in which twenty or thirty Mohawks were killed and about three hundred captured. Now the Christian Iroquois had a fine chance to destroy their brethren according to their pledge. But they balked. Blood, after all, was thicker than religion! They refused to slay the

Rescued
after
a week's
siege

Expedition
against the
Mohawks

Blood
thicker
than
religion

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Peter
Schuyler
pursues

captives, in spite of entreaties and threats. So the only thing to do was to burn the town and begin the retreat, with the huge number of prisoners hampering the march. They were pursued by the indefatigable Peter Schuyler, and a pitched battle took place in the Mohawk woods, in which charge after charge was made by both sides. The advantage was rather with the French, and they were able to retreat unharmed by the English. Both parties suffered terribly from cold and hunger. It is related that the pagan Mohawks invited Schuyler to soup, but his appetite disappeared when he saw in it a human hand and realized that the chief ingredient of that soup was boiled Frenchman. The expedition reached Montreal at last, and Frontenac reported to the king that it was a glorious success, but it was in reality a costly one.

A three
years'
drought of
furs broken

An
expedition
sent to the
Indians

Now, however, cheered by this expedition, the repulse of Phips, and the impression they had made on the savages, Frontenac determined on the one step necessary to save Canada. Not since he had returned from France had the furs been brought down the Ottawa to the markets at Montreal and Quebec. Canada's prosperity rested as fully on furs then as it does to-day on wheat. Three years without income simply meant ruin. So he contrived an expedition up the Ottawa, to inform the Indians there of the French victories and to bid them come down with the beaver skins. The whole Ottawa country was alive with Iroquois, but the expedition got through, and in a few weeks the spoil of three winters and summers was riding on the St. Lawrence at Montreal. Such a formidable number of boats was equipped and so well were they guarded that

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

the Iroquois did not dare attack them. The next ^{The Iroquois did not dare attack} ships that went to France were laden deep with furs, and, on the return from their sales Canada was again happy and solvent. To add to the people's joy, soldiers came with the supplies. It was a happy time for Frontenac. The king sent him an autograph letter, thanking him for his defense of Quebec, and inclosed for his own use 2,000 crowns. Frontenac asked for a better place than the governorship of Canada, but was granted instead a continuance of this gift annually.

Having thus saved his country, Frontenac ought to have had from that country nothing but praise and honor. But such is not the nature of man. We humans are fond of idols and fond of demolishing them. The Intendant Champigny, of course, quarreled with Frontenac. That was what the intendant had to do to really fulfil his mission. Yet ^{Quarrels of Frontenac} because he did quarrel with Frontenac and made reports against him, the king's ministers rebuked him. The Jesuits would not defer to Frontenac, chiefly because he would not trust them but had a Récollet confessor. So they criticized the governor, and a lively quarrel arose between the Bishop Saint-Vallier and Frontenac largely on account of the Jesuits. The bishop waxed very wroth, and sailed to France to lay his grievances before the king's privy council. The upshot of it was that all were censured more or less, and all commanded to live peaceably together. Such was French administration at the end of the seventeenth century.

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

WARFARE IN ACADIA

An
uneventful
era

Now we are compelled to take up the broken skein of Acadian history. Acadia had really been worth, on the whole, little attention. Nothing had happened, nothing had been done. If the famous old French proverb is true, the Acadians ought to have been the happiest of all modern peoples. The quarrels of the rival leaders had exhausted the colony, and it grew even less rapidly than Quebec. Only at Port Royal, Beaubassin, and the Basin of Mines were there farming settlements. The other Acadians were fishermen, and generally rovers and ne'er-do-wells. There was perfect accord with the Indians, the French missions among them being very successful, and whites and Indians lived together in an odd, loose sort of way. Only with the Bostonians was there any trouble. It will be remembered that the French explorations and claims extended far along the coast of what is United States soil to-day. Without following the tortuous course of the numerous marauding expeditions since last we viewed Acadian affairs, it will only be necessary to point to two important places held by the French on the coast of Maine during the latter years of the seventeenth century. One of these was Pentegoet, at the mouth of the Penobscot, where Castine now is; the other was Pemaquid. Pentegoet was really the trading-house of Saint-Castin, a dissolute but talented and wealthy Frenchman, who had lived among the Indians until he was almost one of them. Being warned by the king, he reformed, married, and was made Baron de Saint-Castin.

Pentegoet
and
Pemaquid

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

The capture of Port Royal by Phips, we have ^{Port Royal} seen, was merely a sort of "campaign thunder," ^{again} for he left no English garrison, and when Villebon, the successor to the French governor, Meneval, arrived at Port Royal the next year he had no trouble in reassuming control of the town and of all that we now think of as Acadia. Villebon found that the Abenaki Indians had become so impressed with English valor, by the capture of Port Royal by Phips, that they were of a mind to join these bold and daring Anglo-Saxons. Of course this did not fit in with French schemes at all, for only by an alliance with the Abenakis could the French be safe. So Villebon sent enormous presents to the reds, and used the converted Abenakis to carry on his crusade of reconciliation. He then arranged an expedition against the English as an antidote to Phips's deeds. It is said by the chroniclers of that time that Thury, the priest on the Penobscot, urged these converts, as their Christian duty, to attack English settlements. So they set out at dead of winter of ^{The York} 1692 for the village of York, just east of Kittery, ^{massacre,} on the Maine coast. About three hundred settlers ¹⁶⁹² were there. The attack was a complete surprise and a thorough French victory. About a hundred persons were killed and eighty captured. All the farms were destroyed for four or five miles around. The warriors returned to Acadia in triumph and held a grand feast on the St. John, at Naxouat, where Villebon had completed a new fort.

Another expedition was at once projected for the summer, with headquarters at Pentagoet. The town of Wells, lying near York, was to be the

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Wells
repulses the
French and
Indians

next object of attack. It was menaced by a very large and powerful war party, and all the English settlements trembled when they heard of it. But Wells was prepared. Thirty men, commanded by Captain Convers, had occupied the fortified house of Joseph Storer when the savages burst upon the settlement. These brave fellows opened up a withering fire upon the Indians that gave them pause. They were not ready for such a defense. All sorts of expedients were employed to take the place, but the vigilance and good aim of the thirty discouraged this great war party, and it retired well beaten. This is the sort of fighting men they then had whose descendants are being told to-day that New Englanders are not a military or pugnacious people.

IBERVILLE'S CAREER IN THE NORTH

Iberville

LET us now be introduced to another of those great sons of New France who in the less extensive field may be compared to Champlain and La Salle and Frontenac. This was Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville. We have already seen something of the deeds of his father, Charles le Moyne of Montreal, and remember that one of his brothers was killed in Phips's attack on Quebec, and another in an assault on the Iroquois in 1692. Pierre, whom we shall here call and who is known to fame as Iberville, was not only a most rugged character, but had an excellent training in the French navy. He commanded the attack on Schenectady in 1690. In 1696 he sailed from France to Quebec and Cape Breton. Leaving Cape Breton with two warships, the "Envieux" and the "Profond," he sailed for the mouth of the St. John. There he met two Brit-

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THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

ish warships, and after a hot fight he defeated both, one of them being captured. He then proceeded to Pemaquid, and the story of the capture of that place is most interesting and exciting. One would have thought that this notable capture was enough for one season, but Iberville at once sailed for Newfoundland, where he was joined by Brouillan, the governor of Placentia.

Newfound-
land
villages
burned

Thereupon they made an attack on St. Johns, captured it, and burned it to the ground. St. Johns was, as now, on the coast, and its capture would seem sufficient, but Iberville was on a campaign of annihilation, and, although it was midwinter, he and his soldiers went from village to village along the coast of the island, creating havoc at every place. Every small settlement was sacked and burned. There was no resistance, because no British soldiers were on the island. Then there came a lull in his conquest, but it was only a brief one, for, when he was preparing to go to Quebec, his brother arrived from France with orders to proceed to Hudson Bay.

Early days
of Hudson
Bay

Hudson Bay, as the world knows, was discovered by Henry Hudson, sailing under an English flag, but the French first undertook the establishment of posts there. It was about 1686 that the English ventured to plant a post at the mouth of the Nelson River, by direction of the famous Hudson's Bay Company. Later this company established three other forts at the southern end of the bay. This was regarded by Denonville as an invasion of French rights, and he sent that year (1686) a party, under Troyes from Montreal, to wipe out those posts. With Troyes went eighty men, including

CANADA

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PHIPPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

Iberville and two other sons of Charles le Moyne. English driven
This party made its way overland from Montreal, a journey that is almost incredible and that seemed impossible. They reached the bay in safety, and surprised the English forts, killed or captured the English, and sent them out of the country, one of the most remarkable achievements of that remarkable age.

Fort Nelson was reoccupied by the English a year or two afterward and it was this fact that remarkable expedition sent Iberville up to that land by sea in 1697.

There were four warships in the expedition. Of these Iberville was in command of the "Pelican," and his brother commanded the "Palmier." They encountered a storm on the way, and their store-ship was smashed in the ice. The "Pelican" was the first to make her way out of this ice-field, and when she had got into the open sea her three companions were still held. Not at all disturbed by this mishap, Iberville sailed a direct course for the English Fort Nelson, on the west shore of the bay. When he had almost reached it, three ships hove in sight. He thought, of course, they were the three boats that he had left behind, and was very glad to see them. They proved, on the contrary, to be three English armed merchantmen, the "Hampshire," the "Daring," and the "Hudson Bay," carrying all together 120 guns, as against the "Pelican's" 44. This discrepancy in weight of metal did not discourage Iberville, and on the broad bosom of this great inland sea occurred the first naval battle of the North. It was a hot fight while it lasted, and from 9.30 A. M. till 1 P. M. the roar of the cannon was scarcely interrupted. The first naval battle of the North 1697

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A French
success

It was one of the few sea fights of history which the French won. Iberville was a really great captain, and he so managed his ship that a thing happened which we very seldom see in any naval combat in these days, and which was not very frequent even then—a warship went down with all on board. This was the "Hampshire." When she was out of the way, Iberville attacked the "Hudson Bay," which soon surrendered. Her example was not lost on the "Daring," which, despite her name, was the only English ship that turned tail and fled. The "Pelican" was shattered in almost every part. She was anchored in order to save her, but in spite of all she split amidships and was lost. Few, however, of the crew were lost, and most of them reached the land with weapons and ammunition. Theirs was a bitter plight, however, for winter had already set in, and there was no succor anywhere in sight. One hundred men were stranded on the hostile shores of Hudson Bay, 3,000 miles at least from any French settlement. Luckily the three French warships then arrived, and an attack was made on Fort Nelson, which after three days surrendered.

The plight
of the
victors

It was this Iberville who later became the founder of Louisiana, and it was his brother, Bienville, who founded New Orleans. Not until the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, did England undo his work and finally secure the Hudson Bay territory, as well as Newfoundland and Acadia.

THE TREATY OF RYSWICK

WE have almost lost sight of the fact that this war in America was only a small part of the

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

great war raging in Europe between France and England. Frontenac was so used to fighting Iroquois and English that he hardly thought a declaration of hostilities between the parent nations was essential to legitimize his campaigns. Just at this time he was quite anxious to keep on fighting, at any rate to claim all the fruitage of his recent victories and to project his and French influence through war and war's ways. It was, of course, highly irregular for him to arrange any sort of peace with the English in America, so long as the Anglo-French war was still on in Europe. Yet he was ready to arrange peace with the allies of the English themselves. The Viceroy of New France had a quite imperial sway in those days. At all events Frontenac sought anything but peace, except of his own making. Yet while he was treating with the Iroquois for terms, he chanced to learn through English sources that his monarch had signed a peace. It was the treaty of Ryswick, concluded in 1697. It had no bearing on affairs in America, except to conclude a peace, and it affected little else in Europe. William III was recognized as King of England. France retained Strasbourg, and in general the conquests made by the several powers were restored by this peace. All the European combatants were weary and glad to cease fighting.

Frontenac
anxious
to fight

An indeter-
minate
treaty, 1697

This peace was not officially known at Quebec until midsummer. Then it was celebrated in due form by Frontenac and John Schuyler, the English envoy. The question of the exchange of prisoners created much discord, the English demanding that the Iroquois held by the French be given up to

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Frontenac's claim them. Acceptance of this would have been tantamount to Frontenac's acknowledgment that the Iroquois were English subjects, whereas it was his constant claim that they were rebellious French subjects.

THE DEATH OF FRONTENAC

Frontenac, dying, heard the people wailing

BUT the old lion had fought his last fight. Soon after he sent Schuyler back to Albany with his ultimatum on the Iroquois prisoners, to be delivered to the new governor, the Earl of Bellemont, and winter had come down upon the citadel of Quebec, he fell ill with a malady against which his giant will could not contend. His ailment made rapid progress, and on the 28th of November, 1698, at the age of 78, he died in peace. During his last days he lay in his chair and listened to the lamentations of the people as they gathered in front of his château, mourning already the fatal end of his sickness. If a dying man who loves life and power as Frontenac loved them can think of death with any sentiment except horror, then Frontenac must have heard those wailing murmurs with a secret joy. The really supremest satisfaction any man can have in life is in being loved—loved by his family, friends, and associates. The good esteem of our fellow men is after all the dearest prize we cherish, talk we never so sneeringly of the "common herd." It was this common herd that loved Frontenac, just as it was they who were cold to La Salle. But at the end Frontenac's relations with all men were peaceful. The intendant, Champigny, became thoroughly in accord with him and even the Jesuits had abandoned much of the rancor with

PHIPS'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

which they regarded him. Bishop Saint-Vallier officiated at his funeral, which was held, by Frontenac's own orders, in the church of the Récollets, and there he was buried. Later his body was removed, it is believed, to the Basilica.

Ar so passed from the stage, near the close of the century, one of its most conspicuous figures in the Western Hemisphere. Whether we can credit him with true greatness or not, we can not fail to see that in practical achievements and statesmanship he ranked above all the English, Spanish, or any other nation's leaders in the New World in that century which saw the first settlements and promise of greatness of this region of the earth. No other man did so much for his country as Frontenac did for Canada. An egotist, a blowhard; choleric, self-willed, domineering, and perhaps corrupt, he did what only a gigantic man could do—interposed for his time a barrier to the steady march of Anglo-Saxon influence which was destined to sweep New France from its path. Wherever Frontenac sat was the head of the table. His mastery over the Indians was that of a magician. He seemed as if by intuition to grasp the Indian character and to be able to see as the savage saw. His vision in this regard was marvelous, even startling. He never lost a campaign against them where he had a chance to exert his personal influence upon them. Yet successful though he was, he was never happy. That was impossible. A man of as many sorrows might sometimes have felt gay or serene; but always before him was the peril of his country. Month after month, and year after year, he must have been agitated by the fear of calamity to New France.

The character of Frontenac

His mastery over the Indians

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A life full
of anxiety

The Huron country was always on the verge of revolt, and the Upper St. Lawrence was daily in danger of annihilation at the hands of the Iroquois. Such a fear must have made many nights full of terror. Always too were there disputes with the intendant, and often rebukes and warnings from Paris. His wife would not live with him, his son had died, he had seen La Salle, whom he trusted implicitly and who seemed destined with him to make New France an imperial power, slain by ruffians and traitors in the woods of Texas, and one can not help feeling that, in spite of the society of Quebec, and the honor and deference paid him as the colony's chieftain, he must have felt friendless and alone. His was indeed a solitary figure, and it is not at all wonderful that his associates and intimate friends were few, and that few monuments to his name endure in Canada to-day. It was reserved for a railway company, a strange and anachronistic action, to build his best memorial. Very proper and fitting was it to give the name "Château Frontenac," to the Canadian Pacific Railway's magnificent hotel built on the rock just below the Citadel at Quebec—built on the very spot where the old giant was wont to stroll, and from which he would often stand and peer away off, either down the St. Lawrence to the east, watching for the ships with tidings and supplies from France, or up the river to the west looking for a messenger from La Salle, or the murderous Iroquois, or the fur-laden canoes of the Hurons.

His finest
memorial

CHAPTER XVIII

THE NEW WORLD AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE treaty of Ryswick and the death of Frontenac round out the seventeenth century, the first century of the settlement of North America. <sup>ginning
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century</sup> Considering the fact that two hundred years had now elapsed since the discovery of America, this less than one hundred years of settlement had seen wonderful and quick changes in the life and being of this continent. The interior was, to be sure, scarcely penetrated, but the irresistible tide of European civilization and power had by this time surely set in. The Aborigines had scarcely yet come to a realization of their doom and in many places fought every step of the progress of the white man with blind fury. But the downfall of French <sup>Always a
fight for
existence</sup> power was as clearly apparent at this time as was the extinction of the savages. It was apparent chiefly in the always precarious condition of New France. If the reader chooses to look back upon the story we have been tracing out in these chapters, he will see that in one sense it is merely the recital of a struggle for existence against the Iroquois with scarcely any apparent progress. It has been a constant and almost monotonous succession of raids back and forth, with murder and slaughter and

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

famine and treachery as their gruesome incidents. One year the Iroquois ravaged the St. Lawrence, the next the soldiers of France laid waste the villages along the Mohawk. Always was the danger that the Iroquois would cut French power in two by lying along the Ottawa and stopping the procession of the beaver skins from the north to the marts of Montreal and Quebec, and too often this danger was realized. It was a fierce, bitter, wearing fight. The Iroquois also lost heavily by it, and their tribesmen were so reduced that when the eighteenth century dawned less than 2,000 remained. But they were defiant and had actually checked the progress and plans of the greatest monarch of his time. That they could hold at bay a colony of 15,000 people, backed by the vast and outpoured wealth of the French sovereign, showed not only their own might but the weakness of the colony. Little real help did these savages get from the English colonists; mainly they did the work alone.

Another vital weakness in the French colony was its small numbers. While every English, Dutch, and Swedish settlement in America was growing surely and steadily, by immigration and natural increase, until at the opening of the century south of the St. Lawrence lived about 30,000 souls, New France, which had 7,832 in 1675 when Laval was made Bishop, contained in 1700 but 15,355. No colony could ever hope to become great which lacked numbers; and as the genius of the French colonization was directed toward covering a huge territory with many outposts, it needed, to sustain it, large bodies of soldiers and a strong central organization at the colony's capital. The scheme could not ex-

It told
heavily
upon the
Iroquois

New
France
lacked in
numbers



A COUREUR DE BOIS OF NEW FRANCE

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

tend so far; it broke down at a most vital point. This was evident to any student. Yet the French had a splendid weapon for the fight in the matchless character of their organization. Why they did not and could not win has been already shown in a broad way. We shall now proceed to trace this history more in detail.

Auspices
on the sur-
face very
favorable

The auspices of New France at the opening of the eighteenth century were on the surface very favorable. Frontenac had subdued the Iroquois, as we have seen, and they were ready to sue for peace. Callières came down from Montreal as his successor, and soon concluded a treaty which, while not so favorable to the French as Frontenac would have made, was in effect a genuine peace pact. In the West, under Cadillac, Detroit was founded in 1699, and held by the French, thus blocking very effectually the only passageway open to the English and Iroquois by which they might get to the upper lakes, now that the Ottawa was fairly well watched. The establishment of Detroit was designed, moreover, to offset the abandonment of Michilimackinac and all the fur trade of that region was to be concentrated at Detroit, and in a measure this design was accomplished. By royal decree Detroit and Fort Frontenac were designated as the depots for the fur trade, and a new company was created to handle this business for the king. It did not work any better than the previous schemes, and the fur trade continued to be the curse of the colony, enriching a few, pauperizing many, and creating a basis for colonial existence which was utterly insecure and mischievous.

The
founding
of Detroit,
1699

With the Iroquois subdued and the English shut

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

out from the old Huron country, Frontenac's plans were all working well and rounding out as if under his sagacious eye. It was really the most satisfactory period that New France had ever seen. There was only one fly in the ointment, one weak link Acadia a weak spot in the chain. The Indians of Acadia and Maine, chiefly Abenakis, had, we have seen, been most inconstant in their allegiance. They were nearer the settlements of the English than those of the French, and if let alone might have lived peacefully with them. The French could not endure the idea of that peace. They feared that in case of a French raid on Boston, or an English raid on Quebec, these forest Indians might have the determining voice. So they employed all possible intrigues to kill the peace, sending out priests and laymen to stir up the Abenakis against the English. Then, too, the French claimed all that region lying east of the Kennebec as Acadia, and declared that all the English settlers on the eastern or main coast were trespassers. Pierre Rigaud de Vaudreuil had succeeded Callières as governor and fairly yearned to crusade against the English settlements, but he was estopped by the peace of Ryswick. Even in such barbarous times one couldn't attack one's friends, although in disguise.

The peace of Ryswick, happily for such bloody A valueless treaty designs, was of little avail. It had one very important result, of course, that of confirming William III as the rightful sovereign of England and obtaining his formal recognition by all Europe, thus assuring Protestant control over England for all the centuries since. But otherwise it had little effect. It settled nothing and only gave a chance for the reopening

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

War of the
Spanish
Succession,
1701

of old sores. In five years it was broken, and in 1702 began the war of the Spanish Succession, called in many old school-books and in America at the time Queen Anne's War. It was an interesting contest in Europe as well as here. Louis XIV determined to put his grandson, Philip of Anjou, on the throne of Spain. To this Spain, France's ancient foe, agreed. The design of France undoubtedly was to combine with Spain in getting control of all the colonial business in the Western Hemisphere. That meant France's sharing Spain's profit from South America and crushing out the English colonies of North America. It was a scheme in which New England had a vital interest. Of course England could not sit still under such circumstances. She had no candidate of her own, but supported the claims of Archduke Charles of Austria, who really had hereditary rights to the throne. Austria and England had no difficulty in persuading Holland, embittered by Louis's cruel attacks in former years, to unite with them—and the war was on. Of all the blunders made by Louis XIV this was the most fatal to his country. Had it not been for this war and the enormous cost of it to France, she might have rallied from her downward course and begun to build herself up. As it was, Louis had long since ceased to put on the brakes, and his extortions and crimes following upon this war made Revolution inevitable. We shall see how it worked to ruin New France at its most flourishing and opulent period.

The worst
blunder of
Louis XIV

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

DEERFIELD AND OTHER NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES SACKED

No sooner had war been declared than Vaudreuil ^{Indians} let loose his bloodhounds upon the frontier settle- ^{incited by} ^{the French} ments of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. The Abenakis had responded promptly to the urgings of the French, who threatened them with dire results here and hereafter if they did not exterminate the English, and had made several ruthless and sudden attacks upon settlements and towns along the coast, but without signal success. Then, in the winter of 1704, a large party set out from Quebec for the Massachusetts village of Deerfield, on the Connecticut, the farthest west of all the New England settlements, Northfield having been abandoned the previous year. The attack upon Deerfield is justifiable only on the plea that one must strike one's enemy where he least expects it; for the people of Deerfield had not injured Canada or the Canadians, nor was the town within the disputed territory. The party consisted of 50 Canadians and 200 savages under Hertel de Rouville, who thus immortalized himself in a way his descendants may not relish. The story of this Deerfield attack is in its complete detail a most absorbingly interesting one, but it belongs rather to New England than to Canadian history. The attack took place on February 29, 1704, and was a complete surprise. There were fewer able-bodied men in the town than ^{Deerfield} in the attacking party. Under such circumstances ^{massacre,} ^{Feb. 29,} ¹⁷⁰⁴ there could be but one result to this contest—wholesale slaughter. Few were able to make any resistance at all, only one house, that of Benoni Stebbins.

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Fifty were
killed

bins, succeeding in mustering its men quickly and effectively enough wholly to withstand the enemy, and Stebbins himself was killed. Before the destruction of the town and the massacre of its inhabitants was complete, help was summoned from a neighboring village, and the retreat began. About 130 English were carried off as prisoners and about 50 were killed. The English in pursuit were not able to catch up with the invaders, and, moreover, they feared a precipitate attack would result in the butchery of the English prisoners. Among those captured was the Rev. John Williams, minister of the church at Deerfield, whose refusal to espouse the Roman Catholic religion cost him much suffering. In the end, however, he was well treated by Vaudreuil and at last restored to his home. His chief and lifelong regret was that his family became separated and one of his daughters actually became an Indian's squaw. She visited Deerfield years afterward, but could not be persuaded to remain. Deerfield was at once rebuilt, and has since been, as it is to-day, a stanch, sedate village¹

Deerfield
rebuilt

This is not a history of New England; if it were it would be as pertinent as it undoubtedly would be interesting to follow in detail the vicissitudes of the colonists of that region during the next ten years. It is only fitting here to narrate that many small bands of Indians and Canadians skulked about the frontier villages, picking off the inhabitants much

¹The relics and mementos of the raid of 1704 constitute the chief material on exhibition in the Memorial Hall at Deerfield. To-day the town's main distinction lies in its Arts and Crafts Society, one of the earliest and most flourishing and practical of those interesting societies in New England.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

as the Iroquois had done in Canada. Meanwhile hundreds of young colonists were scattered through the invaded country as its defenders. The French made one other large raid, that of 1708, when Haverhill, on the Merrimac, was attacked by 400 men from Quebec, sent out by Vaudreuil, and many of its inhabitants were massacred. It is difficult to name a village in that region which was not afflicted by these murderous bands. Their object has already been defined. But what was their result? In answering that question we begin to forecast history.

The French
raid
Haverhill

Vaudreuil was one of those numerous personages in history who could not let well enough alone. Canada was doing better, had better prospects, and seemed more securely established than at any previous time in her history. In only one direction was she weak—the southeast. So without thinking of the danger of the scheme or learning of the sort of people he was to rob and murder and pillage, Vaudreuil ordered again those predatory expeditions which Frontenac first instituted. It was the crowning blunder of all French Canadian policy. For its effect was to arouse again in the New England man a hatred and fury against New France which ultimately led to her overthrow. Previous to these raids Quebec had not assumed the shape of a monster. Behind Phips's expedition was, to be sure, a feeling of antagonism toward the French. After Frontenac's death, however, the lull that followed had rather soothed the spirit of hatred. But when Vaudreuil began his crusade, with every fresh murder and other tragedy, deeper grew in the New England heart the horror of it all and a bitter hatred and desire for revenge upon any

New
England's
fury
aroused

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Indirect
retaliation

such horrible deeds. There is no doubt that there was much guile among the New Englanders. They were by no means always actuated by philanthropic and humane motives in their attitude toward the Canadians. We shall see later how the Massachusetts leaders did the same thing that they accused the leaders at Quebec of doing—lashing one party over another one's shoulders. Because the English in New York, as we have said, inspired Iroquois raids against Canada, Canada retaliated, not always against English settlements in New York but more often against Massachusetts. The latter hated Quebec most, but as Quebec seemed unattainable, Massachusetts sent expeditions against Acadia. This pot and kettle argument obtains throughout the relations of New England and New France. When the French king planned a great expedition to take New York, he intended to expel its English inhabitants, and that fact was later used as an excuse for the expulsion of the Acadians by the British. But the offense of the raids under Vaudreuil's direction was by far the greater. These raids made the conquest of Canada inevitable. There was no stopping the Puritans once their blood was up. This conquest might have come under Walker, as it did come under Wolfe, but it had to come some time. Previously Quebec had been to Massachusetts remote, inconsequential, and despised. Now it had come to be the object of undying hate, and every New Englander might have ended his every speech, as Cato did, with a "*delenda est*." Indeed, so infuriated with the sight of these massacres did many of the young men become that they begged their governor to let them quit the

Canada
"*delenda
est*"

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

service of watching in the woods and go in a body to Quebec and tear down its walls. But about that time, 1709, Schuyler from Albany sent word that he had secured from Vaudreuil a promise to send no more such parties for fear of exciting the war frenzy of the Iroquois, who could not bear to learn that others of their kind were reveling in slaughter while they were compelled to pace the "long house" in peace.

We are not given the intimate knowledge of life in New France at this period that we had of an earlier time. We learn, however, that the severity of the Jesuit régime, which grew less in Frontenac's time, had later Vaudreuil changed to laxity and license. The colony was prosperous and light-hearted, and its ways and customs came to partake of the general gay feeling. Vaudreuil himself was not the pattern of all virtues, and his wife was not averse to unconventional ways in the convents, which shocked the bishop. She was a native of Canada, and had become a marquise, a great honor, on her husband's elevation to the title of marquis. She and Vaudreuil actually got the nuns to come to dinners at the château. All this shows the ease and prosperity of New France and the natural reaction after so many years of gloom and poverty. The people were, however, soon to be aroused to their peril.

EXPEDITIONS AGAINST ACADIA FROM MASSACHUSETTS

THE first impulse of the people of Massachusetts was, as we have seen, to send an expedition to Quebec. But they soon came to see some of the

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

difficulties of such a scheme, and they determined to strike the French nearer home. Acadia was, of course, the natural, first-hand object of their wrath. We have seen that Acadia had stood still for decades. At the beginning of the eighteenth century

Port Royal
in 1704

Port Royal was the capital, and De Brouillon was the governor. It was a quarreling community with a small population but much assumption of Parisian modes of life. The farmers were prosperous, but had little to do with Port Royal, whose interests lay largely in the fisheries. There were innumerable disputes between the Acadian and the Boston fishermen, and in Queen Anne's War their encounters were not infrequent. So it was natural that, Quebec being unattainable, an expedition from Massachusetts to punish the French should be directed toward Acadia.

Church's
expedition
fruitless

This expedition was commanded by Major Benjamin Church, a swashbuckler of the extreme type. It consisted of about 700 men, including Indians, and sailed from Boston in the summer of 1704. Governor Dudley had encouraged the expedition; indeed, he had counseled the legislature to organize an expedition to capture Quebec, but he would not allow Church to attack Port Royal, because, he said, the queen had not approved of the plan—a rather lame excuse, and one giving color to the suspicion that Dudley was secretly interested, through Frenchmen, in trade with Acadia, and did not want Port Royal to fall into English hands. After destroying all things French at Castine Church proceeded to Acadia, and poured his forces upon the country. The innocent peasants of Grand Pré made no resistance and suffered great destruction of crops.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

but Church murdered no one and carried off only a few prisoners. He then proceeded to Port Royal and demanded its surrender. This demand being refused, he returned to Boston. The expedition was only a casual affair, but it paved the way for others.

In 1707 Massachusetts made a serious attempt to take Port Royal. Dudley himself proposed it, and the General Court ordered it. A thousand men were raised, and Colonel John March of Newbury was given command. It was a raw, undisciplined force, badly led. It reached Acadia in June and proceeded toward Port Royal. There the Acadians made a sturdy resistance, and soon all was in confusion. March showed himself utterly incompetent, and seeing this his men became demoralized. French prisoners told of the alleged strength of the fort and of reinforcements on the way. This frightened March and his officers. There was difficulty in getting the guns to the scene of action, other things appeared to harass this verdant crowd, and at length they returned to Casco Bay and soon afterward went home. The French interpreted the result as a great victory for them, and Louis was pleased.

A GENERAL COLONIAL PLAN AGAINST QUEBEC

BUT these persevering and irritating Yankees, once determined to accomplish anything, were not easily dissuaded. One Samuel Vetch, who had spent much time in Canada and knew the St. Lawrence well, became an ardent propagandist of a scheme for the reduction of Canada and Acadia. The Massachusetts General Court gave him encour-

March
frightened
away from
Port Royal

Vetch's
scheme to
reduce
Canada

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agement, and recommended that he go to England for additional help. This was readily obtained.²

An
ambitious
campaign
planned

Vetch's was an ambitious, large project, and he was promised, on the capture of Canada, that he should be made its governor. The other colonies were directed to aid Massachusetts and the English forces with troops. These colonial auxiliaries were to assemble at Albany, and march to Montreal and Quebec by the old lake route. New England was to furnish 1,200 men, to join five regiments of English regulars, which, escorted by a squadron, were to sail up the St. Lawrence to the capture of Quebec. Pennsylvania and New Jersey refused to help in this expedition. So only New York assembled troops for this land campaign. It consisted of 1,500 men, with some Iroquois, and was commanded by Colonel Francis Nicholson, who had been lieutenant-governor of the province. Meantime Vetch was at Boston, anxiously awaiting the British forces from across the sea. Invariably tardy were these expeditions from either France or England to America. They never arrived on time. The English were little better than the French.

Help from
England
fails

The English squadron with its five regiments was due in Boston the middle of May, and the volunteers from New England were encamped at Boston

² Readers of this work must have noticed how easy it was for adventurers and persons of little importance in America to go to England or France and raise money for almost any purpose, no matter how grotesque or impossible. We should smile at the credulity or gullibility of our ancestors were it not so patent that the same sort of promoters come to New York or Boston or Montreal from out West or down South with precisely the same good fortune. But Vetch was not in that class. He really knew his facts, and had a definite, workable scheme.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

soon after that time. All summer those troops waited there, drilling day after day, and scanning the horizon for the ships or word of them. In vain Vetch and Dudley wrote to learn the cause for the delay, and it was not until October 11 that Dudley received word that the force intended for Canada had been diverted to Portugal. That note was just eleven weeks on the way. Such cool contempt for the comfort of the colonies, and the great strain upon them and the enormous expense which this long wait entailed, certainly justified right then a declaration of independence.

Colonists
irritated
by Great
Britain

Meanwhile Nicholson's force had suffered terribly in the New York woods during those broiling summer days from heat, mosquitoes, and pestilence. Early in the summer an expedition set out from Montreal under its governor, Ramesay, to attempt to surprise Nicholson, but utterly failed. Ramesay became separated from his men, who were completely demoralized by their encounter with Nicholson's scouts, and imagined the whole English army was upon them. At length the French, almost as numerous as the English, succeeded in retreating to Chambly and finally returned to Montreal, a thoroughly disgraced set of men. The English under Nicholson were fit for fighting, but not for waiting, as few armies are, and when pestilence broke out it cut them off by scores. Long before notice came from England of the abandonment of the expedition, Nicholson's force had scattered, and the breach between New York and New England over plans of campaign grew until it was learned that Vetch was not to blame.

Nicholson's
miserable
summer in
the woods

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

EMISSARIES SENT TO ENGLAND

Nicholson
and Schuy-
ler sail for
England

Mohawks
in London
drawing-
rooms

STILL Massachusetts was not discouraged, and that winter the Assembly requested Nicholson and Schuyler, who were sailing for England, to ask again for help in this campaign against Canada, in which Massachusetts, in spite of the enormous expenses and widespread discouragement of the failure of the previous summer, stood ready again to engage. New York was in earnest in the same cause, and Schuyler was accompanied by five Mohawk chiefs. One of them died on the way, but the others created a furore in London drawing-rooms, which had not seen savages since the coming of Pocahontas with Rolfe. So impressionable was London society and officialdom that these miserable redskins, each probably with a fine rogues' gallery record, were actually made the guests of England, driven about in carriages, given feasts, and saluted by cannon, as personages of great distinction. Thus at times do barbarians exact their toll from civilization.

These painted Mohawks and Nicholson's eloquence fetched the English people and nation. Again the promise of abundant help was given, and, full of high hopes, Nicholson sailed for home. Again there was delay. The ships were due in March, 1710, and it was July when they appeared. Then Massachusetts and the other colonies set to work with haste and enthusiasm. It had been decided to limit the expedition to the taking of Port Royal, and hence only New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island sent troops. On September 18 the squadron left Nantasket, and six days later sailed into the entrance of Port Royal. It was a formi-

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AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

dable force. There were five men-of-war with 24 transports and other ships, 1,500 provincial troops, and 400 British marines. They landed the next day. Less than a week was spent in bombarding Port Royal and slight engagements, when on October 1, 1710, early taken, Oct. 1, 1710 Subercase, the French governor, informed the English that he was ready to treat for capitulation. The terms were speedily arranged. Only 248 men constituted the defenders, and they were sent to France on English warships. Vetch was made governor and Port Royal was changed to Annapolis Royal. Acadia thus again became English, and this time the British monarch did not, in arranging a peace treaty, give it back. It has ever since been under the British flag.

WALKER'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC

THIS victory, after so many miscarriages, spurred on the people of New England to greater zeal in the larger project, the destruction of French power on this continent. The same idea was popular in England, and there the representations of the envoys from New England were cordially received. Lord Bolingbroke, then Mr. St. John, in the spring of 1711, ordered seven regiments with proper convoy and warships. Over these troops he put John Hill, a court favorite and a good fellow, but without army experience although a brigadier. Who was responsible for Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker as commander of the ships does not appear, but it was a fatal blunder. Nicholson was sent on from London to prepare for the expedition, and he summoned a conference of governors. The plans of the campaign against Quebec in 1708 were

A pair of blunderers

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The fleet
arrived on
time, June
24, 1711

adopted in general, Nicholson again leading the land force by way of the lakes and the Richelieu. On June 24, only a fortnight after Nicholson's arrival, the fleet came and was received with great enthusiasm. The promptness of its despatch seemed a sure forecast of the triumph of the expedition. All was excitement in Boston and New York, and the volunteers were mustered with the greatest possible speed. Conscription was employed in free Massachusetts, and the result was an immense force from that small province. When the expedition sailed, as it did on July 30, it consisted of 1,500 provincials in addition to 5,500 British regulars and 500 marines. There were nine warships and 60 transports. The entire force numbered almost 12,000 men, by all odds the largest expedition that had ever set out from or to a city of North America.

Fearful of
frigid
Quebec

Vetch left his gubernatorial duties at Annapolis to command the provincials. His prominence in this and the previous campaigns was due to his alleged acquaintance with Canada and the St. Lawrence. But it was found that he did not know them intimately and was not actually a sailor. His ignorance was fatal, for he had no reliable pilots. From a Frenchman, who agreed to accept a large fee to betray his countrymen by piloting the fleet up the St. Lawrence, Admiral Walker got a lot of absurd notions. So frightened was he at the prospect of having to spend the winter in Canada that he was already faint-hearted and useless before his ship had got out of Massachusetts waters. One of these notions was that the St. Lawrence froze solid, clear to the bottom, and another pictured great mountains of snow, which would bury and

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THE GOLDEN DOG, AN OLD RELIC IN THE POST-OFFICE BUILDING, QUEBEC

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A man
afraid

destroy all forms of life. A more desperate case of "blue funk" was never seen in mortal man than in Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker, R. N. But ignorance of Canadian climate and the picturing of impossible frost horrors are almost as prevalent outside Canada to-day as in the eighteenth century.

On the very day when Sir Hovenden was writing in his journal his gloomiest forebodings over the weather of a city less than 500 miles north of Boston, that city was sweltering in July heat.

A horrible
disaster

The start was auspiciously made early in August, and as the days wore on and nothing occurred to mar the serenity of the prospects, the admiral may have begun to feel easier. But on August 18, when the ships had rounded Cape Breton and were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a violent headwind was encountered. For shelter they sought the Bay of Gaspé. After two days they came out, and on August 22, they were sailing along peacefully, having passed Anticosti and being well on their way up the river. But Walker then imagined he was near the south shore, although he was really in midstream, the river being seventy miles wide at that point. The possibility of a ship's grounding at that distance from shore seemed most remote. But Walker evidently could not avoid fatal blundering. Without taking pains to get his bearings he assumed that he was near the south shore of the river, and he ordered the ships to turn north. The wreck became inevitable. It was the night of the 22d when the calamity came. The flagship escaped going ashore, and Walker's miserable life was spared. But alas, no such good fortune attended the whole expedition. There was a storm

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INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA, ONTARIO

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. H.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

and wind that night and the ships became separated, but rockets and other signals showing throughout the night caused many of the officers on the flagship the keenest anxiety as to the fate of the other ships. It was three days before they learned what had actually happened, and then the truth was overwhelming. No warships were left, one thousand British transports, one storeship, and nearly a thousand missing, and the number of lives lost was nearly a thousand. Their bodies were found on the shores of the Île aux Œufs, and many of them by Canadians who plundered them of their boxes and baggage cast up with them. The British fleet-of-war hovered about the place and recovered probably four hundred survivors, but the thousands of souls who had already gone, when the work of rescue began, could not be brought back. This disaster, overwhelming as it was, did not necessarily impair the integrity of the force. There were nearly 11,000 men left with which to take Quebec. But Walker acted as if he were glad to get an excuse to back out. In spite of Vetch's indignant protest, Walker ordered a retreat to the harbor of what is now Sydney, in Cape Breton. Half of 11,000 brave men, well officered and intelligently disposed, could then have easily taken Quebec; but Walker was undoubtedly wise in retreating. Under him that expedition would have resulted in nothing but failure and a further sacrifice of lives and money.

News of the disaster and retreat was at once sent to Boston and New York, and forwarded with all speed to Nicholson, with his 2,300 men. He had been delayed in starting and had not yet entered Canada. When he heard the news he was white

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Nicholson's
rage with rage, and cried in his anger, "Roguery! Treachery!" It was a severe blow to him, who had so labored and planned for the movement and its success. Never again was he to see the attempt renewed, for when Wolfe climbed the heights of Abraham, Nicholson and Vetch and Schuyler had long before passed on.

Quebec's
joy Canada had been frantic with fear when she heard of the approach of the British expedition. The defenses of the city of Quebec were in poor condition, but everything possible was done to prepare for the foe. There was a long period of waiting. Curiously enough, the first news of the English failure came to Quebec from Montreal, where the withdrawal of Nicholson's force was learned, although the cause was not then known. Indeed, it was not until mid-October that the suspense was over. Then two ships were seen approaching Quebec. It was supposed that they were from Boston, and the city's excitement and panic were indescribable. They proved, however, to be French ships and brought the tidings of the failure of Walker's expedition—two months after the disaster which happened less than 500 miles away; news did not travel fast in North American waters at the opening of the eighteenth century. The usual religious feasts and thanksgivings at Quebec followed, and the city began to consider itself impregnable.

In the mean time Walker's shattered forces reached Sydney Harbor and after a brief halt there separated, the New Englanders going home and the British to England. Walker did not go unpunished. His name was stricken from the half-pay list. He soon afterward removed to South Carolina, and

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

later to Barbados, where he died. The anger and chagrin of Boston and all New England over the disaster, and the miserable incompetency of Walker and Hill, was only slightly tempered by the consoling reflection that none of the lost troops were Colonials. True, they had not lost lives, but they had lost time and money. And they had lost something more—a belief that England meant to give them a really helping hand in their contest with Canada. Either this was true or the incompetency of the British commanders was such that they could not be trusted. England was welcome to take whichever horn of the dilemma she chose.

Just how far this disgust which the northern colonies felt regarding England's inability, or unwillingness, to help them might have led them we can not know, for the peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1712, put a stop to all chance they might soon have had for open contest with the French.

THE TREATY OF UTRECHT

THIS treaty, while almost wholly favorable to the French, had two clauses which were French concessions in the New World. The Iroquois were acknowledged to be British subjects (what Frontenac would have done had this treaty been brought before him one can imagine!), and Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia became English. But Acadia was not clearly defined, and that vagueness left a large chance for a continuation of petty conflicts. Cape Breton, moreover, remained French—an arrangement fraught with interminable mischief to both French and English. Any one who has passed his vacations in the two parts of the

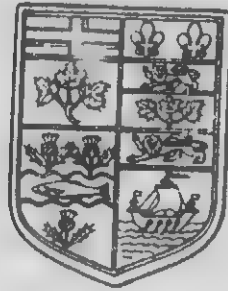
Walker in
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Cape
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THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

French
plans at
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Nova Scotia of to-day, knows how different are its east and its west. Cape Breton and its Bras d'Or lake is a good place for the rugged Scotch who now inhabit it, and Acadia is more adapted to farming. This handicap the French could not easily overcome. But they did not at first realize it. Immediately after the cession of Acadia they began large plans for the building up of French power in Cape Breton.



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CHAPTER XIX

THE FOUNDING OF LOUISBOURG

LOUISBOURG was selected as Cape Breton's ^{Louisbourg} port, and the king gave it a rich endowment. ^{richly} He sent several companies of soldiers, and a strong ^{endowed by} fortress was built. There was, of course, a church ^{the king} with priests, and a hospital, and all that it lacked of being a really strong and valuable settlement was a civil population. But it was not a good place for civilians, at least not for farmers. The soil was not productive, and the seasons were inclement. The king could send out soldiers and girls to marry them, but as usual he found it difficult to find French farmers and civilians in general who were willing to leave La Belle France. Some fishermen did go indeed, but a farming settlement was essential. The only way to get it was to lure away the ^{Luring} French settlers of Acadia. That scheme would ^{settlers} enrich Cape Breton, and at the same time injure ^{from} Acadia, now become English. So from this time forth for nearly a half century the poor Acadian farmer was pulled and hauled about by both French and English. To be sure, the English did not at first pay much attention to the French plans. They assumed that these peasants having taken an oath to be loyal subjects would keep it. And indeed the Acadians had no other wish. They were satisfied

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Frighten-
ing the
peasants

with Acadia, they were prosperous and as happy as such simple-natured folk can hope to be. To move away was the last of their desires. But the French officers and the priests were trying to make them discontented, and succeeded. The officers sought to attract them with glowing descriptions of Cape Breton, and the priests, it is asserted, went among their flocks telling the poor dupes that their churches were in danger under English authority. These assaults upon the peace of the Acadians left them in a sorry condition of mind and soul.

Vetch
superseded
by
Nicholson

It would not have been a very great undertaking for the French to seize the whole of Acadia. After its capture by the English, and the assumption of the governorship by Samuel Vetch, the English ministers and king seem to have pretty thoroughly forgotten Acadia. They sent poor Vetch no supplies, or money, or even kind words, and the first official information he received after his appointment was four years thereafter, that he had been superseded by Nicholson—another "war hero." When Nicholson got there he found the people all in a flutter, due to the work of the French. The question naturally comes: "Why did the English allow it?"

Aside from the usual easy-going ways of the English, there was another reason. It lay in a provision of the Treaty of Utrecht which allowed the Acadians who wished to leave within a year liberty to do so. This, of course, might be interpreted to give the priests a sort of permission to use their influence to persuade them to leave. Many promised, but very few did leave. Nicholson when he saw some settlers actually going became

THE FOUNDING OF LOUISBOURG

aroused, and by his arbitrary action made things worse. He refused to permit others to go, and thus broke the Treaty of Utrecht. But a dozen families or so from about Annapolis did get to Louisbourg, and had a most wretched time of it with cold and hunger. Their experience evidently had its effect upon the other Acadians. Even those in the extreme eastern portion of the island who were separated from Cape Breton only by the Strait of Canseau were most unwilling to go. Years went on and these conditions continued. England kept on neglecting Acadia, and France kept on intriguing to secure the Acadians for Cape Breton. But meanwhile the Acadians were multiplying and acquiring land and property. There was scarcely a day for twenty years after the Peace of Utrecht in which, if they had so desired, they could not have overthrown the British garrison. The commanders were constantly alarmed at their own defenseless condition, and had several times to endure insults without retaliation. When George I ascended the English throne the commander essayed to compel all the Acadians to take the oath of loyalty to the new sovereign, but such a tumult was raised that he gave it up. Later a non-committal sort of oath was arranged and sworn to quite generally, but it really bound the Acadians to nothing. In all this was abundant material for that future trouble of which the world knows.

While affairs were in this uneasy and unsatisfactory condition in and about Annapolis they were no better at the western end of Acadia. This western end was not as now the portion of Acadia bordering on the Bay of Fundy, but was that region

English
refuse to
let the
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In disputed
territory

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

French
claim
Eastern
Maine

lying east of the Kennebec River in what is now the State of Maine. It is a very peculiar and even absurd condition of ownership that we find here. When the French held Acadia they claimed that it extended west at least as far as the Kennebec River, but after they had ceded Acadia to England they pretended to regard Acadia as only the present peninsula. That left Eastern Maine and New Brunswick as a sort of No Man's Land, yet the French soon came to claim it as belonging to Canada. At any rate they tried to do all they could to "save their face" after they were compelled, legally, to give up their land. The English in Canada took the French claims philosophically, neither admitting nor contesting, and had the French acted discreetly there is little doubt that their claims might have been recognized for a time at least. But it was not in the nature of the French to act with discretion. Vaudreuil had started all the latter trouble, and the priests kept it up. While there is some evidence of aggression on the part of the colonists in America toward Canada, the great majority then cared little about boundaries; all they wanted was peace and a chance to earn a living. They were willing to let all these boundary questions alone, and so they were allowed to drift along until, angered to the depths by French and Indian aggressions and deviltry, the Americans and the English put an end to all boundary talk by wiping New France off the map of North America.

American
colonists
wanted
peace

A notable instance of French incapacity to let a neighbor dwell in peace was shown, just after the Peace of Utrecht, in the conduct of French interests in this west Acadian country bordering on the Ken-

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MONUMENT TO MGR IGNACE BOURGET, MONTREAL

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Sebastien
Rale's con-
spiracies

nebec. A Jesuit priest, Sebastien Rale, headed a mission among the Abenakis on the Kennebec where the village of Norridgewock now stands. If he had been content to work for the salvation of the souls of the savages, as Jogues or Brébeuf was, all would have been well, but he began at once, as his predecessor in that same region had done, to agitate politically, and to conspire against the Americans on the other side of the stream. To be sure, he was moved to take this course by his interpretation of the action of the Governor of Massachusetts, who went to the mouth of the Kennebec with an expedition to hold a conference with the Indians of that region, and there asserted British authority over all Acadia. Possibly the attitude of the governor seemed menacing, but ostensibly his impulse was to secure peace. Rale would not so interpret it and aroused the Abenakis to threaten the English at a second conference. Later, after burning many houses, the Indians attacked the fort at Georgetown, but were repulsed. This led to reprisals, and a number of encounters occurred, in one of which, papers were found proving the connection of Vaudreuil with Rale and his savage acts. This stirred up deeper resentment, and was but another torch for the burning of French Canada. At length an expedition, under Captain Harmon, set out in 1724 from Port Richmond to destroy Norridgewock and capture Rale. In the fight that followed the Indian town was destroyed and many were killed. Rale himself was among these. He resisted capture, and was shot in a house by a colonist who evidently believed Rale would kill him if he did not shoot first. The people of New France mourned Rale as

The fight at
Norridgewock,
1724

Rale killed

THE FOUNDING OF LOUISBOURG

another Jesuit martyr, but there is no doubt that his removal was a good thing for peace and civilization. The fighting continued, however, for some time, but with nothing like the virulence of Rale's day. Various attempts were made to patch up a peace, but this sort of thing would not abide. It was the next year that the fighting occurred about Fryeburg, Maine, which, in colonial records, was one of the most desperate hand-to-hand encounters known in the woods of America. In the end, of course, the Indians were badly shattered in these campaigns, and the line of English settlement pressed back farther and farther the French frontier.

The battle
of Fryeburg

It must strike the reader that most of the history of this period has little to do with Quebec and Montreal, in contrast with the previous century, in which those cities were the seats of action as well as of power. There are several reasons for this change. The greatest of these was, plainly, the decline of the Iroquois. From the close of the seventeenth century the Iroquois ceased to be the chief menace to the success of New France. Quebec and Montreal, therefore, became safe, and grew in strength and prosperity. These conditions do not produce history. Another factor was the absence of conspicuous personalities in the seats of power. After Frontenac there was no giant until Montcalm, and these unimportant and mediocre governors gave no impetus to any movements that chiefly centred in old Canada. On the other hand, fortified by the ease and safety of old Canada, the young Canadians began to press forward into the outskirts and the frontier, and became the source of news and history. As mentioned in a previous chapter,

Quiet in
Quebec

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Quebec
like a town
of France

Quebec society was in those days losing its serious aspect and becoming more like a town of France—not a little Paris, of course, but with a something almost Parisian. Laval died early in the century, and the restraining influence of this strong, grave personality was removed.

The
Iroquois
now rely
upon their
diplomacy

There is little else we can find of interest to say about Quebec in those days. It was prosperous and peaceful, and almost gay. The Iroquois, conscious of their weakness, played off French against English, Quebec against Albany, so adroitly as to win our admiration. They allowed Vaudreuil to build a fort at Niagara, and then when Albany protested and urged them to destroy it they went to Niagara and ordered the French to cease building it, probably knowing that their demand would be refused, as it promptly was. Then the English retorted by building a fort and planting a settlement at Oswego, which clearly was within their rights to do, but which was plainly a menace to French trade with Indians on the St. Lawrence. The French had already built a fort at Chambly, and continued south along Lake Champlain to construct trading posts which were designed to build up French trade and prevent the possible ingress into Canada of hostile parties by that route, just as they aimed to prevent similar ingress through the Chaudière route by seeking to gain control of the Kennebec through the agency of the French priests and the Abenakis. Thus the main activities of the rulers of Canada were now directed toward commerce as they had been successively toward conquest, exploration, and religion. But on the outskirts and frontier there were interesting movements well worth our attention.

CHAPTER XX

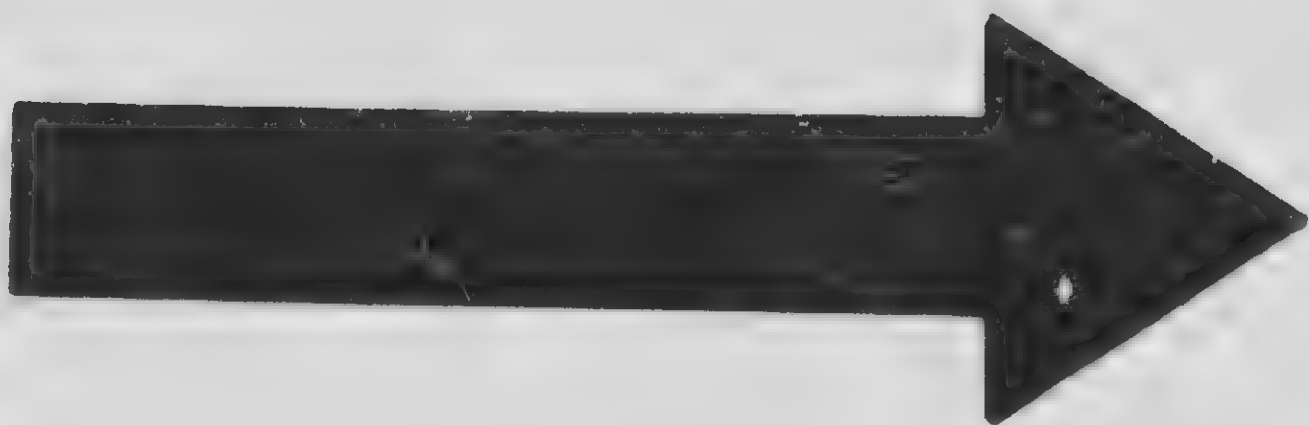
THE FRENCH IN LOUISIANA

FROM Quebec to New Orleans to-day, whether one travel by the Great Lakes and mighty rivers or by rail, one passes through towns and cities of varying conditions and life, but with none that are very like either Quebec or New Orleans. Yet these two cities are fundamentally the same. Their people and their distinctive peculiarities are in all respects similar. Quebec and New Orleans are both French to the core, for Frenchmen founded both and have dominated both from the beginning. Most of us are surprised to find any connection between the two cities, forgetting that New Orleans was Canada South at one time, and that the impulse which led to its beginnings came from Canada and Canadians. It was Iberville who really founded Louisiana, and it was his son who was its father. And, earlier, it was La Salle who conceived the idea, and so set men to thinking that in the nature of things an Iberville or some one else must arise to carry out La Salle's ideas.

Nothing was done for a decade after La Salle's death in 1687, except Tonty's fruitless journey. In 1697 the Sieur de Remonville, a friend of La Salle's, brought before the French court a scheme for a settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi, in order to

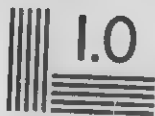
Quebec
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Orleans

Sieur de
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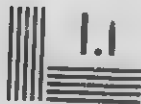


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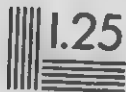
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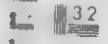
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THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Iberville
founds
Louisiana

head off the English, who were proposing a similar plan. This suggestion, although not then acted upon, had the effect of discouraging the English. The next year Iberville, fresh from his triumphs in Hudson Bay and other northern waters, took up Remonville's suggestion, and urged it with such enthusiasm and vigor that his offer to plant a colony and build a fort at the mouth of the Mississippi was accepted. He set out in the winter of 1698-99, and after a stop at Pensacola, where he met some Spanish ships, whose commander ordered him to move on, he cruised along the northern shore of the gulf until the first week in March, when he entered the Mississippi. Ascending it, he found tribes whom La Salle had met, and one of the Indians gave him a letter left by Tonty for La Salle in case of his return. The appearance of the country, with its low marshes and lagoons, was not very enticing, so Iberville went back to where he thought was a better harbor, at what is now Biloxi, in the State of Mississippi. Here he built a fort and then returned to France. Bienville, his brother, went on an exploring expedition up the Mississippi, and came upon a party of French Protestants in an English ship, bound for somewhere on the Mississippi.

A fort built
at Biloxi,
1699

The reader must have been struck in reading this and other wilderness history with numerous examples of such meetings. Let one search in his own village for a man whom he and every one else knows, and he may miss him altogether or find him only after a long search; but set the two men in a thousand-mile-square forest and they are sure to run across each other before sunset! These occurrences (using the word literally) are not al-

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THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Bienville,
the wily

ways so happy as that example, but the principle holds good. These French Protestants whom Bienville ran across were from Carolina, and were hunting for an English party a thousand miles or so up the river. Could Bienville tell them anything about the others? No, he couldn't. Could he even tell them if this was the Mississippi River? "The Mississippi!" exclaimed the veracious Bienville. "Certainly not. The Mississippi is over there somewhere," with a vague gesture, and paddled off smiling, and leaving them utterly bewildered. But before he went he got from the captain of the ship a petition from the Huguenots of Carolina addressed to the French king, asking permission to settle in Louisiana. In time they got his answer. The reader can guess it. Louis told them he had not expelled them from France in order to let them settle in some other part of his domains. It was by such liberal and far-sighted measures that France expected to build up an empire in the New World.

Colony
moved to
Mobile

Iberville, on reaching Paris, was ordered back with reinforcements, so great was the fear of English expeditions. To frighten the English he built a rude fort at the mouth of the Mississippi. On his third voyage a year later he moved the colony to where Mobile now stands. This was really included in Florida, and Spain made a protest, to which Louis paid little attention. After his third expedition, the connection of Iberville with the enterprise ceased, and his brother, Bienville, was left in charge. The details of the long story of quarreling between himself and the intendants and other officers, and his removals and reinstatements, are too complicated and tedious even for recapitulation. Starvation and dis-

THE FRENCH IN LOUISIANA

case afflicted the colony, which was composed of An^{unhappy,} roués and rascals of both sexes from France. ^{suffering} practically the only exception being some Canadi-^{settlement} ans whom Iberville induced to come. Gold or any other precious metal, for which all French and other Continental European colonists sought first, was not discovered, and as these founders of Louisiana would not work and could not get slaves they had a disagreeable time with many hardships. The king got tired of them, and farmed out the colony to one individual and company after another, who always lost money if they did not incur ruin in the operation. After thirteen years of troubled existence the total population of Louisiana was only 380.

It was in 1717 that the king turned over the con-^{John Law} trol of the colony to the Mississippi Company. ^{and the} The story of this "Frenzied Fiatism" scheme, originated ^{bubble} by John Law, is so fascinating and interesting that the writer passes it by with regret, but as its chief scene was in France and not in America, and as its operations are so well known, it really has no place here. It was a Mississippi bubble indeed, yet its success in the land which in the twentieth century the Humberts duped so completely is not at all surprising. The chief thing done by the company in Louisiana was the sending of more troops and settlers in order that a settlement on the Mississippi should be made. This Bienville did, and the site was ^{New} the site of New Orleans. ^{Orleans} founded thus in 1717. In five ^{founded,} years the bubble burst, but the colony was still sus- ¹⁷¹⁷ tained and now had about 5,000 inhabitants. Indian wars added peril to the general misery. The blacks, imported as slaves from San Domingo, were increasing rapidly and threatening to overwhelm the

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Character
of the
colony
improves

whites. But as the years went by a better class of whites came in, and by the middle of the century, where we must now leave them, the French had established a fairly firm foundation for their colony, and it bade fair to become in time prosperous and strong—if it should be fortunate enough to escape attack from without.

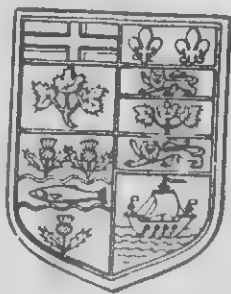
Fort
Chartres
founded

The story
of a tribe

The carrying out of La Salle's dream of a French colony at the mouth of the Mississippi pointed to the execution of the other part of that dream—forts and trading posts from the St. Lawrence to Louisiana, thus to make this vast stretch a French colony indeed. Only one of La Salle's posts had survived, that on the Illinois, at Fort St. Louis, where the faithful Tonty was in command. That region was united to Louisiana soon after the settlement at New Orleans and the formation of the Mississippi Company. The new governor of Illinois established a fort on the Mississippi a few miles above Kaskaskia, named Fort Chartres. This was the only other post of any consequence established in the Illinois country. The greatest peril to it and to the Starved Rock post came from the Foxes, or the Outagami tribe that called themselves Musquawkis. These were as fierce as the Sioux or the Iroquois. Their home was on or near the Fox River, in Wisconsin. There they abided very little, sallying forth from time to time to attack with almost maniacal fury any tribe which might have offended them. They made an assault upon the French fort at Detroit early in the century, and had not help come from the Hurons, the fort would have fallen. They made frequent campaigns against the Illinois, and so persistent was their activity that no one was safe

THE FRENCH IN LOUISIANA

in Illinois. Without doubt this tribe kept back the settlement of that territory at least twenty-five years. Expedition after expedition was sent after them with only partial success, until in 1731, by a combined attack of French, Hurons, Iroquois, and Ottawas, the tribe was almost annihilated. Five years afterward less than one hundred warriors were found to be alive, but the tribe recovered its strength in a measure, though not in ferocity, and, uniting with the Sacs, they now live on a reservation in Iowa. This tribe made a tour of the Eastern States about 1850, and gave exhibitions in various cities. It continued this practise in Iowa in the seventies, and those chants, songs, and antics are still fresh in the memory of many Iowans. As I write there are reports that, owing to their restlessness and dissatisfaction over their reservation rights in Iowa, that reservation is to be broken up. If this occurs, then indeed will take place the annihilation which the allied force thought they had accomplished two centuries ago.



CHAPTER XXI

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

The War
of the
Austrian
Succession,
1741

Frederick
the Great

WE now fix our gaze again upon the outskirts of New France, although our eyes must sweep across half the continent. It is Acadia which occupies the centre of attention as the American battleground of another European war, and again old Canada is left at one side in the rushing tide of big events. This war was the War of the Austrian Succession, a contest in which primarily neither England nor France had anything at stake, but into which both were dragged by their allies. Charles VI of Austria, on his death in 1740, left his sovereignty to his daughter, Maria Theresa. In his as in most other European countries at that time the Salic Law, prohibiting women from becoming sovereigns, obtained; but as Charles had no son he had secured from the other Powers assent to the waiving of the law. This authorization was called the Pragmatic Sanction, and it seemed to guarantee the young empress a peaceful and prosperous reign. But neither she nor her father counted on the opposition of the young, ambitious Frederick II (the Great) of Prussia, and the entrance of this prince and his country into world politics was the most sensational feature of the conflict. France got into the war purely to prevent

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

Austria from seizing Lorraine, and England, which ^{How} held aloof for several years, was finally dragged ^{England} into it for various reasons, one of which was to ^{became} crush the menace from Spain and France on the ^{involved} sea. In the end Frederick got Silesia, which he seized at the outset, and Maria Theresa's right to her throne was recognized. What France and England got was inconsiderable, and their contests in Europe were not very interesting. But the campaign in America was full of ^{est}.

Revenge, as we have seen, was a French passion ^{Annapolis} which was always getting that country and its people ^{resists the} into trouble. The news of the entanglement ^{French,} of Great Britain in 1744 reached the garrison at ¹⁷⁴⁴ Louisbourg before it arrived at Boston or Annapolis. The governor of Louisbourg, Duquesnel, knew that he had his news first, and bestirred himself to take advantage of his prior information. His main object, of course, was to take Annapolis, and after that Boston. He set out at once for Canseau, then and now a small fishing town in Acadia on the Atlantic, just across the Strait of Canseau from Cape Breton. That was taken at once, and then the expedition, directly under Duvivier, proceeded against Annapolis. That little Acadian capital was the especial aim of the French, because its commander was one whom they regarded as a traitor, Major Mascarene, a French Protestant driven out of France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He had only about 100 men, poorly armed, provisioned, and clothed, and the fort was in a dilapidated condition. But they put up such a stiff fight that Duvivier's 600 men were surprised and demoralized by their losses. He was also disappointed

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

by the failure of the Acadian farmers to rise. (Arnold and Montgomery were deceived by the same class of people thirty years later in old Canada.) Fearful of a sortie, Duvivier began a siege after often calling upon Mascarene to surrender. After three weeks two small ships arrived from Boston to aid the besieged, and Duvivier in despair gave up the campaign. It was a disastrous experience.

This Annapolis campaign took place in July, 1744, but it was not until the following winter that any one in Massachusetts was bold enough to suggest retaliation. That one was a "brash" young man, William Vaughan of Damariscotta, interested in fisheries. Fishing was a hazardous enterprise in those days, largely because of the depredations of the French privateers which had in Louisbourg a base of supplies. So Vaughan, the harum-scarum young fisherman, with a grudge against Louisbourg, went up to Boston to ask Governor Shirley to send an expedition against and capture Louisbourg. It is a monumental wonder that Shirley didn't laugh in his face. It was a most absurd suggestion. Parkman calls the chapter devoted to it "A Mad Scheme." But something in the idea caught the fancy of the usually cool and cautious Shirley. Possibly he had a hidden vein of imagination, for he listened with attention, and when Vaughan had gone it was plain that his mission might bear fruit. In the second week of January, 1745, Shirley met the Assembly, called General Court, in session, pledged them all to secrecy, and then told them of his plan to capture Louisbourg.

The grudge
of William
Vaughan

Shirley
Proposes
the capture
of Louis-
bourg

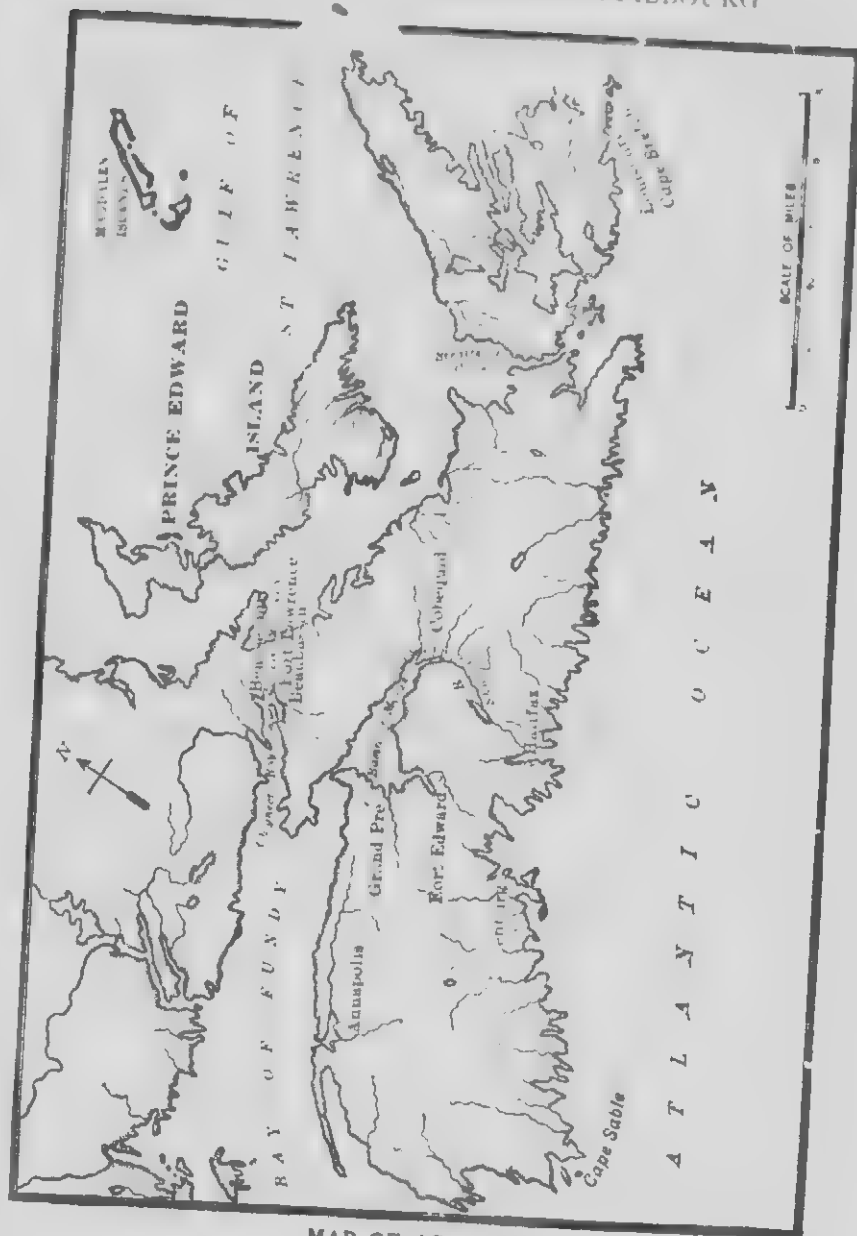
The dull, stupid, Conservative legislators looked at him in silent amazement. Take Louis-

CANADA

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THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG



MAP OF ACADIA

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The Massachusetts
statesmen
yield

bourg! Why, Louisbourg was as invulnerable as Gibraltar or Quebec, and the French had spent nearly \$6,000,000 in making it impregnable! For a regiment of raw New Englanders to try to take that fortress was insane, they thought, and they so told the governor, with politeness. Shirley was disappointed, but not defeated. If secrecy wouldn't work, perhaps publicity would. So he began to bring pressure upon the doughty councilors, got petitions signed and letters written, much as those things are done to-day, and after a long struggle the General Court surrendered by the unrol t majority of one.

Newcastle's
bon mot

Planning
to take
Louisbourg

While they were deliberating, Shirley sent a ship post-haste to England to seek the aid of the mother country. The Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State, got the message. It was his delightful mot which Walpole has given us: "Defend Annapolis! Annapolis! Oh, yes, Annapolis must be defended! Ah! where is Annapolis?" He acted better than he knew or talked, and really saved the day; but Shirley did not know it and went bravely on, as if he must rely upon New England alone. He did send despatches to the other colonies, asking help, but they all declined. Louisbourg was New England's trouble; they had troubles of their own. New England, as usual, was not unanimous in support of the project. Connecticut sent only 500 men, and Rhode Island, sore because of Roger Williams's ostracism and a boundary dispute with Massachusetts, refused to aid at all, except with a sloop of war. Massachusetts furnished 3,000 men and New Hampshire 500. To get New Hampshire, Shirley had to flatter the gouty governor, Wentworth, by

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

writing him that if it had not been for his gout he (Wentworth) would have been given chief command. Wentworth sent back word post-haste that he didn't have enough gout to hurt him, and that he'd be delighted to take command. But by this time Shirley had discreetly appointed William Pepperell. Pepperell lived in Kittery and Wentworth in Portsmouth, and so the latter could glare at his rival just across the bay. Pepperell had more gumption than genius. In fact, he had seen almost no military service, although he had held various offices in the militia, and when chosen was in command of all the militia of that region. He was a merchant, and his chief occupations and interests were civil. Yet it was a good choice, and he served Shirley well.

Having heard nothing from Newcastle, Shirley sent an appeal for aid to Commodore Peter Warren, who had a few vessels at Antigua, West Indies. Warren wished to comply, but as he had no instructions from the home government he was compelled to decline. His reply reached Shirley just before the time for the expedition to sail, but it did not deter him in the least. He simply destroyed Warren's note, trusted to luck, and started the ships off. There were about a dozen ships, ranging from a converted frigate to a sloop, and carrying in all about 150 guns, besides many transports, making perhaps 100 vessels in all, and convoying 4,300 men, of whom stout Massachusetts and Maine contributed about 3,300. It was on March 24, after only seven weeks of preparation, that this foolhardy expedition left Nantasket, and on April 5 it entered the harbor of Canseau.

There is not much travel to Cape Breton as

William
Pepperell
in command

Shirley's
note
rewarded

Expedition
sets out,
March 24,
1745

THE TRICENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Good luck all the way early as April 5. It is too cold. These hot-blooded rustics found the same thing true. They had to mark time, because the harbor of Louisbourg was blocked with ice. The soldiers employed this period in drilling and getting acquainted with the country, and the vessels in running in French prizes with provisions bound for Louisbourg. But the delay was a blessing, for on April 22 a large English frigate bore down upon them. She proved to be the advance guard of the three warships of Warren. He had received orders from Newcastle just a few days after Shirley's messenger had gone, and he hastened to follow. As good luck would have it, on his way to Boston he fell in with a ship whose crew informed him that the expedition had already gone. How valuable was the delay at Canseau, the opportuneness of the orders from England, and this message at sea, can not be overestimated. A week after Warren's arrival the fleet sailed out of Canseau Harbor, and on the next day Louisbourg came into view. Their hearts must have grown faint when they saw that great fortress. So far as engineering skill was concerned, Louisbourg was undoubtedly not only the strongest fortified place in America, but one of the strongest in the world. All possible means of attack had been anticipated, every point guarded. It was practically permanently impregnable. Only one feature of defense could not be assured—the personal element. That failed.

Louisbourg
in sight

FORMIDABLE LOUISBOURG

THE southern shore of Cape Breton at that point runs almost due east and west. From the sea by a rather narrow passage one enters the harbor, a

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

large bay. To the left or west of this narrow passage stood Louisbourg, first the fort and then the town. The fort commanded on the east the harbor and the passage, and on the west the town and beyond. To further guard the fort were two batteries, one just to the east of the southeast corner of the fort and running on a narrow neck to the sea and passage, called the Island Battery; the other directly opposite or north of the harbor mouth, on the north shore of the harbor, called Royal Battery. Any ship entering the harbor was sure to meet the fire of the Island Battery from the left or flank, and the Royal Battery from the front. The fort itself was admirably built. There were deep ditches and thick ramparts and a vast marsh, over which an attacking party could hardly come. There were mounts for 148 cannon in the fort itself, although only a little over one-half were probably in use, while in the batteries were 60 more cannon. Shirley had but 34 cannon and mortars with which to oppose this great force, and 4,500 untrained men to match the 560 regular troops of the fort and 1,300 militia. It looked like a ludicrously unequal battle. But the personal element with the French was weak. The regulars had not been paid promptly, and almost a mutiny had broken out during the previous winter; and this feeling inspired discontent when all ought to have been harmonious. They were weak in their leader also. Duquesnel had died soon after the fruitless attack on Annapolis, and Duchambon, his successor, was unreliable and incompetent. Given Frontenac in such a place, and he would not only have defeated the besiegers, but more than likely would have captured the larger

Command-
ing position
of the fort

The weak
personal
element

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

part of their numbers. That is the genius of the French—well led and with confidence in their leaders, they are brave and impetuous and efficient, but if not sure of their leaders they are likely to become nervous and impotent. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon will swear about his leader and even damn him roundly, but he will fight well whether well led or not. It is a trite comparison, and is employed here only because it is so inevitable.

Ducham-
bon's
blunders

Duchambon blundered from the outset. To oppose the landing of an army of 4,500 men protected by warships, he sent 120 men, who must fight out of the range of the guns of the fort. The landing was at Freshwater Cove, nearly six miles west of the town. The first landing party was only 100 men, but they easily drove off the little force sent to oppose them, killing six, capturing others, and enabling the bulk of the army to land that day. As if that were not enough to demoralize the mercurial French, two days later, or May 2, came the crushing blow of the campaign—as fatal to the success of the French as if it were a touchdown against a team during the first five minutes of play. Fisherman Vaughan took a small body of men and marched northeast, skirting the town and continuing to the north side of the harbor. Like lusty Americans that they were, glad to get a chance to stretch their legs and eager for “business,” they yelled and shouted in what the French regarded as a highly scandalous and unprofessional manner. If these Yankees actually designed to scare the French, they could have adopted no more effective tactics. Then to accentuate their noisy, roisterous behavior, they marched to a spot just due north of

Loud
Yankee
yells

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

the Grand or Royal Battery, and set fire to some naval stores, by some inexplicable blunder left unguarded. These stores consisted largely of pitch and tar and other nasty and smoky messes. The smoke from this burning magazine rolled toward the harbor and over the Royal Battery, and seems to have thrown the garrison into frenzy and panic, for soon they actually abandoned this strategic coign of vantage without firing a shot or even carefully spiking the guns. Nor did they leave any pretense of occupying the battery, so as to deceive the enemy, taking away the flag and leaving no man and no fire. Had these precautions been observed, Vaughan would not have dreamed of taking the battery; but the next morning he saw that the place seemed deserted, and by reconnoitring—getting an Indian drunk and bribing him to go and look, one story has it—he found the place in confusion and deserted. His party rushed to the place with a shout and hung up a red coat on the flagstaff. No sooner had this little party of thirteen got within the battery than a boat pushed off from the fort, evidently to remove some of the stores, but so pluckily did the Yankees hold their ground that, in spite of the fire from the fort and the boat, they drove it back. Then, after getting reinforcements, they began to look around. They found twenty-eight forty-two-pounders and two eighteen-pounders, and a large quantity of ammunition. The guns were easily unspiked and soon ready for use. When they opened fire on the town, which they did the next day, with the Frenchmen's own guns, doing much damage and distressing the inhabitants, Duclon must have begun to see the criminal folly of that panic. It was not of itself a

A fine coign
of vantage
seized by
the Yankees

An expensive
panic

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

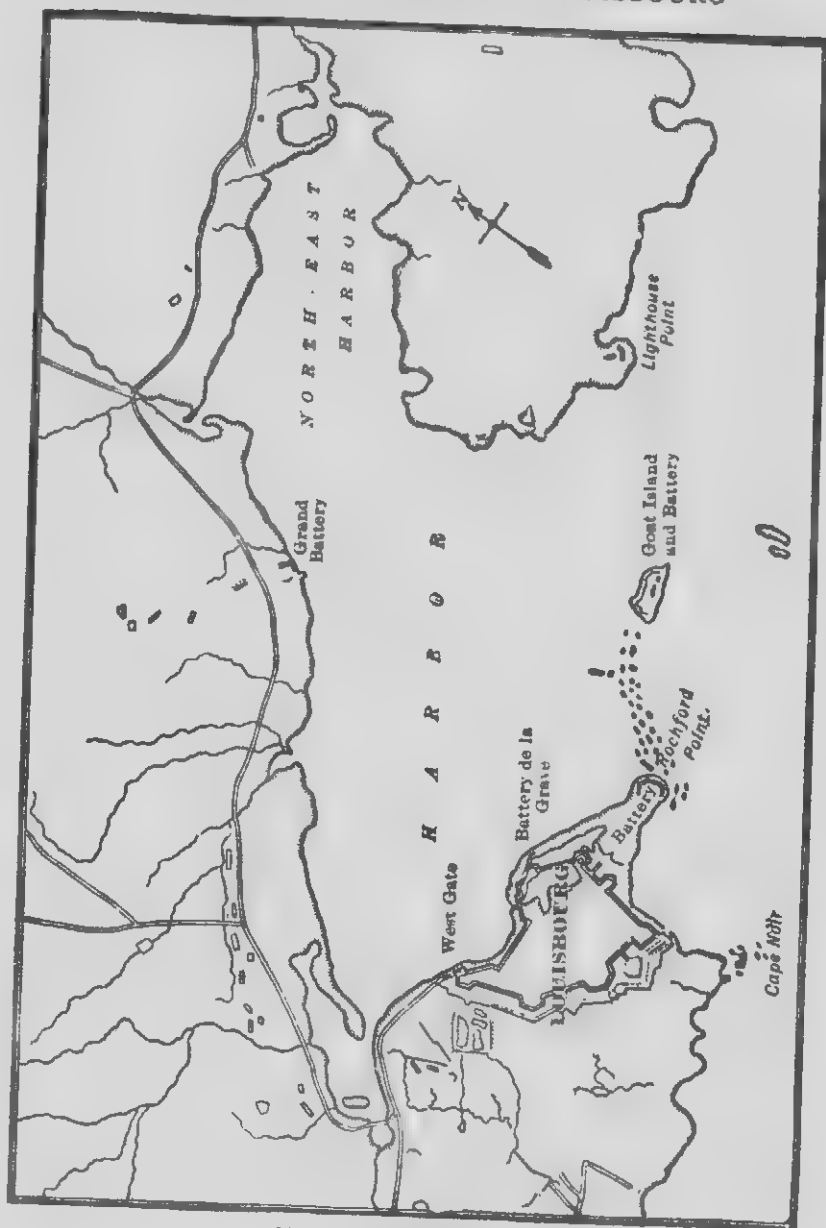
fatal blunder, but it gave the English confidence and still further weakened the faith of the French in themselves, so that they feared to take any step lest it should prove to be wrong.

Pepperell
plans well

From the very first Pepperell seems to have done well, especially for an amateur. He used what was valuable and threw aside what was worthless of Shirley's plans to conquer the place, and seems to have gone ahead without any considerable drawback. The landing of the guns and supplies was a hard task with his primitive equipment, but it progressed amazingly. The raw volunteers behaved very well, doing prodigious labors and undergoing hardships with good nature and cheerfulness. Five batteries were speedily planted on as many eminences overlooking the town, and cannon from the Royal Battery were used in them with good effect. Meanwhile Duchambon was doing nothing, being afraid because of the recent mutiny to trust his men in a sortie. Brisk firing from batteries and fort took place daily, and the marksmanship on both sides was good. But while the French balls occasionally put a gun out of action and killed a gunner, the English shots were slowly destroying the town, smashing the walls of the fort and rendering its defense more and more difficult. Meanwhile the French, while shouting defiance at the besiegers, were losing their spirits and beginning to fear that they might in the long run be beaten. Physically, the besiegers were not so well off as the besieged. The usual camp diseases among volunteers broke out and, while not very fatal, they reduced the available fighting force one-half. Yet with summer coming on and the southern breezes blowing, the New Englanders

Sickness
among the
English

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG



MAP OF LOUISBOURG

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The high spirits of the besiegers acted like a lot of schoolboys on a picnic. They played games, told stories, laughed, and "cut up" with the jollity and bubbling-over of the hearty spirits of healthy youth. It was a great holiday for them, and they refused to take it very seriously. Down deep in their hearts, they no doubt felt that they were engaged in a righteous war and must win, but there was no strongly religious sentiment, and one can hardly imagine a more striking contrast than the armies of Pepperell and Cromwell.

Boyish enthusiasm that went too far Naturally this boyish enthusiasm at times led to trouble. They would "double-shot" their guns, and several of them burst, injuring the gunners or officers severely. It led, moreover, to a disaster which at first seemed to have turned about the fortunes of war. The Island Battery, it will be remembered, commanded the entrance to the harbor and kept Warren waiting outside with his ships. To take that battery was obviously a necessity, and volunteers for the task were easily got. After several nights of postponement, they left their rendezvous, the Royal Battery, on the night of May 23 and quietly made their way in boats across the harbor to the neck of land on which the Island Battery stood. They landed safely and apparently unseen, but there was too much good New England rum aboard, and some of the men had to cheer on reaching the shore. At once the battery was alive with lights. The guns belched forth fire with destructive effect. Yet on rushed the New Englanders and planted twelve scaling ladders against the walls. But few if any reached the top, so quick were the French gunners, who were also able to sink several boats of the men who had not got ashore when the

French repulse an attack

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

ribald and foolish cheers were given. An unequal fight, meanwhile, was going on between the protected garrison and the exposed men, the English were falling fast, and by daybreak 119 surrendered. The total American loss was 189—a calamity which sobered the colonists greatly and led them to more carefully matured plans. Of course Louisbourg went wild with delight, and once more confidence was restored. The tide at last was running the way of the French.

But it was not for long. Even before this disaster, but coming to the knowledge of the French after it, occurred the capture of the "Vigilant," a French warship of 64 guns and 560 men, loaded with stores and provisions for the garrison at Louisbourg. She was discovered on the high seas by a small British ship and lured by her into a chase which ended by the eager but verdant "Vigilant's" finding herself surrounded by the entire British fleet—small, to be sure, but large enough to compel her to strike her colors. The stars in their courses again were fighting against Sisera. The Englishmen's ammunition and food had been dangerously diminished, and this French cargo was a lucky find. So the spirits of the garrison and people of Louisbourg were again plunged into gloom.

Meanwhile the cannonading kept up on both sides, but the English erected a battery at the lighthouse just across the mouth of the harbor, and thus its guns kept pouring upon the Island Battery a hot fire which completely demoralized the men, shattered the walls, and silenced most of the guns.

The first part of June was now at hand, and the commanders of the English forces decided to run

A French
warship
taken

The grilling
fire of the
English

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

The garri-
son's plight no risk of further delay, but to make a combined army and navy attack upon the works. Pepperell and Warren had been in correspondence for some time regarding a plan to force the harbor and take the town, and Warren had shown himself hot-tempered because his rather precipitous plans did not commend themselves to the general merchant and merchant general of Kittery. But Pepperell kept his head and insisted upon being civil and gentlemanly to the naval chief. At length, however, they got together on a plan of assault. The Island Battery had become harmless, and no peril would attend an attempt to enter the harbor.

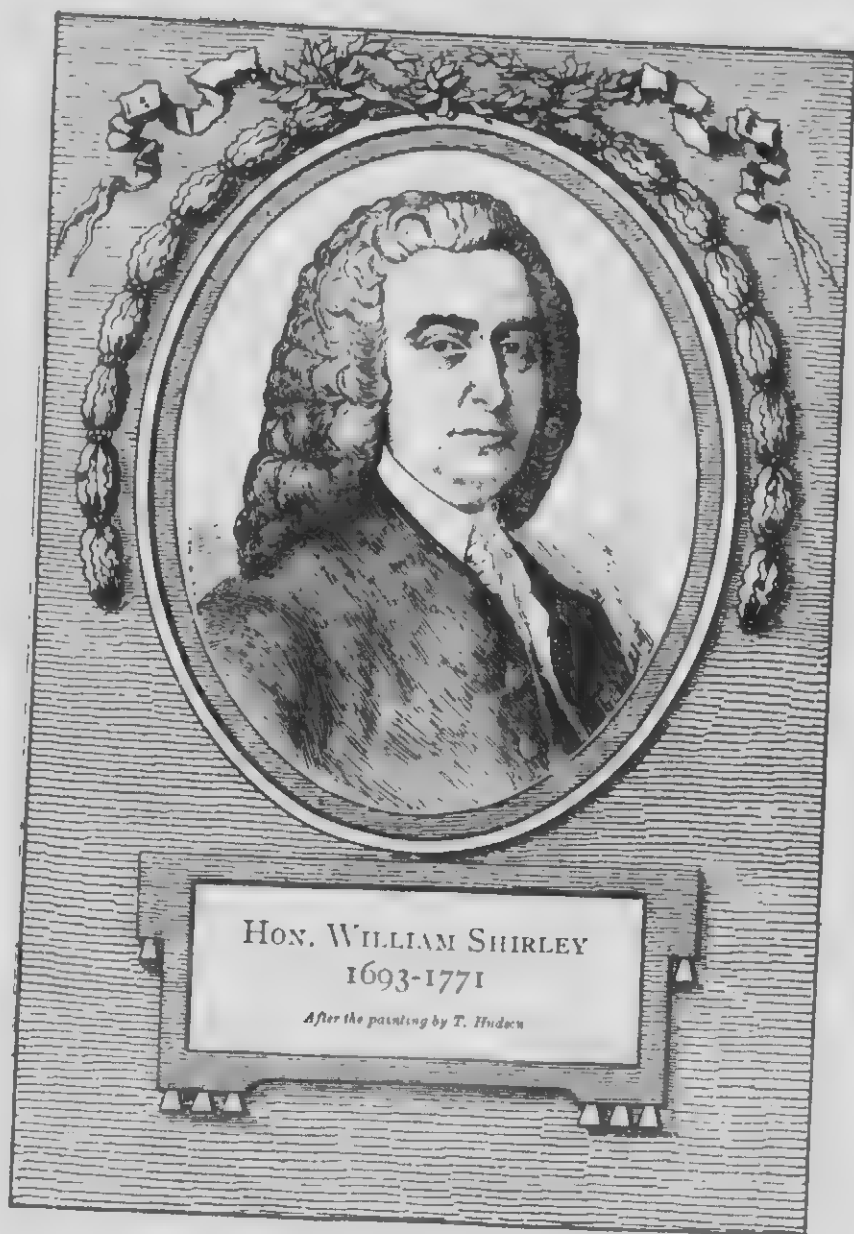
A relief
expedition
that failed

When the people of Louisbourg saw the preparations for a general assault they wilted, and on June 15 brought a petition for capitulation to Duchambon. The French commander acted so promptly that one is pardoned for suspecting that he had long been anxious for an excuse to surrender. He had hoped against hope that a force sent down from Quebec would reach him in time to raise the siege. Indeed, an army of 2,000 men had been promised from France to cooperate with this party which had been sent from Quebec. Under Marin the Canadians marched through the woods and proceeded at first against Annapolis, not having heard of Louisbourg's investment. The commander of Annapolis was Mascarene, the same plucky man who had baffled Duvivier the summer before, and he held Marin at bay, but with difficulty. One morning, however, Marin and his men quietly disappeared. They had heard of the siege of Louisbourg, and left, presumably, to help their brethren. That, at least, was the opinion of French

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THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

and English at Louisbourg. But, as the days went by, Duchambon came to the despondent opinion that Marin had decided that the case was hopeless and had gone back to Quebec.

THE CAPITULATION

So, on the same day on which the petition was presented to him, Duchambon sent word to Pepperell and Warren, asking for an armistice pending a proposition to surrender. They gave him until next morning to make his proposals. When they were made they were unsatisfactory, but he soon came to time, and the articles were signed on June 17, the ships sailed peacefully into the harbor, and Louisbourg was British for the first time. Thus the colonials had won an amazing victory, and at the cost of much blood and treasure had captured the strongest fortified position in the New World. To their simple bucolic minds this capture meant that they were to occupy Cape Breton and Louisbourg forever. But within a few years the English king gave them back to France. Among the causes of the American Revolution, Louisbourg, although it does not appear in the Declaration of Independence, had a no inconsiderable part.

Quarreling
over the
kudos

There was, to be sure, much bickering as to the proper share of English and Yankee in the victory. Warren asserted that he did it, and Pepperell, while not at all vain for himself, insisted that the New Englanders had borne the brunt of the battle, and had been the main force in the capitulation. His arguments are the better. The navy really did little else than maintain the blockade, but that blockade was most efficient and essential to the suc-

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

cess of the campaign. The achievement of capturing the "Vigilant" also wrought incalculably for the defeat of the French. But the governor of Canada, who hated the New Englanders more than he the English, had to report to his government that it was the deadly fire of the colonial troops that made Louisbourg untenable.

Boston was overjoyed at the news. Bonfires were lighted, crowds shouted in the streets day and night, and every house was illuminated. It would be difficult to imagine any event that could to-day so much excite the people of that staid and ultra-quiet town. New York and Philadelphia, although they had refused to contribute to the expedition and really had no right to shout, did so with enthusiasm, ignoring their own impertinence. Perhaps from another point of view one might declare that their joy was more fitting and unselfish than that of Boston, for the latter had paid for its fun and felt bound to have it.

London was thunderstruck, glad that the French had lost so much, but worried at the military prowess of the colonials. Pepperell was honored with a baronetcy, and Warren was made an admiral. France could hardly believe the news, although despatches regarding the desperate straits of the garrison had somehow been carried to Paris. But no sooner had the news come than preparations began for an expedition to retake Louisbourg, and then capture and sack Boston.

Undoubtedly the French for some time after the capitulation need not have envied the English their possession of the city. The weather was miserable, the soldiers wished to go home to their families,

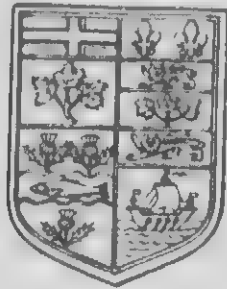
Boston
delighted

Rewards
for Warren
and
Pepperell

THE TERCENTENARY HISTORY OF CANADA

Trouble in
Louisbourg

and even almost mutinied when all were not allowed to go. Pepperell sent for Shirley, and he quieted the men, raised their pay, and peace again reigned. But pestilence came on and men died. This sickness added to the inevitable quarreling and homesickness made Louisbourg anything but a happy place.



NADA

allowed
quieted
eigned.
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CHAPTER XXII

ANOTHER ARMADA AND ITS SAD FATE

SHIRLEY was not satisfied to rest with this conquest. He burned to take Quebec, and he so urged the matter upon Newcastle that the fickle duke agreed and promised Imperial help if the other northern colonies would assist Massachusetts. They all promised, except Pennsylvania, where the Quaker influence was too strong. Private funds were raised there, however, to supply a reasonably large force. Preparations were made for a great expedition which was, as usual, to consist of two parts, one to sail from Boston and reach Quebec via the St. Lawrence, the other to go by land over the familiar Champlain-Richelieu route. Of course the bulk of the naval support was to be British, and, of course, it never came. With his usual lackadaisical conduct Newcastle got the ships with the promised eight battalions on board at Portsmouth, but they did not leave for weeks after the time set. And then were sent on a silly crusade against French ports which amounted to nothing. Newcastle explained to Shirley that they were delayed by head winds until too late, but both knew better. It was only of a piece with the usual inconsiderate treatment of the colonies by England which was to bear its deadly fruit with undreamt-of rapidity.

Another
scheme to
take
Quebec,
1746

Newcastle's
careless
treatment
of the
colonies

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Shirley
startled

Shirley thought unutterable things, but swallowed his wrath and quickly turned his thoughts in another direction. He had the men all ready; why not use them in an expedition against Crown Point, which war parties of French and Indians used as a sort of basis from which to start for the murderous raids on New England towns? It was a good idea, but just as it was about to be carried out Shirley got another shock which threw all his plans askew. The French were coming to retake Louisbourg! Not only that, but they were going to wipe out Boston and the other cities of the North Atlantic coast.

A huge
force from
France

It was to be expected that the king and his court would not receive the news of the capitulation of Louisbourg with equanimity, but it was hardly to be assumed that the divine wrath of the king would mount to such heights as the despatch of a huge squadron across the Atlantic. Yet it did. Something stirred in the brain of the foolish sovereign, and he turned aside from his great European war and employed all the forces at hand to wipe out the disgrace of Louisbourg. The Duc d'Anville was in command of about thirty-two men-of-war, with as many transports. As this was chiefly to be a naval expedition, only 3,500 soldiers were taken. The fleet sailed from Brest, and was to put in at Chibucto, now Halifax, and there be joined by four men-of-war from the West Indies. This expedition was to sail in May, and had it done so, and had the British fleet sailed, too, for America, there might have been a terrific sea battle, or if the French had been lucky they might have reached Boston and New York and found them practically defenseless because of the departure of the English forces to conquer

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Quebec. While this was going on, such a force as English and Americans were to send against Quebec might have captured it, and we would then have had the rollicking farce of two great regions exchanging rulers simultaneously and fortuitously. But unfortunately for the gaiety of nations no such joke was perpetrated.

Canada, which had prepared in frenzied haste for the approach of the heretics, was now thrown into paroxysms of joy by the news of the coming of D'Anville. Massachusetts, on the other hand, became tremendously alarmed over the news, and got ready with a vengeance to receive the French. But as usual the fleet did not sail on time. Indeed, it was June 20, 1746, when the ships left France. Storms and trouble came from the start. Black clouds constantly perched upon the prow of every boat. Storms, calms, lightning, an explosion, and disease accompanied them on the voyage. Still they went on their way, and after almost three months, on September 14, they were approaching the coast of Acadia. Then came what was probably one of those terrible equinoctial storms which have sent many a gallant fisherman's boat, and even ocean liners, in that part of the North Atlantic down to the bottom or upon the cruel rocks. The storm raged all that September day and night, and when morning came the ships were widely scattered. How many finally made their way into Chibucto Harbor is not certain, but D'Anville arrived there in the "Northumberland," far ahead of the remainder, and he found there only one transport, and gained the distressing knowledge that the ships from the West Indies had waited for him three weeks, and had in disgust sailed for

Storms and trouble from the start

Great storm scatters the fleet

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Death of
the com-
mander

France a few days before. It was a staggering blow for D'Anville, and it really killed him, for on September 27 he died from apoplexy, or p^{er}son. Had he lived a day longer, he might have had courage to go on, for D'Estournel, the vice-admiral, arrived with a few ships the afternoon of the day of the admiral's death.

Suicide
of his
successor

These French officers were certainly not made of very stern stuff, for the feeling of dismay and agitation that overcame D'Estournel when he learned of D'Anville's fate, and saw the wretched condition of the fleet, with provisions almost gone, and the men dying from pestilence by scores, was not that of a true soldier or sailor. The king had recommended that in case the attempt to recapture Louisbourg was impracticable, Annapolis be taken. D'Estournel was in a sad state of alarm when he called the officers in council. He strongly urged that the expedition was surely a failure, and that they return at once to France. The officers voted to attack Annapolis, and, retiring from the room in great agitation, he rushed into his cabin, stabbed himself with his own sword and died.

La
Jonquière's
hard task

These misfortunes are almost unparalleled in modern warfare, except in the case of the Spanish Armada, with which this has often been compared. But they were by no means ended; indeed they had only begun. The Marquis de la Jonquière succeeded in command. He had been appointed governor of New France, and expected soon to reach Quebec, but, as we shall see, Quebec was almost a Carcassonne to him. He did not attempt anything immediately; the demands of the hungry and sick had first to be attended to. There is a story that over

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1,100 Frenchmen were buried at Chibucto. At any rate, it was only by appealing to the Acadians and giving them hard cash that supplies were got for the starving. La Jonquière did not feel himself strong enough to venture to attack Annapolis until late in October. Even under the best of auspices the attempt was a foolhardy one, for the garrison there had just received heavy reinforcements. This was after the Yankee skippers had nosed about Chibucto and learned of the forlorn condition of the French, and had borne home the news that Boston stood in no danger from such. But La Jonquière set forth at length, and the elements once more showed that Heaven frowned upon the French cause. When rounding Cape Sable a storm came upon the fleet and scattered the ships. Those that proceeded to Annapolis quickly got out again on finding two English warships in the harbor. The French ships were then got together and it was decided that the only course was to return to France. So they started back, "but not, not the 600." Another storm arose, and the ships again drifted apart. More sickness broke out, and corpses were thrown overboard by the score. It was not until December 7 that the last ship reached France, after what was in many respects the most remarkable and disastrous naval expedition in all history, when one considers that no enemy was encountered. The Puritans of Boston, and the pious New Englanders in general, boldly and exultantly proclaimed the result as a triumph of God over the minions of Satan and Rome.

Acadians
besought
for supplies

Home at
last after
more
disasters

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RAIDS BACK AND FORTH

Raids and
expeditions

William
Johnson
a leader

THE next few years were filled with the usual raids and expeditions from Canada into the English territory. The same fatal policy of the gadfly or the pin-prick was continued without substantial justice or excuse. Because the colonists of Massachusetts, in fair fight and open battle, had taken Louisbourg, the French officials in Quebec thought it logical and retaliatory to send down gangs of Canadians and Indians to burn innocent and sleeping hamlets of New England and New York. This argument, of course, had its origin in the old raids of the Iroquois. But these raids had practically ceased for almost a half-century, and even then the Massachusetts people had practically nothing to do with them. That point was, of course, understood by French officials, but they never allowed the Indians or the ignorant Canadians to realize it. To them all "Anglais" looked alike. One of the few Iroquois raids of the eighteenth century occurred, however, about the time of which we are writing, and was due wholly to the personal persuasion of William Johnson, a young Irishman, who, as nephew and representative of Admiral Warren in looking after the latter's large estates on the Mohawk, became well acquainted with and identified himself with that tribe. Johnson got some Mohawks to go on a raid to Canada even as far as Montreal. This was in revenge, however, for raids by French Indians as far as Albany. This retaliatory process is an endless chain, and the next link in it was an expedition into Massachusetts. Because of Johnson's and the Mohawks' vigilance, these Canadians,

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under Rigaud, brother of Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, could not proceed against any of the New York towns, and so they directed their steps toward Northfield. This attack and defense are among the most interesting stories of Massachusetts border life. It was a summer campaign, unlike most of these attacks upon defenseless towns, and almost no atrocities were perpetrated upon the pioneers. This border warfare kept on until 1748, when news came of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The only result of this warfare was to keep alive the hot hatred of New England for the power and the place which encouraged and equipped these war parties.

Northfield
attacked

THE TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

THE treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle brought to a close a war of few conspicuous events on sea or land. England was handicapped by mediocrity and blunders, and lost almost all her battles on land. The sea she continued to rule, and this saved her prestige. France emerged in good trim, so she could insist upon the restoration of Louisbourg and all Cape Breton. That was about the only land victory England's troops had won during the war, and she wished very much to hold it. But France held the whip hand, and Louisbourg went back to her in exchange for Madras in the East Indies. This action infuriated the New England and New York colonies to a dangerous pitch, and was, as pointed out before, another in that long list of causes and tendencies driving them away from their mother across the sea.

France
holds the
whip hand

But the restoration of Louisbourg to France car-

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The
founding of
Halifax,
1749

ried with it as a corollary the need of better posts to guard Acadia. Annapolis was not the place, but some southeastern point of Acadia not far from Louisbourg. Chebucto Harbor was chosen, and Halifax began. This station was from the first well fortified, and became the real capital of the peninsula. It had, to begin with, what the French posts never had, a settlement of sturdy, numerous emigrants from home. Nearly 2,500 of these came in transports the next summer (1749), after peace was declared. This is said to have been the only one of all the British settlements in America due to royal initiative and not to private enterprise. Edward Cornwallis, uncle of Lord Cornwallis who was to surrender at Yorktown, was the governor and commander-in-chief. England seemed at last to take Acadia seriously. The place grew and thrived both from without and from within, and by 1752 it contained 4,000 people.



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